

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 3.—1 JUNE, 1844.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

TIME treads so closely on our heel, that before one number has been entirely sent away, we have half done another, and are obliged to take care that we do not comment on No. 4 while closing No. 3. After our machinery (and we comprise bodies and souls under this head) shall have come to work smoothly, this will not be unpleasant; but it is yet rather more laborious than we should desire, and obliges us again to ask that the execution of our plan may not be judged of until we shall have completed the first volume.

In this number we have increased our *variety*, but have hardly been able to begin our *Scientific*, *Literary* or General Intelligence—and our labors in *Art* have only produced the single article upon Church Needlework.

The English papers are discussing which is most to blame in the duel—and so we get an accidental glance behind the scenes, at the unutterable misery of Col. Fawcett during the night which preceded his duel. The British ministry refused to grant to his widow the pension usually given to the families of officers dying in the service, and Punch applies the scourge to them personally at page 160.

We hope that all who may read the *Freethinker*, will take the trouble to read also the able article on Hume, and his influence upon History.

We are not willing to begin articles which must be continued from number to number—but we cannot lay down any rule on the subject, feeling bound to give to our readers all that is very good in the foreign Magazines and Reviews, let it come in what shape it may. So we have begun Mr. Hood's tale, *Our Family*—not doubting that it will contain much profitable to old and young. Poor Mr. Hood, whose wit and genius delight so many in both hemispheres, is sinking under pulmonary disease, and is yet obliged to go on with unintermitting toil. Would that some friend to the human race had the heart as well as the ability to send him a useful acknowledgment for his late poem—the *Song of the Shirt*! By the way, this has been set to music in England, and we hope soon to be able to copy it. It is consoling to see that the hardship of Mr. Hood's lot has only made his heart the more tender;—his own wants have only made him feel more sensibly the wants of his fellow-men. We cannot choose our own destiny, but if we humbly and trustfully submit it to Divine Providence, we shall be cared for, sustained, preserved. And we have reason to hope that in the case of which we are speaking light and joy are springing from sorrow and darkness. "Trust on—trust on."

The condition of the *miserable class* in England, appears to be exciting intense feeling there. The article on the New Faith, and the Pauper's Christmas Carol, are specimens of it. It was reported that Sir Robert Peel had said, that upon the ten-hour clause in the factory bill, "ministers had been defeated by the Christian feeling of the house."

We were the more struck with the article upon the First Offence, from having ourselves had exactly the same experience, in the case of a colored boy, in whose way we carelessly left temptation. It was as much our fault as his, and we had reason to confide in him entirely afterwards.

By the article "*Polecats of the Press*," our readers will be very much puzzled. It would appear from it that in England there are some editors of newspapers who do not properly fulfil their task of public teachers. Here, matters are so very different, that we shall hardly be able to imagine the possibility of a newspaper being a nuisance.

"*Railways for the Million*" reminds us of the course of the Railroad Company between New York and Philadelphia. They are occasionally in the habit of selling excursion tickets, entitling the bearers to go to New York (but not to land there) and return—for three dollars: the regular price for *going* to one city from the other being *four* dollars.

A *third* edition of No. 1 is just published.

Church Needlework; with Practical Remarks on its arrangement. By Miss LAMBERT, Authoress of "*The Handbook of Needlework*." Illustrated with engravings.

This handsome volume treats of a class of objects for needleworkers to exercise their skill and ingenuity upon, that has been but little regarded since the Reformation, and now is engaging the attention of both Anglicans and Roman Catholics,—namely, the drapery of church-furniture. Miss Lambert's volume, being apparently intended for Protestant ladies, only alludes to sacerdotal vestments incidentally as a part of the history of the subject; her particular attention being bestowed on altar-cloths and carpets, and coverings for desks, stools, and cushions. For these, various designs are given, with patterns of appropriate borders, ciphers, and symbolical devices; and directions as to the nature and hues of the materials employed, and the method of working them: in short, all the information necessary to guide the taste of ladies desirous of contributing to the embellishment of the altar by their handiwork, is here given, beyond those particular instructions contained in the *Handbook of Needlework*.—SPECTATOR.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE FIRST OFFENCE.

In the cheerful dining-room of my bachelor-friend Stevenson, a select party was assembled to celebrate his birthday. A very animated discussion had been carried on for some time, as to whether the first deviation from integrity should be treated with severity or leniency. Various were the opinions, and numerous the arguments brought forward to support them. The majority appeared to lean to the side of "crush all offences in the bud," when a warm-hearted old gentleman exclaimed, "Depend upon it, more young people are lost to society from a first offence being treated with injudicious severity, than from the contrary extreme. Not that I would pass over even the slightest deviation from integrity, either in word or deed; that would certainly be mistaken kindness; but, on the other hand, neither would I punish with severity an offence committed, perhaps, under the influence of temptation—temptation, too, that we ourselves may have thoughtlessly placed in the way, in such a manner as to render it irresistible. For instance, a lady hires a servant; the girl has hitherto borne a good character, but it is her first place; her honesty has never yet been put to the test. Her mistress, without thinking of the continual temptation to which she is exposing a fellow-creature, is in the habit of leaving small sums of money, generally copper, lying about in her usual sitting-room. After a time, she begins to think that these sums are not always found exactly as she left them. Suspicion falls upon the girl, whose duty is to clean the room every morning. Her mistress, however, thinks she will be quite convinced before she brings forward her accusation. She counts the money carefully at night, and the next morning some is missing. No one has been in the room but the girl; her guilt is evident. Well, what does her mistress do? Why, she turns the girl out of her house at an hour's notice; cannot, in conscience, give her a character; tells all her friends how dreadfully distressed she is; declares there is nothing but ingratitude to be met with among servants; laments over the depravity of human nature; and never dreams of blaming herself for her wicked—yes it is wicked—thoughtlessness in thus constantly exposing to temptation a young ignorant girl; one most likely whose mind, if not enveloped in total darkness, has only an imperfect twilight knowledge whereby to distinguish right from wrong. At whose door, I ask," continued he, growing warmer, "will the sin lie, if that girl sink into the lowest depths of vice and misery? Why, at the door of her who, after placing temptation in her very path, turned her into the pitiless world, deprived of that which constituted her only means of obtaining an honest livelihood—her character; and that without one effort to reclaim her—without affording a single opportunity of retrieving the past, and regaining by future good conduct the confidence of her employer."

"There is, I fear, too much truth in what you say," remarked our benevolent host, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation; "and it reminds me of a circumstance that occurred in the earlier part of my life, which, as it may serve to illustrate the subject you have been discussing, I will relate." There was a general movement

of attention; for it was a well-known fact, that no manufacturer in the town of—— was surrounded with so many old and faithful servants as our friend Stevenson.

"In the outset of my business career," said he, "I took into my employment a young man to fill the situation of under clerk; and, according to a rule I had laid down, whenever a stranger entered my service, his duties were of a nature to involve as little responsibility as possible, until sufficient time had been given to form a correct estimate of his character. This young man, whom I shall call Smith, was of a respectable family. He had lost his father, and had a mother and sisters in some measure dependent upon him. After he had been a short time in my employment, it happened that my confidential clerk, whose duty it was to receive the money from the bank for the payment of wages, being prevented by an unforeseen circumstance from attending at the proper time, sent the sum required by Smith. My confidence was so great in my head clerk, who had been long known to me, that I was not in the habit of regularly counting the money when brought to me; but as, on this occasion, it had passed through other hands, I thought it right to do so. Therefore calling Smith back as he was leaving my counting-house, I desired him to wait a few minutes, and proceeded to ascertain whether it was quite correct. Great was my surprise and concern on finding that there was a considerable deficiency.

"From whom," said I, 'did you receive this money?'

"He replied, 'From Mr. ——,' naming my confidential clerk.

"It is strange," said I, looking steadily at him. 'But this money is incorrect, and it is the first time I have found it so.' He changed countenance, and his eye fell before mine; but he answered, with tolerable composure, 'that it was as he had received it.'

"It is in vain," I replied, 'to attempt to impose upon me, or to endeavor to cast suspicion on one whose character for the strictest honesty and undeviating integrity is so well established. Now, I am perfectly convinced that you have taken this money, and that it is at this moment in your possession; and I think the evidence against you would be thought sufficient to justify me in immediately dismissing you from my service. But you are a very young man; your conduct has, I believe, been hitherto perfectly correct, and I am willing to afford you an opportunity of redeeming the past. All knowledge of this matter rests between ourselves. Candidly confess, therefore, the error of which you have been guilty; restore what you have so dishonestly taken; endeavor, by your future good conduct, to deserve my confidence and respect, and this circumstance shall never transpire to injure you.' The poor fellow was deeply affected. In a voice almost inarticulate with emotion he acknowledged his guilt, and said that, having frequently seen me receive the money without counting it, on being intrusted with it himself, the idea had flashed across his mind that he might easily abstract some without incurring suspicion, or at all events without there being sufficient evidence to justify it; that, being in distress, the temptation had proved stronger than his power of resistance, and he had yielded. 'I cannot now,' he continued, 'prove how deeply your forbearance has touched me; time

alone can show that it has not been misplaced.' He left me to resume his duties.

"Days, weeks, and months passed away, during which I scrutinized his conduct with the greatest anxiety, whilst at the same time I carefully guarded against any appearance of suspicious watchfulness; and with delight I observed that so far my experiment had succeeded. The greatest regularity and attention—the utmost devotion to my interests—marked his business habits; and this without any display; for his quiet and humble deportment was from that time remarkable. At length, finding his conduct invariably marked by the utmost openness and plain-dealing, my confidence in him was so far restored, that, on a vacancy occurring in a situation of greater trust and increased emolument than the one he had hitherto filled, I placed him in it; and never had I the slightest reason to repent of the part I had acted towards him. Not only had I the pleasure of reflecting that I had, in all probability, saved a fellow-creature from a continued course of vice, and consequent misery, and afforded him the opportunity of becoming a respectable and useful member of society, but I had gained for myself an indefatigable servant—a faithful and constant friend. For years he served me with the greatest fidelity and devotion. His character for rigid, nay, even scrupulous honesty, was so well known, that 'as honest as Smith,' became a proverb amongst his acquaintances. One morning I missed him from his accustomed place, and upon inquiry, learnt that he was detained at home by indisposition. Several days elapsed, and still he was absent; and upon calling at his house to inquire after him, I found the family in great distress on his account. His complaint had proved typhus fever of a malignant kind. From almost the commencement of his attack, he had, as his wife (for he had been some time married) informed me, lain in a state of total unconsciousness, from which he had roused only to the ravings of delirium, and that the physician gave little hope of his recovery. For some days he continued in the same state: at length a message was brought me, saying that Mr. Smith wished to see me; the messenger adding, that Mrs. Smith hoped I would come as soon as possible, for she feared her husband was dying. I immediately obeyed the summons.

"On entering his chamber, I found the whole of his family assembled to take farewell of him they so tenderly loved. As soon as he perceived me, he motioned for me to approach near to him, and taking my hand in both of his, he turned towards me his dying countenance, full of gratitude and affection, and said, 'My dear master, my best earthly friend, I have sent for you that I may give you the thanks and blessing of a dying man for all your goodness to me. To your generosity and mercy I owe it, that I have lived useful and respected, that I die lamented and happy. To you I owe it, that I leave to my children a name unsullied by crime, that in after years the blush of shame shall never tinge their cheeks at the memory of their father. O God!' he continued, 'Thou who hast said, "blessed are the merciful," bless him. According to the measure he has meted to others, do thou mete unto him.' Then turning to his family, he said, 'My beloved wife and children, I intrust you, without fear, to the care of that heavenly parent who has said, "Leave thy fatherless children to me, and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." And you, my dear master, will, I know, be to them as you

have been to me—guide, protector, and friend.' That," continued the kind old man, looking round upon us with glistening eyes, "though mixed with sorrow, was one of the happiest moments of my life. As I stood by the bedside of the dying man, and looked around upon his children growing up virtuous, intelligent, and upright, respecting and honoring, as much as they loved their father; when I saw his wife, though overcome with grief for the loss of a tender and beloved husband, yet sorrowing not as one without hope, but even in that moment of agony deriving comfort from the belief that she should meet him again in that world where

'Adiens and farewells are a sound unknown,'

when I listened to his fervent expressions of gratitude, and saw him calmly awaiting the inevitable stroke, trusting in the mercy of God, and at peace with his fellow-men; and when I thought of what the reverse of all this might have been—crime, misery, a disgraceful and dishonored life, perhaps a shameful and violent death—had I yielded to the first impulse of indignation, I felt a happiness which no words can express. We are told that there is more joy amongst the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance. With such a joy as we may imagine theirs, did I rejoice over poor Smith, as I closed his eyes, and heard the attendant minister in fervent tones exclaim, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.' My friends, I am an old man. During a long and eventful career in business, I have had intercourse with almost every variety of temper and disposition, and with many degrees of talent, but I have never found reason to swerve from the principle with which I set out in life, to 'temper justice with mercy.'"

Such was the story of our friend. And I believe not one in that company but returned home more disposed to judge leniently of the failings of his fellow-creatures, and, as far as lay in his power, to extend to all who might fall into temptation that mercy which, under similar circumstances, he would wish shown to himself, feeling "that it is more blessed to save than to destroy."*

HEARTLESS SPOILIATION.

PERHAPS the whole history of burglary—and we appeal to Mr. AINSWORTH to corroborate the speculation—never displayed a more cruel and heartless robbery than that—according to the *Morning Post*—lately committed in the house of the Reverend JOHN CAMPBELL, Selkirk House, in the county of Selkirk. That house was entered on the 21st ult., and the reverend gentleman despoiled, among other precious things, of "a silver chased toddy jug!" Milton asks—

—"who would rob a hermit of his beads,
His maple dish?"

Possibly, not even Selkirk thieves. We therefore recommend to the REV. JOHN CAMPBELL henceforth to drink his toddy out of a wooden vessel, maple or other; for what, asks FATHER MATHEW, "has any churchman to do with toddy jugs of chased silver?"—*Punch*.

* It may not be superfluous to remark, that this little paper describes events of actual occurrence.

From Hood's Magazine.

DOMESTIC VERSES, BY DELTA.

We have taken the following beautiful stanzas from a little volume, at first privately distributed, and now given to the public, by the amiable author. It is verily a book which no family should be without that calls itself domestic, or professes a taste for poetry.

CASA WAPPY.*

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell,
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony,
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight—
A type of heaven:
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline—
'T was cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay;
That found thee prostrate in decay;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—
Till oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks, thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health:
I see thine eyes' deep violet light—
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright—
Thy clasping arms so round and white—
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat—thy bow—

* The self-appellative of a beloved child.

Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball:
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair,
Thy playthings idly scattered there
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word—
To glad—to grieve—
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills:
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All—to the wall-flower and wild-pea—
Are changed,—we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth:
We miss thy small step on the stair;—
We miss thee at thine evening prayer;—
All day we miss thee—everywhere—
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go
In life's spring-bloom,
Down to the appointed house below—
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree
The cuckoo, and the "busy bee,"
Return—but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'T is so; but can it be—(while flowers
Revive again)—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
Oh! can it be, that, o'er the grave,
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?—
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery—Thought were woe—
And Truth a lie;—
Heaven were a coinage of the brain—
Religion frenzy—Virtue vain—
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!
Soon, soon, thy little feet have trode
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet, 't is sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With him in joy;
There past are death and all its woes;—
There beauty's stream forever flows;—
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—
 Pride of my heart!
 It cannot be that long we dwell,
 Thus torn apart:
 Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
 And dark, how'er life's night may be,
 Beyond the grave, I'll meet with thee,
 Casa Wappy!

NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.

ASSUREDLY the fact is not so well known as it deserves to be, that Napoleon,—who by the act showed himself a miserable dwarf indeed—bequeathed, in a codicil to his will, the sum of 10,000 francs (400*l.*) to a man charged with an attempt to murder the Duke of Wellington. We subjoin the extract from the will, which may be seen at Doctors' Commons on the payment of one shilling. The codicil bears date, April 25, 1821, and the magnanimous testator died on the 5th of May, ten days afterwards; dying, as he declared in the preamble to his last testament, “in the Apostolical and Catholic Church!” Here is the proof of his Christianity,—

“5. *idem* (10,000) Dix mille francs au sous-officier Cantillon, qui a essayé un procès comme prévenu d'avoir voulu assassiner Lord Wellington, ce dont il a été déclaré innocent. Cantillon avait autant de droit d'assassiner cet oligarque, que celui-ci à m'envoyer pour périr sur le rocher de Sainte-Hélène. Wellington, qui a proposé cet attentat, cherchait à le justifier sur l'intérêt de la Grande-Bretagne. Cantillon, si vraiment il eût assassiné le lord, se serait couvert et aurait été justifié par les mêmes motifs: l'intérêt de la France de se défaire d'un général, qui d'ailleurs avait violé la capitulation de Paris, et par là s'était rendu responsable du sang des martyrs Ney, Labédoyère, &c. &c., et du crime d'avoir dépouillé les musées, contre le texte des traités.”

We subjoin a translation:—

“Ten thousand francs to the subaltern Cantillon, who underwent a trial charged with an attempt to assassinate Lord Wellington, and of which he was declared innocent. Cantillon had as good right to assassinate the oligarch, as he himself to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena. Wellington, who proposed this iniquity, sought to justify it by the interests of Great Britain. Cantillon, if he had really assassinated his lordship, would have been excused and justified by the like motives—the interest of France to rid herself of a general who had violated the treaty of the capitulation of Paris, and by that act had rendered himself responsible for the blood of the martyrs Ney, Labédoyère, &c. &c.; and for the crime of despoiling the museums, contrary to the text of treaties!”

Is there not Dwarf—miserable *homunculus*—in every line of this? We subjoin, by way of contrast, the reply of the Duke of Wellington, when the death of Napoleon was proposed to his grace.

“—— wishes to kill him; but I have told him that I shall remonstrate: I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so foul a transaction; and that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in those transactions to become executioners; and that I was determined that, if the sovereigns wished to put him to death, they should appoint an executioner, which should not be me.”—*Vide Lieut.-Colonel Gurwood's Selections*

from the Duke of Wellington's Dispatches, No. 965, p. 870.

Be it understood that we are not blind idolators of the Duke of Wellington. He has made his political blunders, and in his time talked political nonsense as well as his inferiors. Moreover, he exhibits a defective sympathy with the people; as the *Examiner* has admirably said of him, he looks upon them as a mere *appanage* to the Crown. Certainly, the “iron Duke” wants a little kindly expansion towards the masses. Nevertheless, contrasting Wellington's answer to the proposed death of the ex-Emperor, with Napoleon's reward of the would-be assassin of the General, need we ask which is the Giant, and which the Dwarf?—*Punch*.

ANECDOTE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “REAL RANDOM RECORDS.”

THE consort of our gracious Queen is, as every body knows, a prince of the House of Saxe Gotha: whether the famous Marshal Saxe was a member of the same family I cannot trace; but the place is celebrated for its well-known Almack. Not that it was the first work of the kind by any means. Poor Richard's Almanack preceded it by many years. So did Francis or Frances Moore's; and there was a popular one called Partridge's. One of his descendants is a Professor of Astrology, or Astronomy, or Anatomy, at any rate of something beginning with A, at one of our Universities or Colleges. I am not sure that the name was not Woodcock; but it reminded one of some wild bird of the kind. That notorious sporting character, Colonel Thornville of Thornton Royal, once shot sixty brace of them on the same day. Another celebrated sporting character was Sir John Lade or Ladd: I forget how much he betted to drive some sort of vehicle with two, or four, or six horses a certain number of miles in a certain number of hours, and whether he won or lost. But it was reckoned a great feat. Then there was Merlin's Carriage, without any horses at all. I am sure, at least, it went without horses; but am not positive, if it was moved by springs or steam. Perhaps steam was not then invented. There are still carriages in the present day called Merlins or Berlins—which is it?—but they are drawn by horses. The last invented vehicles, I believe, are called Broughams, or Brooms. But to return to Prince Albert of Prussia, the son or brother—no, the cousin of the present King. There are some curious particulars about the Court of Prussia, and Frederick the Great in the Memoirs of his aunt, the Margravine of Anspach and Bareuth. I remember reading them in the original French—who, by the way, excel in their biographies. The only thing we have to compare with them is the Life, by himself, of Lord Herbert of Cherburg. A noted place in war-time for harboring the enemy's privateers. They did a great deal of damage to our export, and picked up some very rich prizes in the Channel. One of them, called the Jones Paul, or some such name, terribly infested the Scotch and English coasts, till, according to a memorandum now lying before me, she was driven ashore in Kent, by Commodore G. P. R. James, and the pirates were taken prisoners at Severndroog Tower on Shooter's Hill.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE DUEL.

THE *Times* publishes a letter from Major D. K. Fawcett, the uncle of the late Colonel Lynar Fawcett, dated "Ballinlass House, Ballinamon Bridge, 10th April," enclosing another, written at his instance by the Colonel's widow, Mrs. Anne Frances Fawcett, in reply to Lieutenant Munro's statement respecting the origin of the duel. Mrs. Fawcett was the only person present at the first dispute; which she agrees with Mr. Munro in ascribing to a difference about the terms obtained from a Mrs. Smith for the purchase of a house. Mrs. Fawcett was making tea:—

"Colonel Fawcett, folding up the papers which were on the table, said, 'Well, it can't be helped now; but I must say that Mrs. Smith has bamboozled us both most thoroughly; though, had I been acting for you, I should most probably have acted as you have done.' To which Lieutenant Munro replied, 'I tell you what, you have several times insinuated that I mismanaged your affairs; but I have attended to your interests as I never did to my own, and I say I will not stand it.' My husband observed, 'No, Munro, I never said or thought that you mismanaged my affairs.' 'I say you did.' 'I did not, Sir.' 'You did,' again rejoined Lieutenant Munro. Colonel Fawcett then rose for the first time, and ringing the bell, said, 'A flat contradiction I will take from no man; and, Sir, I must request you will leave my house.'"

Much more passed; Mr. Munro taunting and sneering, the Colonel being cool and self-possessed. Mrs. Fawcett only spoke once, pointing out to Mr. Munro, Colonel Fawcett's admission that he himself should probably have acted in the same way about the house. Next morning Mr. Grant called—

"Mr. Grant remained, I think, about ten minutes; and when he left, my husband returned to me and said, 'Why, what do you think it is?—why, a challenge from Munro!' 'Nonsense,' I cried. 'It is, indeed,' he replied. To which I rejoined, 'But you surely won't go out!' 'I don't know that,' he said. I replied, 'Why, you could never fire at each other.' 'At any rate,' he observed, 'I must be off to the Club, and get Daubeney's opinion, (a Major in the Fifty-fifth Regiment,) and I will come back and tell you as soon as anything is agreed upon.' But before he left, he requested of me to tell him candidly, if, in my opinion, he had acted temperately the night before, or not: to which I replied, 'Why, in the first instance I think you were a little hot, but in the second I was astonished at your temperance.' He then quitted the house, and returning about two o'clock, told me it was not yet settled; and showed me the copy of a letter he had written for his friend. 'Munro,' he said, 'still demands a meeting; but Cuddy will see Mr. Grant again.' 'Cuddy?' I exclaimed, 'Oh dear, I am sorry you fixed upon so young a man.' 'He is young,' said my husband, 'but he is a peacemaker, and is more cool and clearheaded than many an older man: besides, Daubeney is so much engaged in arranging his family affairs, that I did not wish to trouble him, and I like to have one of my own regiment to act for me.' I then remarked, that I thought he might have written a more conciliatory letter, without leaving it in any one's power to say that he submitted tamely to insult: to which he remarked, 'that I was perhaps right, and that it was not then too late to do so.' He again went

to the Club; and on his return read me a copy of a second letter, in which he said he never intended to insult Mr. Munro, but that he turned him out of his house for grossly insulting him. [I write this also from recollection, as the copies of those letters, the contents of which are already known to the public, are not in my possession.] He then remarked, that I looked very dull and low-spirited: to which I replied, 'How can I help feeling dull while this business is pending?' 'Oh,' he said, 'as to that business, I consider it as settled: my last note must have satisfied them; it must have settled it.'"

Mr. Cuddy called in the evening, and said that Mr. Munro still insisted on a meeting; and then went away again to see Mr. Grant once more. On Mrs. Fawcett's observing that she wished the affair were amicably settled, her husband exclaimed, with a sigh, "that he wished to Heaven it was."

"He did not hear from Lieutenant Cuddy till near midnight; when he received a note, a few lines of which I read over his shoulder; and when I saw that their purport was, that Lieutenant Cuddy had failed in his endeavors to effect an arrangement, and that they were to go out, I fell back on my chair, nearly fainting; when my husband said, in a displeased manner, 'Oh, this is just what I feared—that you would fail me when I most required your firmness and obedience.' He then went to order a carriage to come early the next morning; desiring me to get the servants to bed; but observed, that as it was already so late, it would be better for us both to sit up. He soon came back, and lay down on the sofa, whilst I sat by his side. Thus passed the remainder of that sad night. He occasionally dozed; but I saw he watched me strictly, and was uneasy if I attempted to quit him. However, I had no idea whatever of endeavoring to give information, for I well knew my husband's character: although he never had any concealments from me, and was kind, affectionate, and indulgent in the highest degree, yet he would never have forgiven the slightest interference on my part in a matter of honor and duty. I also never thought that Lieutenant Munro would fire at him; and as I knew his own resolve not to discharge his pistol, I was assured all would terminate happily; though I had a feeling of terror I could not then account for. * *

"Shortly after my husband had dressed and breakfasted, the carriage arrived, (I think it was near five o'clock,) and he sent me down to unfasten the hall-door, lest the ringing should rouse the servants: which I did. He then said, on taking leave of me, 'God bless you, my beloved Annie! you have shown yourself this night to be a true and devoted wife; and remember, whatever happens, I go out with a clear conscience; for they have forced me into this, and I will never fire at your sister's husband.' He then ran down the stairs, and let himself out."

Mrs. Fawcett declares that she had never heard the Colonel mention Mr. Munro's name with the slightest acrimony, and that she herself never said anything to produce that feeling. Neither she nor her friends can comprehend what Mr. Munro means by Colonel Fawcett's entertaining "suspicions of a most unhappy nature." The reason why Colonel Fawcett was anxious to go to the Continent was the expected benefit to his wife's health; her spirits having suffered from the loss of her mother-in-law, who died in the previous April.—*Spectator*.

POLE-CATS OF THE PRESS.

A MR. WELLS has told a moving tale to the LORD MAYOR of the sorrows and hardships of BARNARD GREGORY, prisoner in Newgate. "He is compelled to associate with felons," says Mr. WELLS—doubtless, a dreadful indignity to the late editor of the *Satirist*, whose co-mates and fellow-laborers in the vineyard were men of the nicest sense of honor; gentlemen "of the first house, the very first house." Moreover, the said GREGORY "sleeps on an iron bedstead, with rope mattress and rug covering,"—a shocking circumstance, when we remember the beds of roses that the said GREGORY was wont to spread in the columns of his newspaper for certain sufferers. "Mr. GREGORY is only allowed the prison diet!" Considering the extreme delicacy of his appetite, that for years fed upon lying and slandering,—a most cruel punishment! "Mr. GREGORY's health is suffering," and therefore Mr. WELLS will "call a public meeting to address the QUEEN" upon the matter. We know nothing of the state of Mr. GREGORY's health; but this we know—men, on board the hulks, who, it may be, have only wronged society to the amount of a few shillings, fall ill, and find no sympathy in their sickness from the Home-Office. How, then, is the late editor of the *Satirist* to claim any indulgence, denied to the late abstractor (to use a soft word) of pocket-handkerchiefs? Mr. SHERIFF MUSGROVE "regretted to declare that Mr. GREGORY's health was declining." Has the Sheriff no sympathy for the declining health of many a wretched convict at Woolwich? Can he only find compassion for the convicted slanderer that turned his venom to profit—has he no touch of tenderness for the declining footpad, the wasting housebreaker? Let GREGORY's ill-health plead successfully for his pardon; but let the same pardon be awarded to sick culprits of every denomination.—*Punch*.

RAILWAYS "FOR THE MILLION."

RAILWAY-COMPANIES have discovered a way of being liberal with profit to themselves; and their speculative trading has secured a boon for the hard-working population of the Metropolis—one means of relieving "the Wen" by at least some temporary dispersion. On Easter Monday and the two following days, what are called "return-tickets," giving the purchaser the right to conveyance out of town and back again, were issued by several railway companies at greatly reduced fares. Shopkeepers, clerks, mechanics, and the fifty varieties of the Londoner race, were enabled for once to taste the delights of railway-travelling, and to visit even the sea-coast! The favorite resort was Brighton—attractive from its associations with royalty, fashion, and old repute for gayety: the *extra* receipts on that railway amounted, in the three days, to 1,943*l*. Traditions of Julius Cæsar, of the ancient Castle, and Shakespeare's Cliff, also drew great numbers to Dover; and the result of the *reduced* fares for the three days was seen in *extra* receipts to the amount of 700*l*.

Must these mutual benefits be confined to Easter week? If it has paid the Brighton Railway proprietors to sell "return-tickets" at half-price for those three days in April, would it not pay to do so on every Saturday, Sunday, and Monday throughout the summer and early autumn? Without at-

tempting to rival an economical arithmetician who has lately distinguished himself on cotton-mills, it may safely be calculated that to sell "return-tickets" on such a purely pleasure-line as that to Brighton, would be as great a boon to the proprietors as to the public. The fixed capital invested in the formation of a railway bears a much greater proportion to the cost of working than the buildings and machinery of a cotton-mill to the circulating capital; and the railway-proprietor is therefore far more interested in increasing the returns of his circulating capital by increasing the rapidity of its circulation.

Railways have created a new class of travellers, a great locomotive population that could alone people some European states; yet to a considerable extent "the masses" are debarred from the use of the railway by the outlay. The rich man finds it cheaper than the old method of post-chaises, or even stage-coaches with the frequent inn-expenses; but the poor man can ill muster the requisite amount of gold. Cheapness would beget still newer and more numerous classes; just as the cheap and accessible omnibus has converted half the passengers in London streets to riders. At present the Londoner is content to steam up to Richmond, and eat eel-pies, or down to Gravesend, and dabble, like the eel, in half-salt-water: but give the opportunity, and thousands might pour out weekly to the very sea-coasts, to the immense profit of the railways, of the sea-side tradespeople, and the incalculable benefit and delight of the town-bred folks. To many there is no delight so great as that of loitering on a sea-beach; but to the inlander it is a pleasure as rare as it is great: it might be one for every week.—*Spectator*.

WHAT SHALL I HAVE FOR BREAKFAST?

TASTE and Invention, oh! celestial pair,
Descend, and aid me in this hour of woe:
What shall I have for breakfast? Pray declare,
Kind nymphs; for may I perish if I know!

Expanding buds the forest trees adorn,
The pastures now again are robed in green;
Yet still my table, at the meal of morn,
Presents, I grieve to say, a wintry scene.

On mossy banks Spring's early Violets bloom;
But Spring's young Radishes, ah! where are they?
The vernal Primrose bursts its earthy tomb;
Where are the vernal Onions? Flora, say.

Of Steaks I'm tired, and so I am of Chops:
Of Kidneys, Bacon, Tongue, in short, of Meat.
And vainly have I roam'd amid the shops,
In quest of something that was good to eat.

Thy Bloaters, Yarmouth, even thine, are dry,
Dry as statistics. Kipper'd Salmon, too,
Which yesterday I was induced to try,
Turn'd out, I found, to be a thorough "do."

Must I put up, then, with the simple roll?
Muffin, or bread and butter, with my tea?
Come, then, sole solace, Sausage of my soul—
The Poet finds he must fall back on thee!

Punch.

From Hood's Magazine.

OUR FAMILY: A DOMESTIC NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.—WE ARE BORN.

The clock struck seven——

But the clock was a story-teller; for the true time was one, as marked by the short hand on the dial. The truth was, our family clock—an old-fashioned machine, in a tall mahogany case, and surmounted by three golden balls, as if it had belonged to the Lombards—was apt to chime very capriciously.

However it struck seven just as my father came down stairs from the bed-room, rubbing his hands, and whistling in a whisper, as his custom was when he was well pleased, and walking along the passage somewhat more than usual on his tiptoes, with a jaunty gait, he stepped into the sitting-room to communicate the good news. But there was nobody in the parlor except the little fairy-like gentleman, who walked jauntily to meet him, rubbing his hands, and silently whistling, in the old mirror,—a large circular one, presided over by some bronze bird, sacred perhaps to Esculapius, and therefore carrying a gilt bolus, attached by a chain to his beak.

From the parlor my father went to the surgery: but there was nobody there; so he repaired, perforce, for sympathy into the kitchen, where he found the maid, Kezia, sitting on a wooden chair, backed close against the whitewashed wall, her hands clasped in her lap, and her apron thrown over her head, apparently asleep and snoring, but in reality praying half aloud.

"Well, Kizzy, it's all happily over."

Kezia jumped up on her legs, and having acknowledged, by a bob, her master's presence, inquired eagerly "which sects?"

"Doublets, Kizzy, doublets. A brace of boys."

"What, twins! O, gimini!" exclaimed the overjoyed Kezia, her cheeks for a while glowing both of the same color. "And all doing well, missis and babes?"

"Bravely—famously—mother and all!"

"The Lord preserve her!" said Kezia with emphatic fervor—"the Lord preserve her and her progeny," pronouncing the last word so that it would have rhymed with mahogany.

"Progeny—with a soft g,"—muttered my father, who had once been a schoolmaster, and had acquired the habit of correcting "cakeology."

"Well, prodge, then," murmured Kezia, her cheeks again looking, but only for a moment, both of a color. For, by a freak of nature, one side of her face, from her eye to the corner of her mouth, was blotched with what is called a claret-mark—a large irregular patch of deep crimson, which my father, fond of odd coincidences, declared was of the exact shape of *Florida* in the map. Be that as it might, her face, except when she blushed, exhibited a diversity of color quite allegorical, one side as sanguine as Hope, and the other as pallid as Fear.

Now, a claret-mark is generally supposed to be "born with the individual;" whereas Kezia attributed her disfigurement to a juvenile face-ache, to relieve which, she had applied to the part a hot cabbage-leaf, but gathered unluckily from the red pickling brassica instead of the green one, and so by sleeping all night on it, her cheek had extracted the color. An explanation, offered in perfect

good faith; for Kezia had no personal vanity to propitiate. She had no more charms, she knew, than a cat—not any cat, but our own old shabby tabby, with her scrubby skin, a wall eye, and a docked tail. But in moral Beauty—if ever there had been an annual Book of it—Kezia might have had her portrait at full length.

Her figure and face were of the commonest human clay, cast in the plainest mould. Her clumsy feet and legs, her coarse red arms and hands, and dumpy fingers, her ungainly trunk, and hard features, were admirably adapted for that rough drudgery to which she unsparingly devoted them, as if only fit to be scratched, chapped, burnt, sodden, sprained, frost-bitten, and stuck with splinters. And if sometimes her joints stiffened, her back ached, and her limbs flagged under the severity of her labors, was it not all for the good of that family to which she sacrificed herself with the feudal devotion of a Highlander to his clan? In short, she combined in one ungainly bundle of household virtues, all the best qualities of our domestic animals and beasts of burthen—loving and faithful as the dog, strong as a horse, patient as an ass, and temperate as a camel. At nineteen years of age she had engaged herself to my mother as a servant of all work; and truly, from that hour, no kind of labor, hot or cold, wet or dry, clean or dirty, had she shunned: never inquiring whether it belonged to her place, but toiling, a voluntary slave, in all departments; nay, as if her daily work were not enough, sleep-walking by night into parlor and kitchen, to clean knives, wash up crockery, dust chairs, or polish tables!

To female servants in general, and to those in particular who advertise for small families, where a footman is kept, the advent of two more children would have been an unwelcome event: perhaps equivalent to a warning. Not so with Kezia. Could one have looked through her homely bosom into her heart, or through her plain forehead into her brain, they would have been found rejoicing beforehand in the double, double toil and trouble of attending on the twins. My father's thoughts were turned in the same direction, but with a gravity that put an end to his sub-whistling, and led him, half in jest and half in earnest, to moralize aloud.

"Two at once, Kizzy, two at once—there will be sharp work for us all. Two to nurse—two to suckle—two to wean—two to vaccinate (he was sure not to forget that!)—two to put to their feet—"

"Bless them!" ejaculated Kezia.

"Two to cut their teeth—two to have measles, and hooping-cough—"

"Poor things!" murmured Kezia.

"Ay, and what's worse, two more backs to clothe; and two more bellies to fill—and I can't ride on two horses, and pay two visits at once."

"You must double your fees, master."

"No, no, Kizzy, that won't do. My patients grumble at them already."

"Then I'd double their physicking, and order two draughts, and two powders, and two boxes of pills, instead of one."

"But how will they like such double drugging, Kizzy—supposing that their constitutions are strong enough to stand it?"

Kezia was silent. She had thrown out her suggestion for the benefit of the family; and beyond that limited circle her mind never revolved. Her sympathies began, and, like Domestic Charity, ended at home. Society, and the large family of human kind in general, she left to shift for themselves.

The conversation having thus dropped, my father crept up stairs again, to see how matters were going on overhead; whilst the maid proceeded to answer a muffled knock at the front door, followed by an attempt to ring the night bell, but which had been completely dumb-founded by Kezia with paper and rag. The appellant was Mr. Postle, the medical assistant.

"A nice night for a ride through the Fens," grumbled the deputy-doctor, shaking himself in his great coat, like a wet water-dog, before he followed the maid into the kitchen, where he seated himself in his steaming clothes before the fire.

"Mr. Postle!"

Mr. Postle looked up to the speaker, and saw her hard features convulsively struggling into what bore some distant resemblance to a smile.

"Mr. Postle!" and her voice broke into a sort of hysterical chuckle. "You don't ask the news?"

"What news?"

"What! Why, there's an increase of the family!" said Kezia, her face crimson on both sides with the domestic triumph. "We've got twins!"

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Postle. "Better one strong one, than two weakly ones."

"Weakly!" exclaimed Kezia; "why, they're little Herculeses. Our babbies always are."

A suppressed laugh caused the assistant and Kezia to look round, and they beheld, close beside them, the nurse, Mrs. Prideaux. It was one of her peculiarities that she never shuffled about slipshod, or in creaking leather; but crept along, noiselessly as a ghost, in a pair of list moccasins: and thus taking advantage of my father's visit to the bed-chamber, she had descended for a little change to the kitchen.

A very superior woman was Mrs. Prideaux: quite the attendant for an aristocratic invalid, lying in down, beneath an embroidered quilt, and on a laced pillow. She was never seen in that slovenly dishabille, so characteristic of females of her profession; no, you never saw *her* in a slatternly colored cotton gown, drawn up through the pocket-holes, and disclosing a greasy nankeen petticoat with ticking pockets—nor in a yellow nightcap, tied over the head and under the chin with a blue and white birds-eye handkerchief—looking like a Hybrid, between a washerwoman and a watchman. A pure white dimity robe, tied with pale green ribands, was her undress. Her personal advantages were very great. Her figure was tall and genteel; her features were small and regular—so different to those dowdy Dodo-like creatures, bloated, and ugly as sin, who are commonly called "nurses." Then she did not take snuff; nor ever drank gin or rum, neat or diluted: a glass of foreign wine or liqueur, or brandy, if genuine Cognac, she would accept; but beer, never. No one ever heard her sniff, or saw her spit, or trim the candle-snuff with her fingers. And if ever she dozed in her chair, as nurses sometimes must, she never snored: but was lady-like even in her sleep. Her language was not only free from vulgarisms and provincialisms, but so choice as to be generally described as "book English." You never heard Mrs. Prideaux blessing her stars, or invoking Goody Gracious, or asking Lawk to have mercy on her, or asseverating by Jingo. She would have died ere she would have complained of her lines, her rheumatiz, her lumbargo, or the molligrubs. Such broad coarse words could never pass those thin compressed lips. But perhaps the best test

of her refined phraseology was, that though the word was so current with mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, gossips, and servants of both sexes, that it rang in her ears, at least once in every five minutes, she never said—baby.

In nothing, however, was Mrs. Prideaux more distinguished from the sisterhood, than the tone of her manners: so affable, yet so dignified—and above all, that serene self-possession under any circumstances, supposed to accompany high breeding and noble birth. Thus, nobody ever saw her flustered, or non-plush'd or at her wit's ends, or all in a twitter, or nervous, or ready to jump out of her skin; but always calm, cool, and correct. She hinted, indeed, that she was a reduced gentlewoman, deterred by an independent spirit from accepting the assistance of wealthy and titled connexions. In short, she was a superior woman, so superior, that many a calculating visitor who would have tipped another nurse with a shilling, felt compelled to present a half-crown, if not a whole one, to Mrs. Prideaux, and even then with some anxiety as to her reception of the offering.

Such was the prepossessing person, whose presence notwithstanding was so unwelcome to the medical assistant, that her appearance in the kitchen seemed the signal for his departure. He rose up instantly from his chair, but halted a moment to ask Kezia if there had been any applications at the surgery in his absence.

"Yes, the boy from the curate's, for some more of the paradoxical lozenges: he says he can't preach without em."

"Paregorical. Well?"

"And widow Wakeman with a complaint——."

"Ah! in her hip."

"No, in her mouth, that she have tried the Scouring Drops, and they won't clean marble."

"I should think not—they're for sheep. Well?"

"Only a prescription to make up. Pulv. something—aqua, something—summon'd, and cock-leary."

"Anything else?"

"O yes, a message from the great house about the Brazen monkey."

"Curse the Brazil monkey!" and snatching up a candle, Mr. Postle yawned a good night apiece to the females, and with half-closed eyes stumbled off to bed.

"A quick-tempered person," observed Mrs. Prideaux, as soon as the subject of her comment was beyond earshot.

"Yes, rather caloric," she meant choleric. As an exception to her simple habits Kezia was fond of hard words, perhaps because they were hard, just as she liked hard work.

"Well, Kezia, you observed the clock!"

"The clock, Ma'am?"

"Yes. The precise date of birth is of vast importance to human destiny."

"O, for their fortune telling! I never thought of it—never!" And the shocked Kezia began to heap on herself, and her sieve of a head, the most bitter reproaches.

"No matter," said the nurse. "I *did* mark the time exactly." And as she spoke she drew from her bosom, and gazed at, a handsome enamelled watch, with a gold dial, and a hand that marked the seconds.

"You are aware that one of the twin infants was born before, and the other after, the hour of midnight?"

"No, really!" exclaimed Kezia, her dull eyes

brightening at the prospect of a double festival. "Why, then, there will be two celebrated birth-days!"

"The natal hour involves matters of much deeper importance than the keeping of birth days," replied the nurse, with a startling solemnity of tone and manner. "Look here, Kezia," and returning the watch to her bosom, she drew forth a little blue morocco pocket-book, from which she extracted a paper inscribed with various signs and a diagram. "Do you know what this is?"

"I suppose," said Kezia, turning the paper upside down, after having looked at it in every other direction, "it is some of Harry O'Griffie's characters."

"Not precisely hieroglyphics," said the nurse. "It is a scheme for casting nativities. See, here are the Twelve Houses—the first, the house of Life; the second, of Riches; the third, of Brethren; the fourth, of Parents; the fifth of Children; the sixth, of Health; the seventh, of Marriage; the eighth, of Death; the ninth, of Religion; the tenth, of Dignities; the eleventh, of Friends; and the twelfth, of Enemies."

"And in which of those houses were our two dear babbies born?" eagerly asked Kezia.

Mrs. Prideaux looked grave, sighed, and shook her head so ominously, that Kezia turned as pale as marble, her very claret-mark fading into a scarcely perceptible tinge of pink.

"Don't say it—don't say it!" she stammered, while the big tears gathered in her eyes: "What! cut off precockshiously like blighted spring buds!"

"I did not say death," replied the nurse. "But there are other malignant signs and sinister aspects, that foretell misfortunes of another kind—for instance, poverty. But hush——" and she held up a warning forefinger whilst her voice subsided into a whisper.

"I hear your master. Leave your door ajar, and I will come to you presently in your own room." So saying, she rose and glided spectre-like from the kitchen—where she left Kezia staring through a haze, damp as a Scotch mist, at a vision of two little half-naked and half-famished babes turning away, loathingly, from a dose of parish gruel, administered by a pauper nurse, with a work-house spoon.

CHAPTER II.—OUR HOROSCOPE.

A LONG hour had worn away, and still Kezia sat in her attic with the door ajar, anxiously expecting the promised visit from the mysterious nurse. Too excited to sleep, she had not undressed, but setting up a rushlight, seated herself on the bed, and gave full scope to her foreboding fancies, till all the round bright spots, projected from the night shade on the walls and ceiling, appeared like so many evil planets portending misfortunes to the new-born. From these reveries she was roused by a very low, but very audible whisper, every syllable clear and distinct as the sound of a bell.

"Whose room is that in front?"

"Mr. Postle's."

"Can he overhear us through the partition?"

"No, not a word."

"You are certain of it?"

"Yes, I have tried it."

"Very good." And Mrs. Prideaux having first carefully closed the door, seated herself beside the other female on the bed. "I have left the mother and her lovely twins in a sound sleep."

"The little cherubs!" exclaimed Kezia. "And must they, will they, sink so low in the world, poor things! Are they unrevocably marked out for such unprosperous fortunes in life?"

"They must—they will—they are. Listen, Kezia! I have not been many days, not many hours under this roof; but my art tells me that the wolf already has more than looked in at the door—that the master of this house knows, by experience, the bitter trials of a poor professional man—the difficulties, the cruel difficulties, of one who has to keep up a respectable appearance with very limited means."

"The Lord knows we have!" exclaimed Kezia, quite thrown off her guard. "The struggles we have had to keep up our genteelity! The shifts we have been obligated to make—as well as our neighbors," she added hastily, and not without a twinge of mortification at having let down the family by her disclosures.

"I understand you," said Mrs. Prideaux, with a series of significant little nods. "Harassed, worried to death, for the means to meet the tradesmen's bills, or to take up overdue acceptances. I know it all. The best china, and linen parted with to help to make up a sum, (Kezia uttered a low inward groan,) the plate in pledge, (another moan from Kezia,) and the head of the family even obliged to absent himself, to avoid personal arrest."

"She is a witch, sure enough," said Kezia to herself. "She knows about the baileys."

"Yes—there have been sheriff's officers in this very house," continued the nurse, as if reading the secret thought of the other. "Nor are the circumstances of your master much mended even at the present time,"—and she fixed her dark eyes on the pale blue ones, that seemed to contract under their gaze like the feline organ under excess of light—"at this moment, when there are not six bottles of what, by courtesy, we will call sherry, in his cellar, nor as many guineas in his bureau."

"Why, as to the wine," stammered Kezia, "we have had company lately, and I would not answer for a whole dozen; but as regards the pecuniary, I feel sure—I know—I'm positive there's nigh a score of golden guineas in the house, at this blessed moment—let alone the silver and the copper."

"Your own, perhaps?"

Kezia's face seemed suddenly suffused all over with claret, and felt as hot too as if the wine had been mulled, at being thus caught out in an equivocation, invented purely for the credit of the family.

"In a word," said the nurse, "your master is a needy man; and the addition of two children to his burthens will hardly improve his finances."

"But our practice may increase," said Kezia.

"We may have money left to us in a legacy—or win a grand prize in the lottery."

"I wish it was on the horoscope," said Mrs. Prideaux, looking up at the ceiling, as if appealing through it to the planetary bodies. "But the stars say otherwise. Rash speculations—heavy losses by bad debts—and a ruinous Chancery suit, as indicated by the presence of Saturn in the twelfth house."

"Satan!" ejaculated Kezia, with a visible shudder. "If he's in the house, there'll be chancery suits no doubt, for he is in league they say with all the lawyers, from the judges down to the 'turneys.'"

"And with litigation," said the nurse, "will come rags and poverty, ay, down to the second and third generations."

"What, common begging—from door to door?"

"Alas, yes—mendicity and pauperism."

"Never!" said Kezia, with energy, starting up from the bed, and holding forth her clumsy, coarse hands, with their ruddy digits, like two bunches of radishes to tempt a purchaser—"Never! whilst I can work with these ten fingers!"

"Of course not, my worthy creature, only don't be quite so vehement—of course not. And, as far as my own humble means extend, you shall not want my poor cooperation. I have already devoted my nursing fee and perquisites, whatever may be the amount, towards a scheme that will help to secure the little innocents from absolute want. There is a society, a sort of masonic society of benevolent individuals, privately established for the endowment of such unfortunate little mortals. For a small sum at the birth of a child, they undertake to pay him, after a certain age, a yearly annuity in proportion to the original deposit—a heavenly plan, devised by a few real practical Christians, who delight in doing good by stealth; and especially to such forlorn beings as are born under the influence of a malignant star. Now the year that threatens our dear darling twins is the seventh; a tender age, Kezia, to be left to the charity of the wide world!"

Poor Kezia turned as white as ashes; and for some minutes sat speechless, writhing her body and wringing her hands, as if to wring tears out of her finger ends. At last, in a faltering voice, she inquired how much seventeen guineas would grow into, per annum, in seven years.

"Why, let me see;" and Mrs. Prideaux began to calculate by the help of a massive silver pencil-case and her tablets; "seventeen guineas, for seven years, with interest—and interest upon interest—simple and compound—with the bonus, added by the society—why, it would positively be a little fortune—a good twenty pounds a year—enough at any rate to secure one, or even two persons, from absolute starvation."

Kezia made no reply, but darted off to a large iron-bound trunk which she unlocked, and then drew from it a little round wooden box, the construction of which, every one who has swallowed Ching's worm medicine, so celebrated some thirty or forty years ago, will very readily remember. Unscrewing one half of this box with a shrill screeching sound, that jarred the nerves of Mrs. Prideaux, and set all her small white teeth on edge, Kezia poured into her own lap, from a compartment formerly occupied by oval white lozenges, ten full weight guineas of the coinage of King George the Third; then turning the box, and opening the opposite half, with a similar *skreek*, and a fresh shock to the nerves and teeth of the genteel nurse, she emptied from the division, once filled with oval brown lozenges, eight half guineas, and nine seven shilling pieces, in all, seventeen guineas, the sum total of her hoarded savings since she had been at service.

"Then, take them," she said, holding out her apron by the corners, with the precious glittering contents, towards the nurse.

"Bless you—bless you, for a true Samaritan!" replied Mrs. Prideaux, passing her hand lightly across her eyelashes—whilst something like a tear glistened upon one of her fingers, but the radiance came from a brilliant ring. "I will add this bauble to the stock," said the nurse, drawing it off,

and throwing it into Kezia's apron. "But, my good girl, I am afraid you have contributed your all. You ought to consider yourself a little—you may be ill—or out of place. At any rate, reserve a trifle against a rainy day."

"No, no—don't consider me—take it all—*every penny of it*," sobbed Kezia. "The poor dear innocents! they are as welcome to it as my own little ones—at least, if I had any."

"To be sure it is for *them*,—one, two, three," said the nurse, counting the pieces separately into a stout green silk purse with gilt rings: "seventeen guineas exactly. With my own poor mite, and the ring, say twenty, or five and twenty, to be invested for the dear twins in the Benevolent Endowment Society, for children born under Malignant Planets."

"Oh! I do wish," exclaimed Kezia, with the abruptness of a sudden inspiration, "I do wish I knew the fortune-teller that prophesies for Moore's Almanack!"

The nurse turned her keen dark eyes on the speaker, and for a minute regarded her, as if, in the popular phrase, she would have looked her through and through. But the scrutiny satisfied her; for she said in a calm tone, that the name in question was very well known, as Francis Moore, physician.

"But people say," objected Kezia, "that Francis Moore is only his alibi," she meant, alias.

"It is *not her name*," replied Mrs. Prideaux, with a marked staccato emphasis on the negative and the pronoun. "But that is a secret. And now, mark me, Kezia—not a syllable of this matter to any one, and least of all to the parents. The troubles we know are burthensome enough to bear, without an insight into futurity. And to foresee such a melancholy prospect predestined to the offspring of their own loins."

"Oh! not for the world!" exclaimed Kezia, clasping her hands together. "It would kill them outright—it would break both their hearts! As for me, it don't signify. I'm used to fretting. Oh! if you knew the wretched sleepless hours I've enjoyed, night after night, when master was in his commercial crises with unaccommodating bills—he'd have had that money long and long ago, if I had had the courage to offer it to him; but he's as proud on some points as Lucifer. And, to be sure, we've not been reduced more than our betters, perhaps, at a chance time, when they could not get in their rents, or the steward absconded with them, or the stocks fell suddenly, or the bank was short of cash for the dividends, or the key of the bureau——"

She stopped short, for Mrs. Prideaux had vanished. So, after an exclamation of surprise and a thoughtful turn or two up and down her chamber, the devoted Kezia threw herself on her knees beside the bed, and prayed fervently for her master, her mistress, and the dear little progeny, till in that devout posture she fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.—WE ARE NAMED.

It is assuredly a mercy for humankind that we are born into this world of folly as we are, mere purblind, sprawling, oysterly squabs, with no more nous than a polypus, instead of coming into it with our wits ready sharpened, and wide awake as young weasels! Above all, it is providential that we are so much more accessible to lachrymose than ludicrous impressions; more prone to tears, squallings, sobs, sighs, and blubberings, than to broad grins or crowing like chanticleer. For,

while at a royal or imperial establishment, one Fool has generally been deemed sufficient; at the court of a Lilliputian Infant or Infanta, it seems to be held indispensable that every person who enters the presence must play the zany or buffoon, and act, talk, sing, cut, and pull, such antics, gibberish, nonsense, capers, and grimaces, that nine tenths of the breed of babies, if their fancies were at all ticklesome, must needs die of ruptured spleen, bursten blood-vessels, split sides, or shattered diaphragms. Yes, nine tenths of the species would go off in a guffaw, like the ancient who lost his breath in a cachinnation, at seeing an ass eating figs. For truly that donkey was nothing to the donkeys, nor his freak worth one of his figs, compared to the farcialities exhibited by those he and she animals who congregate around the cots and cradles of the nursery.

Thus, had our own little vacant goggle eyes at all appreciated, or our ignorant sealed ears at all comprehended, the absurdities that were perpetrated, said and sung, daily and hourly, before and around us, my Twin-Brother and myself must inevitably, in the first week, have choked in our pap, and died, strangled in convulsion fits of inextinguishable laughter, or perhaps jaw-locked by a collapse of the overstrained risible muscles.

It would have been quite enough to shatter the tender lungs and midriff of a precocious humorist, to have only seen that ungainly figure which so constantly hung over us, with that strange variegated face, grotesquely puckering, twisting, screwing its refractory features to produce such indescribable cacklings, chucklings, and chirrupings;—to have heard her drilling that impracticable peacock voice, with its rebellious falsetto, and all its mazy wanderings, from nasal to guttural, from guttural to pectoral, and even to ventral, with all its involuntary quaverings, gugglings, and gratings,—into a soothing lullaby, or cradle hymn. It must have asphyxiated an infant, with any turn for the comic, to have seen and heard that *Io*-like creature with her pied red and white face, lowering—

"There's no ox a-near thy bed!"

or that astounding flourish of tune, accompanied by an appropriate brandishing of the mottled upper limbs, with which she warbled—

"'Tis thy Kizzy sits beside thee,
And her harms shall be thy guard."

It was ten thousand mercies, I say, that the stolid gravity of babyhood was proof against such sounds and spectacles; not to forget that domestic conclave, with its notable debate as to the names to be given to us in our baptism.

"For my own part," said my mother, enthroned in a huge dimity covered easy chair, "I should like some sort of names we are accustomed to couple together, so as to make them out for a pair of twins."

"Nothing more easy," said my father.
"There's Castor and Pollux."

"Was Castor the inventor of castor oil?" inquired my mother, in the very simplicity of her heart.

"Why, not exactly," replied my fatherly, suddenly rubbing his nose as if something had tickled him. "He was invented himself." An answer, by the way, which served my other parent as a riddle for the rest of the day.

"And what was their persuasion?"

"Heathen, of course."

"Then they shall never stand sponsors for children of mine," said my mother, whose religious sentiments were strictly orthodox. "But are there no other twin brothers celebrated in history?"

"Yes," replied my father. "Valentine and Orson."

"Why one—one—one of them," exclaimed Kezia, stuttering in her eagerness—"one of them was a savage, like Peter the Wild Boy, and sucked a she-bear!"

"Then *they* won't do," said my mother, in a tone of great decision.

"And Romulus and Remus are equally ineligible," said my father, "for they were suckled by a she-wolf."

"Bless me!" exclaimed my mother, lifting up her hands, "the ferocious beasts in those days must have been much tamer and gentler than in ours. I should be sorry to trust flesh and blood of mine to such succedaneums for wet-nurses."

"And what would be your choice, Kizzy?" inquired my father, turning towards the maid of all work, who, by way of employing both hands and feet, had volunteered to rock the cradle, whilst she worked at the duplicate baby-linen, so unexpectedly required.

"Why then," said Kezia, rising up to give more weight to the recommendation, "if that precious pair of infants was mine, I'd christen them Jachin and Boaz."

"The pillars of the temple"—said my father. "But suppose, Kizzy, the boys chose to go into the army and navy?"

"They would fight none the worse," said Kezia, reddening, "for having Bible names!"

"Nor better," said my father, *sotto voce*. "And now, perhaps Mrs. Prideaux will favor us with her opinion!"

But the genteel nurse, with a sweet smile, and in her silvery voice, declined advising in such a delicate matter; only hinting, as regarded her private taste, that she preferred the select and euphonious, as a prefix. Her own son was named Algernon Marmaduke Prideaux.

"Perhaps," said my father, leaning his head thoughtfully on one side, and scratching his ear, "perhaps Postle could suggest something. His head's like an Encyclopedia."

"He have," said Kezia, suspending for a moment her needlework and the rocking of the cradle. "He's for Demon and Pithy."

"For what!!!" exclaimed my mother, ———
"Demon and Pithy."

"Phoo, phoo—Damon and Pythias," said my father, "famous for their friendship, like David and Jonathan, in the classical times."

"Then they're heathens, too," said my mother, "and won't do for godfathers to little Christians."

A dead pause ensued for some minutes, during which nothing was audible but my father's ghost of a whistle, and the gentle creak, creak, of the wicker cradle. The expression of my mother's face, in the meantime, changed every moment for the worse; from puzzled to anxious, from anxious to fretful.

"Well, I do wish," she exclaimed at last, just at the tail of a long sigh, "I do wish, George, that you would think of some name for our twins. For, of course, you don't wish them to grow up anonymous like Tobit's dog!"

"Of course not," replied my father. "But I

can hit on only one more suggestion. Supposing the infants to be remarkably fine ones —

"And so they are!" put in Kezia.

"And of an uncommon size for twins —"

"They're perfect Herculeuses," cried Kezia.

"What think you of Gog and Magog!"

"Fiddle and fiddlestick!" exclaimed my mother in great indignation. "But I believe you would joke on your death-bed."

"Rabelais did," said my father. "But come," he added in his genuine serious voice, for he had two, a real and a sham Abraham one, "it is my decided opinion that we could not do better than to name the children after your brother. He is wealthy, and a bachelor; and it might be to the advantage of the boys to pay him the compliment."

"I have thought of that too," said my mother. "But my brother does n't shorten well. Jinkins Rumbold is well enough; but you would n't like to hear me, when I wanted the children, calling for Jin and Rum."

"Pshaw!" said my father, "I am philosopher enough to bear that for the chance of a thumping legacy to our sons."

The genteel nurse, Mrs. Prideaux, backing this worldly policy of my father's with a few emphatic words, my mother concurred; and, accordingly, it was decided that we should be called after Jinkins Rumbold; the Jinkins being assigned to my twin brother, the first-born, and the Rumbold to my "crying self."

It is usual, however, in dedicating works, whether of Art or Nature, in one or two volumes, to ask previously the permission of the dedicatee. To obtain this consent, it was necessary to write to our Godfather Elect: and accordingly my father retired to the parlor, and seated himself, on epistolary deeds intent, at the old escrutoire. But my parent was an indifferent letter-writer at the best; and the task was even more perplexing than such labors usually are. His brother-in-law was a formalist of the old school; an antiquarian in dress, speech, manners, sentiments, and prejudices, whom it would not be prudent to address in the current and familiar style of the day. The request, besides, involved delicate considerations, as difficult to touch safely, as impossible to avoid. In this extremity, after spoiling a dozen sheets of paper and as many pens, my father had recourse, as usual, to Mr. Postle, who came, characteristically at his summons, with a graduated glass in one hand, and a bottle of vitriolic acid in the other. It was indeed one of his merits, that he identified himself, soul and body, with his business: so much so, that he was reported to have gone to an evening party with his handkerchief scented with spirits of camphor.

"Mr. Postle," said my father, "I want your opinion on a new case. Suppose a rich old hunk of a bachelor uncle, whom you wished to stand godfather to your twins, what would be your mode of treatment, by way of application to him?"

The assistant, thus called in to consultation, at once addressed himself, seriously, to the consideration of the case. But in vain he stared at the Esculapian bronze bird with the gilt bolus suspended from its beak, and from the bird, at the framed sampler, and thence to the water-color view of some landscape in Wales, and then at the stuffed woodpecker, and in turn at each of the black profiles that flanked the mirror. There was no inspiration in any of them. At last he spoke.

"If it's all the same to you, sir, I think if we

were to adjourn to the surgery, I could make up my mind on the subject. Like the authors, who write best, as I have heard, in their libraries, with their books about them, my ideas are always most confluent, when, in looking for them, my eyes rest on the drawers, and bottles, and gallipots. It's an idiosyncrasy, I believe, but so it is."

"So be it," said my father, gathering up his rough composing drafts, and hurrying, with Postle at his heels, into the surgery, where he established himself at the desk. The assistant in the mean time took a deliberate survey of all the wooden earthenware, and glass repositories for drugs, acid, salt, bitter, or saccharine; liquid, solid, or in powder.

"Now then, Postle," said my father, "how would you set to work to ask a rich old curmudgeon to stand sponsor to your children?"

"Why, then, sir," replied Postle, "in the first place, I would disclaim all idea of drawing upon him"—(and he glanced at a great bottle apparently filled with green tinsel, but marked "cantharides")—"or of bleeding him. Next I would throw in gentle stimulants, such as an appeal to family pride, and reminding him of your matrimonial mixture. Then I would exhibit the babies—in as pleasant a vehicle as possible—flavored, as it were, with cinnamon"—(he looked hard at a particular drawer)—"and scented with rose water. As sweet as honey"—(he got that hint from a large white jar)—"and as lively as leeches." (He owed that comparison to a great fact on the counter.)

"Very good," said my father.

"After that," continued Mr. Postle, "I would recommend change of air and exercise, namely, by coming down to the christening: with an unrestricted diet. I would also promise to make up a spare bed for him, according to the best prescriptions; with a draught of something comforting to be taken the last thing at night. Say, diluted alcohol, sweetened with sugar. Add a little essential oil of flummery; and in case of refusal, hint at a mortification."

"Capital!—Excellent!" exclaimed my father. And on this medical model he actually constructed a letter, before dinner time, which might otherwise have puzzled him for a week!

CHAPTER IV.

THE bed in the spare bed-room had been aired for my father: who between his attendance on my mother, and another lady in the same predicament, had never been out of his clothes for three successive nights. But the time for repose had arrived at last; he undressed hastily, and was standing in his night-gown and night-cap, his hand, with the extinguisher, just hovering over the candle, when he heard, or thought he heard, his name called from without. He stopped his hand and listened—not a sound. It had been only the moaning of the wind, or the creaking of the great poplar at the end of the house; and the hollow cone was again descending over the flame when his name was shouted out in a peremptory tone by somebody close under the window. There could be no mistake. With a deep sigh he put down the extinguisher—opened the casement, and put forth his head. Through the gloom he could just perceive the dark figure of a man on horseback.

"Who is there?"

"Why the devil," grumbled the fellow, "have you muffled the night-bell? I've rung a dozen times."

"Why?"—replied my father—"why, because my mistress is confined."

"I wish mine was," growled the man, "in a madhouse. You're wanted."

"To-night?"

"Yes: I'm sent express for you. You're to come directly."

"Where?"

"At the great house to be sure."

"Well, I'll come—or at any rate Mr. Postle—"

"No—you must come yourself."

My father groaned in spirit, and shuddered as if suddenly struck to the lungs by the night-air.

"Who is ill?" he asked; "is it Prince George?"

"No—it's the little"—the rest was lost in the sound of the horse's heels as the messenger turned and rode off.

My father closed the casement with a slam that nearly broke the jingling glass; and for some minutes stood ruefully looking from the candle to the bed, and from the bed to the chair with his clothes. But there was no remedy; with his rapidly increasing family he could not afford to slight a patient at the great house. So he plucked off his nightcap, threw it on the floor, and with both hands harrowed and raked at his hair, till every drowsy organ under it was thoroughly wakened up; then he dressed hastily, crept down stairs, wiped a bandana round his throat, struggled into his great coat, thrust on his worst hat, and, pocketing the door-key, stepped forth into the dark, damp, chill air. He thought he never felt so uncomfortable a night in his life, or encountered worse weather; but he thought a mistake. He had met with inferior qualities by fifty degrees. However there were disagreeables enough, wind and fog, and his road lay for half a mile on the border of a Lincolnshire river, and through a dreary neighborhood,—for out of Holland or Flanders, there was not such another village, so low and flat, with so much water, running and stagnant, in canals and ditches, amidst swampy fields growing the plant cannabis, or hemp—or with so many windmills, and bulrushes, and long rows of stunted willows, relieved here and there by an aspen, that seemed shivering with the ague. On he went, yawning and stumbling, past the lock, and over the bridge, and along by the row of low cottages, all as dark as death except one, and that was as dark as death too, in spite of its solitary bright window. For the doctor stopped as he went by to peep in at the narrow panes, and saw one of those sights of misery, that the eye of Providence, a parish doctor, a clergyman occasionally, and a parliamentary commissioner still more rarely, have to look upon. On the bed, if bed it might be called, for it was a mere heap of straw, matting, rushes, and rags, covered by a tattered rug, sat the mother, rocking herself to and fro, over the dead child, wasted to a skeleton, that was lying stark across her lap. Beside her sat her husband, staring steadfastly, stupid with grief at the frame of the rushlight, his hollow cheeks showing yellow, even by the candle light, from recent jaundice. Neither moved their lips. On the floor lay an empty phial, with the untasted medicine beside it in a broken tea-cup; there was a little green rush basket near the mother's feet, with a few faded butter-cups—the last toys. My father saw no more, for the light that had been flickering suddenly went out, and added Darkness to Sorrow and Silence.

In spite of his medical acquaintance with similar scenes of wretchedness, he was shocked at this startling increase of desolation; and for a moment was tempted to step in and offer a few words of consolation to the afflicted couple. But before his hand touched the latch, reflection reminded him from his experience, how inefficacious such verbal comfort had ever been with the poor, except from sympathizers of their own condition. In the emphatic words of one of his pauper patients, "When a poor man or woman, as low down in life as myself, talks to me about heaven above, it sounds as sweet-like as a promise of going back some day to my birth-place, and my father's house, the home of my childhood; but when rich people speak to me of heaven, it sounds like saying, now you're old and worn out, and sick, and past work, and come to rags, and beggary, and starvation, there's heaven for you—just as they say to one, at the last pinch of poverty—by way of comforting—there's the parish."

So my father sighed and walked on: those two wretched, sickly, sorrow-stricken faces, and the dead one, seeming to flash fitfully upon him out of the darkness, as they had appeared and vanished again by the light of the flickering candle. And with this picture of human misery in his mind's eye, he arrived at the Great House: and still carrying the dolorous images on his retina, across the marble hall, and up the painted staircase, and through the handsome antechamber, stepped with it, still vivid, into the luxurious drawing-room, that presented a new and very different scene of distress.

On her knees, beside the superb sofa, was the weeping lady of the mansion, bending over the little creature that lay shivering on the chintz cushion, with its arms hugging its own diminutive body, and the knees drawn up to the chest. Its dark almond-shaped eyes rolled restlessly to and fro: its tiny mouth seemed puckered up by suffering, and its cheeks and forehead were deeply wrinkled, as if by premature old age. The nurse, a young woman, was in attendance, so exhausted by watching that she was dozing on her feet.

As my father advanced into the room, he could distinguish the low moaning of the afflicted lady, intermixed with all those fond doting epithets which a devoted mother lavishes on her sick child. The moment she became aware of his presence she sprang up, with a slight hysterical shriek, and running to meet him, exclaimed,

"Oh! doctor, I am so glad you are come! I have been in agonies! My poor dear darling, Florio, is ill—going—dying;" and she sobbed aloud, and buried her face in her handkerchief.

My father hastily stepped past her, to the sofa, to look at the patient: and, at the risk of bursting, suppressed an oath that tingled at the very tip of his tongue. A single glance had filled up the hiatus in the groom's communication—the sufferer was a little Brazilian monkey.

My father's surprise was equal to his disgust, aggravated as it was by a vivid remembrance of the domestic distress he had so recently witnessed through the cottage window. His head, filled with that human bereavement, he had totally forgotten the circumstance that once before he had been summoned to the Great House on a similar errand—to prescribe for a sick lap-dog, named after an illustrious personage, at that time very popular, as Prince George. But the whispers of Prudence stifled the promptings of Indignation, reminding him just in time, that he was a poor

country practitioner, the father, within the last eight and forty hours, of a pair of twins. Accordingly he proceeded with all gravity to feel the pulse and examine the skin of the dwarf animal; laying his hand on the chest to estimate the action of the heart; and even ascertaining, at the expense of a small bite, the state of the tongue.

The weeping lady in the mean time looked on with intense anxiety, uttering incoherent ejaculations, and putting questions with unanswerable rapidity. "Oh, the darling!—my precious pet!—is he hot!—is he feverish! My little beauty!—Isn't he very, very ill! He don't eat, doctor—he don't drink—he don't sleep—he don't do anything—poor dear! Look, how he shivers! Can you—can you—do anything for him—my little love of loves! If he dies I shall go distracted—I know I shall—but you'll save him—you will, won't you! Oh do, do, do prescribe—there's a dear good doctor. What do you think of him—my suffering sweet one—tell me, tell me, pray tell me—let me know the worst—but don't say he'll die! He'll get over it, won't he—with a strong constitution!—Say it's a strong constitution. Oh, mercy! look how he twists about!—my own, poor, dear, darling little Flora!"

My father, during this farrago, felt horribly vexed and annoyed, and even looked so in spite of himself; but the contrast was too great between the silent, still, deep, sorrow—still waters are deep—for a lost child, and these garrulous lamentations over a sick brute. But the hard, cold, severe expression of his face gradually thawed into a milder one, as the idea dawned upon him of a mode of extracting good out of evil, which he immediately began to put into practice.

"This little animal,"—he intended to have said my little patient, but it stuck in his throat—"this little animal has no disease at present, whatever affection may hereafter be established unless taken in time. It is suffering solely from cold and change of climate. The habitat of the species is the Brazils; and he misses the heat of a tropical sun."

"Of course he does—poor thing!" exclaimed the lady. "But it is not my fault—I thought the Brazils were in France. He shall have a fire in his bed-room."

"It will do no harm, madam," said the doctor. "But he would derive infinitely more benefit from animal heat—the warmth of the human body."

"He shall sleep with Cradock!" exclaimed the lady, looking towards the drowsy young woman, who bit her lips and pouted: "and mind, Cradock, you cuddle him."

"I should rather recommend, madam," said my father, "a much younger bed-fellow. There is something in the natural glow of a young child peculiarly restorative to the elderly or infirm who suffer from a defect of the animal warmth—a fact well known to the faculty: and some aged persons even are selfish enough to sleep with their grandchildren, on that very account. I say selfish, for the benefit they derive is at the expense of the juvenile constitution, which suffers in proportion."

"But where is one to get a child from?" inquired the lady, perfectly willing to sacrifice the health of a human little one to that of her pet brute.

"I think I can manage it, madam," said my father, "amongst my pauper patients with large families. Indeed, I have a little girl in my eye."

"Can she come to night?" asked the lady.

"I fear not," said my father. "But to-morrow, ma'am, as early as you please."

"Then for to-night, poor dear, he must make shift with Cradock," said the lady, "with a good tropical fire in the room, and heaps of warm blankets."

(Poor Cradock looked hot, at the very thought of it.)

"And about his diet!" asked the lady—"it's heart-breaking to see his appetite is so delicate. He don't eat for days together."

"Perhaps he will eat," said my father, "for monkeys, you know, madam, are very imitative, when the child sets him the example."

"I'll stuff her!" said the lady.

"It can do her no harm," said my father; "on the contrary, good living will tend to keep up her temperature. And as her animal warmth is the desideratum, she must be carefully guarded against any chill."

"I'll clothe her with warm things," said the lady, "from head to foot."

"And make her take exercise, madam," added my father: "exercise in the open air, in fine weather, to promote the circulation of the blood, and a fine glow on the skin."

"Cradock shall play with her in the garden," said the lady; "they shall both have skipping-ropes."

"I can think of nothing else," said my father; "and if such careful treatment and tender nursing will not cure and preserve her, I do not know what will."

"Oh, it must, it will, it shall cure her, the darling precious!" exclaimed the delighted lady, clapping her jewelled hands. "What a nice clever doctor you are! A hundred, thousand, million thanks! I can never, never, never repay you; but, in the mean time, accept a slight token of my gratitude," and she thrust her purse into my father's hand.

For an instant he hesitated; but, on second thoughts, he pocketed her bounty, and with due thanks took his leave. "After all," he thought, as he stepped through the antechamber, "I am glad I was called in. The monkey may live or die; but, at any rate, poor little Betty Hopkins is provided for one while with a roof over her, and food, and raiment."

The night was finer; the weather, as he stepped into it, was wonderfully improved: at least he thought so, which was the same thing. With a light brisk step he walked homewards, whistling much above his usual pitch, till he came abreast of the cottage of mourning. There he stopped, and his sibilation sunk into silence, as the three melancholy faces, the yellow, the pale, and the little white one, again flashed on his memory. Then came the faces of his own twin children, but fainter, and soon vanishing. His hand groped warily for the latch, his thumb stealthily pressed it down; the door was softly pushed a little ajar, and the next instant, something fell inside with a chinking sound on the cottage floor. The door silently closed again, the latch quietly sunk into the catch; and my father set off again, walking twice as fast, and whistling thrice as loud as before. A happy man was he, for all his poverty, as he let himself in with the house key to his own home, and remembered that he had under its roof two living children, instead of one dead one. Quickly, quickly he undressed, and got into bed: and, oh! how soundly he slept, and how richly he deserved to sleep so, with that delicious dream that visited him in his slumbers, and gave him a foretaste of the joys of heaven!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FREETHINKER.

"With us ther was a Doctour of Physick,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike and of surgerie:
* * * * *
He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendered, and of what humour,
He was a vera parfitte practitioner—
* * * * *
His studie was but litel on the Bible."

CHAUCER.

It was in the year 18— that I completed my professional education in England, and decided upon spending in Paris the two years which had still to elapse, before my engagement with my guardians would require me to present myself for examination and approval at the Royal College of Surgeons in London. The medical schools and hospitals of Paris were then, as now, famous for their men of science, and for the useful discoveries which clinical instruction—bedside ingenuity and industry—is morally certain to carry along with it. Whatever may be said of the French practitioners as a body—and my professional brethren, I know, bring against them, as a national reproach, the charge of inefficiency in the *treatment* of disease, (remarkable for acuteness and truth as their *diagnosis* is allowed to be)—still I think it will not be denied, that chiefly to the Parisian physicians, and to the untiring energy of particular individuals among them, whom it would not be difficult to name, are we indebted at this moment for some of the most important knowledge, that we possess—knowledge, be it understood, derived altogether from investigations diligently pursued at the patient's bedside, and obtained with the greatest judgment, difficulty, and pains. As I write, the honorable and European reputation of *Louis* occurs to my mind—an instance of universal acknowledgment rendered to genius and talents wholly or principally devoted to the alleviation of human suffering, and to the acquisition of wisdom in the form and by the method to which I have adverted.

A mere attempt to refer to the many and various obligations which the continental professors of medicine have laid upon mankind during the last half century, would fill a book. They were well known and spoken of in my youth, and the names of many learned foreigners were at that period associated in my bosom with sentiments of awe and veneration. It was some time after I had once resolved to go abroad, before I fixed upon Paris as my destination. *Langanbeck*, the greatest operator of his day, the *Liston* of Germany, was performing miracles in Hanover. *Tiedemann*, a less nimble operator, but a far more learned surgeon, had already made the medical schools of Heidelberg famous by his lectures and still valuable publications; while the lamented and deeply penetrating *Stromeyer*—the tutor of our own amiable and early lost Edward Turner—had established himself already in *Gottingen*, and drawn around him a band of enthusiastic students who have since done honor to their teacher, and in their turn become eminent among the first chemists of the day. With such and similar temptations from many quarters, it was not easy to arrive at a steady determination. I had hardly thought of Paris, when—as it often happens—a thing of a moment relieved me from difficulty and doubt, and helped me at once to a decision. A letter one morning by

the post induced me to set out for the giddiest and yet most fascinating of European cities. James M'Linnie—who, by the way, died only the other day of dysentery at Hong-Kong, a few hours after landing with the troops upon that luckless island—was an old hospital acquaintance, and, like me, *cutting and hewing* his way to fame and fortune. He had distinguished himself at Guy's, and quitted that school with every reasonable prospect of success in his profession. He had not only passed muster before the high and mighty court of examiners, but had received on the occasion the personal warm congratulations of Abernethy and Sir Astley Cooper; the former of whom, indeed, before he asked M'Linnie a question, gave him confidence in his peculiar way, by requesting him "not to be a frightened fool, for Mr. Abernethy was not the brute the world was pleased to make him out;" and after a stiff and rough examination shook the student heartily by the hand, and pronounced him "not an ass, like all the world, but a sensible shrewd fellow, who, instead of muddling his head with books, had passed his days, very properly, where real life was only to be met with"—*videlicet*, in the dead-house.

James M'Linnie was, at the time of which I speak, himself in Paris, and enthusiastic in his devotion to the indefatigable and highly-gifted teachers among whom he lived. He wrote to me, in the letter to which I have above adverted—the first I received from him after his departure from England—in the most glowing terms respecting them; and conjured me by the love I bore our glorious profession—by my ardent aspirations after fame, and by the strong desire which, he believed, I entertained with himself and the majority of men to serve and benefit my fellow-creatures—not to waste my precious hours in England, but to join him instantly "in the finest field of *operations* that the world presented." "We are pigmies in London," he continued in his own ardent fashion—"boys, children, infants—they are *giants* here. Such anatomists! such physicians! Fancy one of our first men, C—, for instance, standing for nearly one hour at the bed-side of a laboring man, and tracing the fellow's history step by step, patiently and searchingly, in order to arrive at the small beginnings of disease, its earliest indications, and first causes. I saw it done yesterday by one to whom C— could not hold a candle—a man whose reputation is continental—whose practice does not leave him a moment in the day for personal recreation—who is loaded with honors and distinctions. The students listen to him as to an oracle; and with cause. He leaps to no conclusions—his sterling mind satisfies itself with nothing but truth, and is content to labor after mere glimpses and intimations, which it secures for future comparison and study. Remind me when you come out—for come out you must—of the story of the baker. I will tell it you then in full. It is a capital instance of the professor's acuteness and ability. A patient came into the hospital a month ago; his case puzzled every one; nothing could be done for him, and he was about to be discharged. The professor saw him, visited him regularly for a week—watched him—noted every trifling symptom—prescribed for him;—in vain. The man did not rally—and the professor could not say what ailed him. One morning the latter came to the patient's bed-side and said, 'You tell me, *mon enfant*, that you have been a porter. Were you never in any other occupation?' 'Yes,' groaned

the poor fellow; I drove a cabriolet for a year or two—"Go on," said the professor encouragingly. "And then," continued the man, "and then I was at a boot-maker's; afterward at a saddler's—and at last a porter." "You have never worked at any other trade?" "Never, sir." "Think again—be quite sure." "No—never, sir." "Have you never been a baker?" "Oh, yes, sir—that was twenty years ago—and only for a few months; but I was so ill at the oven that I was obliged to give it up." "That will do, *mon enfant*—don't tire yourself, try and go to sleep." In the lecture-room afterward, the professor addressed the students thus: "Gentlemen—once in the course of my practice, I have met with the ease of the porter, and only once. It is now eighteen years since. The patient was a baker—and I examined the subject after death. This man will die." The lecturer then proceeded to describe minutely and lucidly the seat of the disease, its nature, and best treatment. He told them what might be done by way of alleviation, and directed them to look for such and such appearances after death. The man lingered a few days, and then departed. At the *post mortem*, the professor was found to be correct in every particular. What say you to this by way of memory and quick intelligence?" The letter went on to speak of the facility of procuring subjects—as cheap and plentiful, to use M'Linnie's phrase, "as herrings in England;" of the daily exhibition in the dissecting room of disease of all kinds, in all stages; of the enthusiastic natures of both teachers and pupils; or the earnest and inspiring character of hospital practice; and at last, wound up its flattering history with a peroration, that extinguished in an instant every spark of hesitation that lingered in my mind. In less than a fortnight after M'Linnie's summons, I was one of a mixed party in a diligence and eight, galloping over the high-road to Paris, at the rate of five statute miles an hour.

I had taken care to carry abroad with me an introduction to one influential member of the profession. I say one, because I refused, with deliberation, to encumber myself, as Doctor Johnson has it, with more help than was actually necessary to my well-doing. A travelling student, with a key to the confidence of one man of power and kindred spirit, has all that he can desire for every professional purpose. If his happiness depend upon social enjoyments, and he must needs journey with a messenger's bag, or be utterly miserable, let him by all means save his travelling expenses, and visit his natural acquaintances. My letter of credit was obtained from my friend H——, who at the time filled the anatomical chair at Guy's, and to whom I am grateful for more acts of real kindness than he is willing to allow. To this letter of credit, and to the acquaintance formed by its means, the reader is indebted for the curious history I am about to relate. That the former was likely to lead to something original and unusual, I certainly suspected when H—— placed the document in my hands, with his last words of caution and advice. I could hardly dream of half that was to follow.

"Pray, take care of yourself, Mr. Walpole," said my good friend; "you are going to a very dangerous and seductive city, and you will require all your firmness and good principles to save you from the force of evil example. Don't be led away—don't be led away—that is all, I beg of you."

"I shall be careful, sir."

"You will see in the medical students of Paris a different set of men to that which you have been accustomed to mix with here. There are some fine fellows among them—hard-working, bold, enterprising young men; but they are a strange body taken as a whole. Don't cotton too quickly with any one of them."

"Very well, sir."

"I am afraid you will find many highly improper notions prevalent among them—immoral, shocking, disgraceful. Pray, don't assume the manners of a Frenchman, Mr. Walpole—much less his vices. There are very few medical students in Paris who do not lead, I am sorry to say, a very disreputable life; and make it a boast to live in open shame. You must not learn to approve of conduct in Paris which you would have no hesitation in pronouncing criminal in London."*

"Certainly not, sir."

"And let me, as a friend, entreat you, my dear sir, at no time forget that you are a Christian and a Protestant gentleman. Be sober and rational, and, if there be any truth in religion at all, do not make a mockery of it, by converting the Lord's day into a monstrous Saturnalia. Here is your letter."

I took the document, bowed, and read the superscription. It was addressed to Baron F——, chief surgeon at the Hotel Dieu, &c., &c., &c.

"I introduce you, Mr. Walpole," continued the anatomist, "to one of the most extraordinary men in Europe—and, what is more to the purpose, to one of the best. Warmer benevolence, a more eager anxiety to relieve and benefit his fellow-mortals, never burned in the heart of man. He is, unquestionably, incontestably the first surgeon of the day; as a man of science he is appealed to by the whole learned world—his practice is enormous, and the fortune he has amassed by his unwearied industry and perseverance immense; especially considered in reference to the career of the most successful surgeons in Paris, who, if I mistake not, have lived and died comparatively poor. Looked up to, however, as he is by the learned and the great, you will, I think, when you know him, agree with me in regarding his kindness to the helpless—his earnest solicitude for the disabled poor who come under his care—his unremitting attention to their complaints and wants, as constituting the worthy baron's chief excellence. We are old friends; and for my sake I am sure he will receive you well, and afford you all the assistance and information in his power. He will put you on your mettle; and you must be no lie-a-bed if you would profit by his instruction. At six in the morning you will find him daily at his post in the hospital; and, while sluggards are turning in their beds, he has prescribed for a hundred sick, and put them in spirits for the day by his words of tenderness and support."

"Did you study under the baron?" I inquired.

"I attended his lectures some years ago with the greatest advantage. I never in my life was more struck by the amount of knowledge possessed by one man. I attached myself to the

* It was not until a few weeks after my arrival in Paris that I became acquainted with the fact, thus delicately pointed at by my modest friend Mr. H——. It would appear that no Parisian student of medicine can pursue his studies at home without assistance. A female friend, tutor, or whatever else she may be called, graced the lodgings of every one of my hospital friends.

professor, and he was pleased to admit me to his friendship. I have lately been surprised to hear his manners pronounced rough and even brutal, and his temper morose. For my own part—and I watched him closely—I saw nothing but gentleness, and an active disposition to do good at all times. The poor women and children in the hospital loved him as a father, and I have seen their pale cheeks flush, and dull eyes glisten as he approached their beds. This, I thought, bespoke anything but roughness and brutality in the surgeon. What say you?"

"It would seem so."

"Well—I have written the baron a long letter concerning myself and my own pursuits, believing that it will serve your interests better than a mere formal letter of introduction. He will, I am sure, be pleased to see you. Remember, Mr. Walpole, an opportunity like the present may never occur to you again. Be wise, and make the most of it."

Thus spoke my friend, and thus I received from him my credentials. My only object in Paris was the ostensible one for which I came; and accordingly, therefore, having secured a comfortable home with Madame Bichat, a worthy motherly person residing in the "*Rue Richelieu, vis-à-vis le Palais Royal*,"—and having spent one long and gossiping evening with my ancient chum M'Linnie—I buckled at once to my work. Postponing all recreation and amusement until the time should arrive which would make them lawful and give them zest, I left my lodgings the second morning after my appearance in Paris, and made my way straight to the dwelling-house of my future patron. It was eleven o'clock, the hour at which the baron usually returned from the Hotel Dieu; five hours, viz., from six till eleven, A. M., being, as M'Linnie assured me, the time allotted daily to the poor by the conscientious and distinguished practitioner.

The baron was a bachelor, and he lived in first-rate style; that is to say, he had magnificent apartments, in which it was his delight to collect occasionally the united wit and learning of the capital, and a handsome table for his friends at all times; for his hospitality was unbounded. And yet his own daily habits were as simple and primitive as might be. When at home, he passed his hours in the library, and slept in the small bedroom adjoining it. The latter, like all dormitories in France, was without a carpet, and altogether no better furnished than a private ward in an English hospital. There was a small iron bedstead just large enough for a middle-sized bachelor in one corner—a washing apparatus in another—and a table and two chairs at some distance from both. The naked and even uncomfortable aspect of this apartment had an absolutely chilling effect upon me, as I passed through it on my way to the great man himself; for, strange to say, the only road to the library was through this melancholy chamber. Great men as well as small have their "whims and oddities." The baron was reported to have taken pains to make, what appeared to me, a very inconvenient arrangement. A door which had conducted to the library upon the other side of it had been removed, and the aperture in which it had stood blocked up, while the wall on this side had been cut away in order to effect an entrance. And what was the reason assigned for so much unnecessary labor! The baron had risen from nothing—had spent his early days in poverty and even misery; and he wished to perpetuate the remembrance of his early struggles, lest he should

grow proud in prosperity, and forgetful of his duties. The frequent sight of the few articles of furniture which had been his whole stock twenty years before, was likely, more than anything else, to keep the past vividly before his eyes, and he placed them therefore, to use his own words, as attributed to him by my informant, "between the flattery of the dazzling world without, and the silence of his chamber of study and meditation." They no doubt answered their object, in rendering the possessor at times low-spirited, since they were certainly likely to have that effect even upon a stranger. On the day of my introduction, however, I had little time for observation. My name had been announced, and I passed rapidly on to the *sanctum sanctorum*.

There is an aristocracy of MIND as well as an aristocracy of wealth and social station; and, unless you be a soulless Radical, you cannot approach a distinguished member of the order without a glow of loyal homage, as honorable to its object as it is grateful to your own self-respect. I entered the library of the far-famed professor with a reverend step; he was seated at a large table, which was literally covered with books, *brochures*, and letters opened and sealed. He was dressed very plainly, wearing over a suit of mourning a dark colored dressing-gown, which hung loosely about him. He was, without exception, the finest man I had ever seen, and I stopped involuntarily to look at and admire him. As he sat, I judged him to be upward of six feet in height—(I afterward learned that he stood six feet two)—he was stout and well proportioned—his chest broad and magnificent—his frame altogether muscular and sinewy. The face was full of authority and command—every feature handsome, including even the well drawn lip, in which there seemed to lurk scorn enough to wither you, if roused. The brow was full, prominent, and overhanging—the eye small, blue, and beaming with benevolence. Nature was mischievous when she brought that eye and lip in company for life. A noble forehead, made venerable by gray hairs above it—gray, although the baron was hardly in the vale of years—completed the picture which presented itself to my eye, and which I noted in detail in less time than I have drawn it here—imperfectly enough. The baron, who had received my letter of introduction on the preceding day, rose to welcome me. His first inquiries were concerning my friend H—, the next were in reference to my own plans—and he had much to say of the different professors of London, with whose works and merits he appeared thoroughly acquainted. I remained an hour with him; and some time before we parted I felt myself quite at home with my new acquaintance. During the conversation that took place upon this memorable morning, the name Z— occurred. The baron praised him highly: "his attainments as a surgeon," he said, "were very great;" and in other respects, he looked upon him as one of the most original and wisest men of the age. It will be remembered by my professional readers that Z—, although esteemed in England one of her finest surgeons, acquired an unenviable notoriety through the publication of certain physiological lectures, in which the doctrines of materialism and infidelity were supported, it must be allowed, with all the eloquence and power of a first-rate mind. With my own settled views of Christianity, early inculcated by a beloved mother—now alas! no more—I could not but regard the

highly gifted Z—— as an enemy to his species, who had unhappily abused the talents which Providence had given him for a better purpose. Such being the case, it was with some pain and great surprise that I listened to the encomiums from the lips of the baron; and I ventured to hint that the speaker had, in all probability, not heard of the infamous publication which had given so much sorrow and alarm to all well-governed minds in England.

"Le voila!" said the baron in reply, taking up a book from the table—"The noblest work of the age! Free from prejudice and bigotry of every kind—I found my opinion of the man upon this book. Had he done nothing else, he would have immortalized his name. Philosophy and science have hitherto borne him out in all his theories—will continue to bear him out, and eventually compel posterity to regard him as nothing short of the prophet and seer of nature. You may rely upon it, Z—— has, by the very force of intellect, arrived at conclusions which the discoveries of centuries will duly make good and establish."

I speak the simple truth when I aver that these words of the baron gave me infinite distress, and for a moment deprived me of speech. I hardly knew what to say or do. At first I suspected that I had made some unaccountable mistake, and brought my letter to the wrong individual. H——, who was almost a Puritan in religious matters, could never have spoken of his friend in such favorable terms, if he had been aware of the views which he so unscrupulously supported. A little reflection, however, convinced me that a mistake was impossible. There is nothing in this world more embarrassing than to sit in the presence of a superior, and be compelled to listen to statements which you feel to be false, and yet know not how with propriety to repel. My own youth, and the baron's profound learning and attainments, were barriers to the free expression of my thoughts; and yet I was ashamed to remain silent, and, as it were, a consenting party to the utterance of sentiments which I abhorred.

"I cannot hope," I managed to say at last, "that science will ultimately uphold his arguments, and prevent our relying as strongly as ever upon our old foundations."

"And why?" replied the baron quickly. "Why should we always be timid and blind followers of the blind? Is it a test of wisdom to believe what is opposed to reason, upon the partial evidence of doubtful witnesses? Is it weakness to engage all the faculties of the mind in the investigation of the laws by which this universe is governed? And if the perception of such immutable and eternal laws crushes and brings to nothing the fables of men whom you are pleased to call *writers by inspiration*, are we to reject them because our mothers and fathers, who were babes and sucklings at the breast of knowledge, were ignorant of their existence?"

"Newton, sir," I ventured to answer, "made great discoveries, and he revered these fables."

"Bah! Newton directed his gaze upward into a mighty and stupendous region, and he was awestricken—as who shall not be!—by what he there beheld. He worshipped the unseen power, so does this man; he believed in Revelation, so does he; but with him, it is the revelation which is made in that wonderful firmament above, and in the earth beneath, and in the glories that surround us. What knowledge had Newton of geology? what of

chemistry? what of the facts which they have brought to light?"

"Little, perhaps—yet"——

"My good friend," continued the surgeon, interrupting me, "in the days of your grand *philosophie*—would that he were alive now!—there were no physical phenomena to reduce an ancient system of cosmogony to a mere absurdity—no palpable evidences of the existence of this earth thousands of years prior to its formation—you perceive?"

"I hear you, sir," I answered, gaining courage, "but I should, indeed, be sorry to adopt your views."

"Of course you would!" said the baron, curling his inauspicious lip, and giving expression to a feeling that looked very like one of contempt and ridicule. "You come from the land of melancholy and bile—where your holidays are fasts, and your day of rest is one of unmitigated toil. You would be sorry to forego, no doubt, the prospect of everlasting torture and eternal condemnation. Mr. Z—— is too far advanced for you, I am afraid."

At this moment there was a knock at the door leading into the bedchamber. The servant-man of the baron presented himself, and announced a patient.

"Admit him," said the surgeon, and at the same time I rose to depart.

"Adieu!" said the baron, with an unpleasant smile; "we shall be very good friends notwithstanding your piety. I shall look after you. Remember six o'clock to-morrow morning at the Hotel Dieu. Be punctual, and do you hear, Mr. Walpole, think of me in your prayers."

This last expression, accompanied as it was by a very significant look, amounted to a positive insult; and I quitted the library and house of the baron, fully resolved never to set foot in either of them again. What an extraordinary delusion did poor H—— labor under, in respect to the character of his friend! Here was a Mentor to form the opinions, and regulate the conduct of a young gentleman stepping into life! Great as were his talents and acquirements, and much as I might lose by neglecting to cultivate his friendship, I resigned gladly every advantage rather than purchase the greatest, with the sacrifice of the principles which had been so anxiously implanted in my bosom, even from my cradle. I was hurt and vexed at the result of my interview. Everything had promised so well at first. I had been won by the appearance of the baron; I had been charmed with his discourse, and gratified by the terms in which he spoke of my future studies, and the help he hoped to afford me in the prosecution of them. Why had this unfortunate Mr. Z——, and his still more unfortunate book, turned up to discompose the pleasant vision! But for the mention of his name, and the introduction of his book, I might have remained forever in ignorance of the atheistical opinions which, in my estimation, derogated materially from the grace which otherwise adorned the teacher's cultivated mind. It is impossible for communion and hearty fellowship to subsist between individuals, whose notions on life's most important point, lie "far as the poles asunder." I did not expect, desire, or propose to seek that they should.

In the evening I joined M'Linnie at his lodgings, and gave him an account of the meeting. He laughed at me for my scruples.

"I knew all about it," said Mac, "but hardly thought it worth while to let you know it. H——

was quite right, too: the baron is not the man today that he was a dozen years ago. He is a rank infidel now; he makes no secret of the thing, but boasts of it right and left: it is his great fault. He is an inconsistent fellow. If any one talks about religion, no matter how proper and fitting the time, he is down upon him at once with a sneer and a joke; and yet he drags in his own opinions by the neck, at all seasons, on all occasions, and expects you to say *amen* to every syllable he utters."

"He must be very weak," said I.

"Must he!—very well. Then wait till you see him cut for *calculus*, or perform for *hernia*. Sit with him at the bedside, and hear him at his lectures. If you think him weak then, you shall be good enough to tell me what you call *strong*."

"But his principles—"

"Are certainly not in accordance with the Thirty-nine Articles; but the baron does not profess to teach theology—nor did I come here to take his creed. So long as he is orthodox in surgery, I make no complaint against him. I have my own views; and if they are relaxed and out of order now and then, why, the parson is the man to apply to, and not the baron. I must say one requires a dose of steel now and then, to keep right and tight in this bewitching capital."

There was worldly wisdom in the remarks of M'Linnie; and before I quitted him I was satisfied of the propriety of paying every attention to the professional instruction of the surgeon, without committing myself, by visiting him as a friend, to an approval of his detestable principles; and accordingly, at two minutes to six o'clock, I presented myself at the hospital on the following morning. Many students were already in attendance, and precisely at six o'clock the baron himself appeared. He bowed to the students as a body, and honored me with a particular notice.

"Eh bien, jeune Chrétien!" he said, shaking me by the hand, "have you prayed for my reformation? It is very remiss of you if you have not done so. You know I made you yesterday my father-confessor."

There was immediately a general laugh from the students—medical students being, it should be known, the most unblushing parasites on record.

These words were spoken under the low portico of the building which forms, with its long ascent of steps, one side of the square in which the Cathedral of Notre-Dame has its principal entrance, and is certainly not one of the least interesting adjuncts of that magnificent edifice. We passed without further speech through the range of buildings within, the professor in our van, and in a minute or two found ourselves in a spacious, clean, and well-filled ward.

The surgeon took his seat at the foot of the first bed in the sick chamber, and the students crowded eagerly around him, evidently anxious not to lose a syllable that should fall from his lips. I shall never forget the lesson of that morning. The judgment, the penetration, the unflinching collectedness, and consummate skill of the surgeon, compelled my warmest admiration. I forgot our ground of disagreement in the transcendent ability that I beheld. His heart, and mind, and soul, were given up to his profession; and his success was adequate to the price paid for its purchase. The baron was, however, a mass of contradiction. I discovered this before we had been an hour in the ward. It was clear that he had risen by the

sheer strength of great natural genius, and that he was lamentably wanting in all the agreeable qualities which spring from early cultivation and sound training. He was violent, sudden, and irregular in his temper and mode of speaking—when his temper and speech were directed against any but his patients. He had no regard for the feelings of men of his own rank; and his language towards them was rather emphatic, than delicate and well-chosen. In his progress round the ward, he came to the bed of a man suffering from a diseased leg. He removed the bandage from the part, and asked, "what fool had tied it up so clumsily?" *the fool*, as he well knew, being the house-surgeon at his side. Again, another practitioner at the hospital recommended a particular treatment in a particular case. This gentleman, the baron's colleague, was referred to as—"a child who had yet to learn the alphabet of surgery—who would have been laughed at twenty years ago, had he prescribed such antiquated nostrums—a weak child—a mere baby, gentlemen."—"How much!" I exclaimed mentally, time after time, "must this man have altered since H—— parted with him as his respected friend!" And yet in some regards he was not altered at all. There was the same consideration for the poor sufferers—the same attention to their many complaints and wants—the same tenderness and kind disposition to humor and pacify them, which H—— had dwelt upon with so much commendation. There was no hurrying from case to case—no sign of impatience at the reiterated unmeaning queries of the patients—no coarse jest at *their* expense—not a syllable that could wound the susceptibility of the most sensitive. Did one poor fellow betray an anxiety to take up as little of the baron's time as possible, and, speaking hurriedly, almost exhaust his little stock of feeble breath—it was absolutely touching to mark the happy mode in which the surgeon put the flurried one at his ease. Had these creatures, paupers as they were, been rich and noble—had they, strangers as they were, been brothers every one, he could not have evinced a tenderer interest on their behalf—a stronger disposition to do them service. In spite of myself, I loved the baron for condescending to these men of low estate.

It will not be necessary to dwell upon the proceedings of the place: I could extract from my notebook pages that would delight the medical reader, necessarily dry and tedious to the uninitiated. Suffice it to say, that many hours were spent in the surgical wards by this indefatigable surgeon: every individual case received his best attention, and was prescribed for as carefully as though a noble fee waited upon each. The ceremony being at an end, I was about to retire, agreeably surprised and gratified with all that I had seen.

"Arrêtez donc," said the baron, noticing my movement, and touching me upon the arm. "You are not fatigued?"

"Not in the least," I answered.

"Come with me, then."

The baron, full of life and spirits, and with the air of a man whose day's work was only about to commence, bowed to the students, and tripped quickly down stairs. I followed as commanded, and the next moment I was in the baron's cabriolet, driving with that gentleman rapidly through the streets of Paris.

"Have you courage?" inquired the baron, suddenly.

"For what, sir?" I replied.

"To see an operation."

"I have been present at many, sir," said I—"some bad enough, too; and, I confess, I have been less womanish and weak beholding them than I felt this morning, witnessing your kindness to those poor creatures."

"Ah, poor creatures, indeed!" repeated the baron in a softer tone than any I had heard him use. "The poor need kindness, Mr. Walpole. It is all we can do for them. God help them! it is little of that they get. Poverty is a frightful thing, sir."

There were two circumstances that especially struck me in the delivery of this short speech. One was, that the eyes of an intrepid operator filled with tears while he adverted to a very commonplace subject; the other, that a confirmed atheist was inconsistent enough to invoke the Deity whose very existence he denied.

We drove on, and arrived at the hotel of one of the richest and most influential noblemen of France. The cabriolet stopped, and the gates of the hotel were thrown open at the same instant. A lackey, in the hall of the mansion, was already waiting for the baron, and we were bowed with much ceremony up the gilded staircase; we reached, at last, a sumptuously furnished chamber, where we found three gentlemen in earnest conversation. They were silent upon our entrance, and advanced, one and all, with great cordiality to salute the baron. The latter returned their salute with a distant and haughty politeness, which I thought very unbecoming.

"We were thinking——" began one of the party.

"How is the patient?" asked the baron, suddenly interrupting him.

The other shook his head despondingly, and the baron, as it were instinctively, unlocked a case of instruments, which he had brought into the room with him from his cabriolet.

"The inflammation has not subsided, then?"

"No."

"All the symptoms as before?"

"All."

"Let us see him."

The gentleman and the baron opened a door and passed into another room. As the door closed after them, I heard a loud and dismal groan. One of the two remaining gentlemen then asked me if I had been long in Paris.

I told him.

"Ah, you have n't seen the new opera, then?" said he—just as we should say, when put to it for conversation, What frightful, or what beautiful weather this is! Before I could reply, there was another fearful groan from the adjoining room, but my new acquaintance proceeded without noticing it.

"You have nothing like our *Académie* in London, I believe!"

I was about to vindicate the Italian Opera, when the two surgeons again appeared. The baron in a few words said, that there was nothing to be done but to operate, and at once, if the life of the patient were to be spared at all. The three practitioners—for such they were—bowed in acquiescence, and the baron prepared his instruments.

It is the fashion to speak of medical men slightly, if not reproachfully; to accuse them of practising solemn impositions, and of being, at the best, so many legalized charlatans. It is especially the mode of speaking among those who will

give "the doctor" no rest, and are not satisfied until they make that functionary the most constant visitor at their abodes. No one would have dared to breathe against the surgeon's sacred office, who could have seen, as I did, the operation which the baron performed this day. It has been done successfully three times within the memory of man; twice by himself, who first attempted it. It was grand to mark his calm and intellectual face—to see the hand—armed with the knife that cut for life or death—firm and unshaken as the mind that urged, the eye that followed, its unerring course. I could understand the worship that was paid to this incomparable master, by all that knew him. Within five minutes by the clock, and in the sight of men whose breathless admiration made them oblivious of the throes of the poor sufferer, the process was completed, and the endangered life restored. The baron left the fainting invalid, retired for a few seconds, and prescribed. He returned and felt his pulse—and then, turning to the man to whom he had first spoken, said:

"Should anything arise, sir, you will acquaint me with it."

"Unquestionably. He will do well?"

"No doubt of it. Good morning."

"Good morning baron," said the gentleman, obsequiously. "His excellency bore it wonderfully."

"Pretty well for an excellency. We don't notice these things in paupers. Now, Mr. Walpole."

And thereupon the baron turned upon his heels with such manifest disdain, that he lost half the credit which he had gained by his previous performance.

We sat for some time silent in the cabriolet. I was bursting to praise the baron, and yet fearful to speak, lest I should be insulted for my pains. At last, I became so excited that I could hold out no longer.

"Baron," said I, "I beg your pardon—it was the grandest thing I ever saw."

"I have seen a grander," said the surgeon, frowning, and pursing those unhappy lips of his again, "much grander, Mr. Walpole. I have seen a nobleman rolling in riches, flattered by his dogs, renowned for his Christian piety, refusing the supplications of a poor boy, who asked only a few coins to carry him through a cold and killing winter. The refusal might have been the lad's death—but he was refused. It was, as you say, a grand thing, but the lad has had his revenge to-day."

The baron drove to his own home. At his request I entered his library with him. He placed some books in my hand, which he believed would be of service to me; and, as we parted, he said kindly:

"Don't mind my rough ways, Mr. Walpole; I was educated in a rough school. I shall be glad to see you often. I have been disturbed. The father of that man, whose life, I verily believe, I have saved this day, hunted me many years ago from his door when I begged from him—condescended to beg from him—alms which his meanest servant would not have missed, and which I wanted, to save me from absolute starvation. I have never forgotten or forgiven him for the act—but I have had my revenge. This great man's son owes his life to the beggar after all. A good revenge, *n'est-ce pas?*"

I was very much disposed to consider the baron

subject to fits of temporary derangement: but I was wise enough to do nothing more than nod my head in answer to this appeal, leaving my questioner to interpret the action as he in his madness might think proper.

There was a hearty shake of the hand, another general invitation to his house, and a particular invitation to the hospital, where, as the baron very reasonably observed, "All the knowledge that could serve a man in after life was hoarded up"—and then I made my bow, and took my departure.

Three months passed like so many days, in the midst of occupation at once the most inspiring and satisfactory; and during the whole of that period, I am bound to acknowledge the treatment of the baron toward me to have been most generous and kind. In spite of my own resolutions, I had attached myself to the professor by a feeling of gratitude, which it was not easy to extinguish or control. His wish to advance me in the knowledge and understanding of my profession was so earnest, the pains he took to communicate the most important results of his own hard-earned experience so untiring, that, had I not felt a heavy debt of obligation, I must have been a senseless underserving wretch indeed. The baron was manifestly well-disposed toward me, and in spite (it might have been with so strange a character, by very reason) of our religious differences, he lost no opportunity of bringing me to his side, and of loading me while there with precious gifts. I attended the professor at the hospital, at the houses of his patients, in his own private study.

He was flattering enough to say that he liked to have me about him—that he was pleased with my straightforward character, and with the earnestness with which I worked. I trust it was not his good opinion alone that induced me, in opposition to my first resolution, by degrees to associate with the baron, until at length we became intimate and almost inseparable friends. I would not acknowledge this to my own conscience, which happily never suffered me to violate a principle, or yield an inch of righteous ground. The baron persevered in his attacks upon our sacred religion. I, grown bolder by long familiar acquaintance, acted as firmly upon the defensive: and I must do myself the justice to assert, that the soundness of fair argument suffered no injury from the light weapon of wit and ridicule which my friend had ever at command.

It was a fine morning in the early spring, and I sat with the baron as usual in his library. On this occasion I was helping him in the completion of a series of plates, which he was about to publish, in connection with a work on cancer—a book that has since made a great sensation upon the continent. The engraver had worked from the professor's preparations under the eye of the latter; but a few slight inaccuracies had crept into the drawings, and the baron employed me in the detection of them. We were both fully occupied; I with the engravings; he with his lecture of the day—and we were both very silent, when we heard a loud ringing of the porter's bell. The baron at the same time looked at his watch, and resumed his pen. A note was then brought to him by his servant. It was read, and an answer given.

"Say I will be there at four o'clock."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the servant, "but the prince's chasseur who gave me the note, desired me to add that the prince wished to see you immediately."

"Very well, sir," answered the baron haughtily. "He has delivered his master's message—do you deliver mine. I am busy, very busy—and cannot see the prince till four o'clock. That is the answer."

The servant knew his master, and left the room immediately.

"These insufferable nobles!" exclaimed the baron; "they imagine that mankind was invented for their pleasure and amusement—to be their footballs. Does this man think we have nothing better to do than to humor his fancies, and attend to every ailment that waits upon his gross appetite. He makes a god of his belly, is punished for his idolatry, and then whines by the hour to his doctor."

"Is he not ill, then?" I inquired.

"He may be—but that is no reason why my students are to be neglected for a prince. He must come in his turn, with all the rest. I allow no distinctions in my practice. Suffering is suffering—the pain of the peasant is as acute as the smart of the king. Proceed with the drawings, Mr. Walpole."

In less than a quarter of an hour, there was a fresh disturbance. The servant knocked softly at the door, and entered timidly.

"Here is a dirty woman at the gate, sir," began the man. "I have told her that you were engaged and could n't speak to her, but she would not move until I had brought you this letter. She is a dirty creature, sir."

"Well, you have said that once before," answered the baron, taking the note—if a soiled strip of paper, with blots, erasures, and illegible characters may deserve that title. The baron endeavored to read it; but failing, requested François to show the poor woman up.

She appeared, and justified the repetition of François. She was indeed very far from being clean; she had scarcely a rag upon her back—and seemed, in every way, much distressed.

"Now, my good woman," said the professor very tenderly, "tell me what it is you want, as quickly as you are able to do it, and I will help you if it be in my power."

The woman, bursting into tears, proceeded to say that "she resided in the Quartier St. Jacques—that her husband was a water-carrier."

"A what?" asked the professor quickly, as if he had missed the word.

"A water-carrier, sir."

"Go on."

"That he had come from Auvergne—had fallen into a dreadful state of disease through want of nourishment and fuel during the winter—that he was now lying without a crust of bread or a particle of fire—and that she was sure he must die, leaving her and her children to be thrown into the world. She filled up her short narrative with many harrowing details, and finished by imploring the surgeon to come and save her husband if he could. "We will pay you, sir, all that we are able—if he gets to work again: and if he should n't, God, I am sure, will not listen to your prayers the less because you have helped the unfortunate and the poor."

Before the woman had told her story, the cheeks of the baron were as pale as her own—his eyes scarcely less moist. He had put his hand to his pocket, and when the woman ceased—he drew it out again, and presented her with a crown-piece.

"Go home," said he, "with that. Buy bread

and fuel. I will be at your lodging this afternoon."

The woman was about to exclaim.

"Not a syllable!" said her benefactor, preventing her. "If you thank me, I will do nothing for you. Go your ways now. I cannot accompany you—for you see I am very busy; but before the day is out, I will prescribe for your goodman. Good-by to you—good-by."

The woman went away without another word.

Before she reached the bottom of the stairs, the baron spoke.

"Mr. Walpole—pray be kind enough to call her back!"

She came:

"You must not think me harsh now," proceeded the baron, by way of apology, "I did not wish to be so. I shall do all I can for you, and your husband will no doubt be soon quite well again. There, keep your spirits up, and go home and cheer the good fellow. I shall see you by-and-by—*Adieu, ma chère.*"

The professor continued his lecture; but not for five minutes before he appeared to be very uneasy at his work. He put his pen down, and sat for a time full of thought; then he rose and paced the room, and then took up his pen again; at last, he started from his chair and pulled the bell.

"François," said he to the servant, "let the cabriolet be here immediately. Yes," he continued, as if speaking to himself, "it will be better to go at once; the man may be seriously ill. His life may be in danger. It can be done in an hour—there is plenty of time still for the lecture. We must go and see this poor fellow, Mr. Walpole," added the professor, addressing me. "Come, you shall give me your opinion of the case."

And the lecture and the engravings were neglected, and we dashed through the streets toward the Quartier St. Jacques, with every chance of breaking our own necks as well as that of the spirited animal that flew before the whip of the excited practitioner.

"Well," said I to myself as we alighted, "it may be, monsieur le baron, as you state it, 'the pain of the peasant is as acute as the smart of a king.' It is, however, very certain that you do not hold to the converse of the position."

The water-carrier was in truth alarmingly ill, and he was not likely to remain so much longer, if left to himself; for it was already the eleventh hour with him. He was living in a filthy hole—lying on a bed of straw, without the commonest necessities of life. The man had become diseased through want and confinement—that cause and origin of half the complaints to which the human frame is subject; lack of wholesome food and pure air. The baron perceived instantly that nothing could be done for the unhappy fellow in his present abode, and he therefore insisted upon his being removed at once to a *maison de santé*.

"I can't walk," said the man gruffly.

"No, but you can be carried in a coach, I suppose," replied the baron in a similar tone, "if I wish it. Let him be dressed," he continued, turning to the wife. "I will send a coach for him in half an hour—and take charge of him until he is better. That will buy you some bread for the present," and he gave another crown and hastened away. In the afternoon the baron attended the patient again at the *maison de santé*. He ordered him a bath, and prescribed medicines. For a

month he visited him daily; and he did not quit him until he was convalescent. Nor then—for upon the day of the poor fellow's discharge, he presented him with a horse and water-cart, and a purse containing five louis-d'or.

"Take care of the money," said the charitable donor, "do not be extravagant. If you are ill—come to me always."

The water-carrier—a bluff, sturdy fellow in his way—would have thanked the baron could he have kept quiet; but he stood roaring like a child, perfectly overcome with the kindness he had received. It was some months afterward that François announced two visitors. When they appeared I recognized my old acquaintance the water-carrier, grown hale and hearty, accompanied by a stranger, of the same condition in life as himself, and looking very ill.

"*Ah! mon ami!*" exclaimed the baron, shaking him by the hand, "how does the world use you?"

"Look at me," answered the carrier—"just look at me."

"Ay, ay," said the baron. "Flesh enough upon you now! Who is your friend?"

"Ah, it's about him I came! He is very ill, isn't he? He is a water-carrier, too. He was going to another doctor, but I would n't allow it. No, no—that would n't have been the thing after all you have done for me. I hope I know better. He is very bad, and has n't got a sixpence in the world."

I could not help laughing at the original display of gratitude—and the baron laughed outright; his heart grew glad within him as he answered, pressing the honest carrier's hardy hand—

"Right—right—quite right! *Mon enfant*, bring them all to me!"

M'Linnie, who was not honored by the baron's confidence, seemed to be well acquainted with his peculiarities. I mentioned to him his extraordinary treatment of the water-carriers, and attributed it all, without hesitation, to downright insanity.

"Not that exactly," said Mac. "It is caprice, and the inconsistency of human nature. He is strongly attached to all *Auvergnats*, and to water-carriers in particular. His predilection that way is well known in Paris. Perhaps his father was a water-carrier—or his first love a girl from Auvergne. Who can tell what gave rise to the partiality in a mind that is full of bias and contradiction?"

Contradiction indeed! I had remarked enough, and yet nothing at all in comparison to that which was to follow. Up to the present time I had been only puzzled and amused by the frolics and irregularities of the baron. I had yet to be staggered and confounded by the most palpable and barefaced act of inconsistency that ever lunatic conceived and executed. The winter and spring had passed, and summer came, placing our time more at our disposal. Summer is the dissector's long vacation. I permitted myself to take recreation, and to seek amusement in the many public resorts of this interesting capital. One morning I attended the baron at the hospital, and returned with him to his abode. We sat together for an hour, and I distinctly remember that on this occasion the unbeliever was even more witty than usual on the subject which he was ever ready to introduce, with, I am sorry to say, no better object than that of turning it into ridicule and contempt. I left him, irritated and annoyed at his behavior, and

tried to forget it in the crowds of people who were thronging the gay streets on one of the gayest mornings of the year. I hardly know why I directed my steps toward the *Place St. Sulpice*, or why, having reached it, I lingered, gazing at the church which has its site there. I had a better reason for quitting it with precipitation; for while I stood musing, I became suddenly aware of the presence of my friend the baron. He did not see me, and I was not anxious to begin *de novo* the disagreeable discussion of the morning. As I turned away from the church, however, I looked instinctively back, and was much surprised to behold the baron glancing very suspiciously about him, and appearing most anxious to avoid public observation. I was mentally debating whether such was really the fact, or whether the idea was suggested by my own clandestine movement, when to my unaffected astonishment the baron put an end to all doubt by making one rapid march toward the church, and then rushing in—looking neither to the right nor left, behind nor before him. This was truly too extraordinary a circumstance to witness without further inquiry. I immediately retraced my steps, and followed the atheist into the house, where surely he could have no business to transact. If my surprise had been great without the sacred edifice, what was it within, and at that particular portion of it known by the designation of the *Chapel of the Virgin Mary*, at which I beheld, questioning my own senses, my unaccountable friend, this exceedingly erratic baron—upon his knees—in solemn prayer! Yes, kneeling in low humility, and praying audibly, with a devotion and awful earnestness that could not be surpassed. He remained upon his knees, and persevered in his prayers until the conclusion of the service, and then he bestowed his alms—performing all things with an expression of countenance and gravity of demeanor, such as I knew him to wear only at the table upon which he had achieved the most celebrated of his surgical victories.

"Mad, mad!" I exclaimed aloud, "nothing short of it." Why, such glaring wholesale hypocrisy had not been committed since Satan first introduced the vice into Paradise. What atrocity, what barefaced blasphemy! It was the part of a Christian and a friend to attribute the extravagant proceedings of the baron to absolute insanity, and to nothing else; and I did so accordingly, alarmed for the safety of the unfortunate professor, and marvelling what unheard-of act would next be perpetrated, rendering it incumbent upon society to lock the lunatic up for life. Why, his lips were hardly relieved of the pollution which had fallen from them in my presence; and could he in his senses, with his reason not unhinged, dare to offend his Maker doubly by the mockery of such prayers as he could offer up! What was his motive—what his end? That he was anxious for concealment was evident. Had he courted observation, I might have supposed him actuated by some far-sighted scheme of policy; and yet his rash and straightforward temperament rendered him incapable of any stratagem whatever. No, no—look at the thing as I would, there was no accounting for this most perplexing anomaly except on the ground of mental infirmity. Alas, poor baron!

When the service was at an end, I took up a position in the street near the church, in order to observe the next movement of the devotee, quite prepared for anything that might happen. I was

disappointed. The baron, looking very cheerful and very happy, made his appearance from the temple which he had so recently profaned, and walked steadily and quietly away. I followed him, and in the excitement of the moment was about to approach and accost him, when he suddenly turned into a narrow lane, and I lost sight of him.

Before I saw the baron again, I had made up my mind to keep my own counsel, and to give him no hint of my having discovered and watched him. The reasons for silence were twofold. First, I hoped, by keeping my eye on the professor, to learn more of his character than I yet knew; and, in the second place, I did not wish to be regarded as a spy by an individual of violent passions, whom I could not conscientiously consider responsible for his actions.

It so happened that on the evening of this very day, the baron held a *conversazione* in his rooms, to which the first people of Paris, both in rank and talent, were invited. I, who had the *entrée*, was present of course, and I was likewise among the first of the arrivals. With me, the chief physician of the Hotel Dieu entered the *salon*.

The surgeon and the physician shook hands; and, after a word or two, the latter asked abruptly—

"By the way, baron, what were you doing at St. Sulpice this morning? I saw you quitting the church."

"Oh!" said the baron, without changing color or moving a muscle, although I blushed at his side to my very forehead; "Oh! a sick priest placed under my care by the Duchess d'Angoulême—nothing more."

"Well, I could hardly believe that you had turned saint—that is the truth."

"Not yet—not yet!" added the baron, laughing out. "This is to be the saint," he continued, tapping me on the shoulders. "St. Walpole! That will look very fine in the calendar! However, my friend, if they attempt to canonize you while I live, I'll act the part of devil's advocate, and contest your right of admission, if it is only to punish you for your opposition to me in this world. So take care of yourself, and read up your divinity."

And with these words the unmitigated hypocrite, chuckling at my apparent confusion, advanced to the door, and welcomed his crowding visitors.

Upon the following day, I repaired to St. Sulpice—but I did not see the baron. I went again and again, with no better success. For a week I attended the service daily—still no baron. Afterward I went twice a-week. At the end of two months I contented myself with one visit weekly; still no baron. I did not like to give up the watch. I could not tell *why* I felt sure of meeting with him again; yet so I felt, and I was curious to know how far he carried his madness, and what object he proposed to himself in the prosecution and indulgence of his monomania. Three months elapsed, and I was at length paid for my perseverance. For a second time I saw the baron enter the church—assist devoutly at the celebration of mass at the chapel of the Virgin Mary—repeat his prayers, and offer up his alms. There was the same solemnity of bearing during the ceremony, the same cheerful self-possession at its completion. A more methodical madness there could not be! I was determined this time not to lose sight of my

gentleman, without obtaining at least a clue to his extraordinary behavior. As soon as the service was over, he prepared for his departure. Before he could quit the church, however, I crossed it unperceived by him, and walked straight up to the sacristan.

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked, pointing to the surgeon.

"Monsieur F——," he answered readily enough—so readily, that I hardly knew what to ask next. "A regular attendant, sir," the sacristan continued, in an impressive tone of approbation.

"Indeed!" said I.

"Ay. I have been here twelve years next Easter, and four times regularly every year has monsieur come to hear this mass."

"It is very strange!" I said speaking to myself.

"Not at all," said the sacristan. "It is very natural, seeing that he is himself the founder of it!"

Worse and worse! The inconsistency of the reviler of things sacred was becoming more barefaced and unpardonable. "Let him taunt me again!" I exclaimed, walking homeward! "Let him mock me for my childish notions, as he calls them, and attempt to be facetious at the expense of all that is holy, and good, and consolatory in life. Let him attempt it, and I will annihilate him with a word!" When, however, I grew more collected, I began to understand how, by such proceeding, I might shoot very wide of my mark, and gave my friend an advantage after all. He had explained his presence at the church to his colleague by attributing it to a visit paid to a sick priest there. He should have no opportunity to prevaricate, if I once challenged him. Now, he might have the effrontery to deny what I had seen with my own eyes, and could swear to. By lying in wait for him again, and accosting him while he was in the very act of perpetrating his solemn farce, I should deprive him of all power of evasion and escape. And so I determined it should be.

In the mean while I kept my own counsel, and went on as usual. I learned from the sacristan, when the baron was next expected at the mass, and, until that day, did not present myself again at the Place St. Sulpice. Before that time arrived, there arose a touching incident, which, as leading to important consequences, deserves especial notice.

It was growing late one evening of this same summer—the surgeon was fatigued with the labors of the day—I was on the point of leaving him—he of retiring to rest, when François announced a stranger. An old man appeared. He was short, and very thin; his cheeks were pale—his hair hoary. Benignity beamed in his countenance, on which traces of suffering lingered, not wholly effaced by piety and resignation. There was an air of sweetness and repose about the venerable stranger, that at the first sight gained your respect, if not regard. When he entered the apartment he bowed with ceremony—and then waited timidly for countenance from the baron.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the surgeon, roughly.

"Allow me to be seated," said the stranger, drawing his breath with difficulty, and speaking with a weak and tremulous voice. "I am very tired."

The baron, as if rebuked, rose instantly and gave his visitor a chair.

"I am very old," continued the latter, "and my poor legs are weary."

"What ails you?"

"Permit me," said the stranger. "I am the priest of a small village very far from Paris."

"Humph!" ejaculated the surgeon.

"Two years ago I had a swelling in my neck, which the doctor of our village thought of no importance; but it burst at last, and for a long time I was kept to my bed, a useless, idle man. With four parishes and no assistant, there lay a heavy weight upon my conscience—but God is good, sir—"

"Show me your throat!" exclaimed the baron, interrupting him.

"And my people, too," proceeded the old man, preparing to obey the surgeon's command—"my people were very considerate and kind. When I got a little better, they offered, in order to lighten my labors, to come to one church every Sunday. But it was not fair, sir. They are working men, and have much to do, and Sunday is their only day of rest. It was not right that so many should resign their comfort for the sake of one; and I could not bear to think of it."

All this was uttered with such perfect natural simplicity, that it was impossible not to feel at once great interest in the statement of the speaker. My attention was riveted. Not so the baron's, who answered with more impatience than he had ever used toward the water-carriers—

"Come to the point, sir."

"I was coming, sir," replied the old priest, mildly; "I trust I don't fatigue you. While I was in doubt as to what it was best to do, a friend strongly recommended me to come to Paris, and to consult you. It was a thing to consider, sir. A long journey, and a great expense! We have many poor in our district, and it is not lawful to cast away money that rightfully belongs to them. But, when I became reduced as you see me, I could not regard the money as thrown away on such an errand; and so I came. I arrived only an hour ago, and have not delayed an instant."

The surgeon, affecting not to listen to the plaintive recital of the poor priest, proceeded very carefully to examine his disease. It was an alarming one; indeed, of so aggravated a character, that it was astonishing to see the sufferer alive after all that he must have undergone in its progress.

"This disease must kill you," said the baron—brutally, I thought, considering the present condition of the man, his distance from home, friends, and all the natural ties that render calamity less frightful and insupportable. I would gladly have said a word to soften the pain which the baron had inflicted; but it would have been officious, and might have given offence.

The old priest, however, expressed no anxiety or regret upon hearing the verdict pronounced against him. With a firm and quiet hand he replaced the bandages, and he then drew a coarse bag from his pocket, from which he extracted a five franc piece.

"This is," he said calmly, "a very trifling fee, indeed, for the opinion of so celebrated a surgeon; but, as I have told you, sir, the necessities of my poor are great. I cannot afford to spend more upon this worthless carcass. I am very grateful to you for your candor, sir. It will be my own fault now, if I die unprepared."

"It is the profession of a priest," said the baron, "to affect stoicism. You do not feel it."

"I do not, sir," replied the man respectfully. "I did not hear the awful truth you just now told me as a stoic would. Pardon me for saying, that it might have been communicated less harshly and abruptly to a weak old man; I do not wish to speak offensively!"

The baron blushed for shame.

"I am a human being, sir," continued the priest, "and must feel as other men. Death is a terrible abyss between earth and heaven; but the land is not the less lovely beyond it."

"You speak as you were taught?" said the baron.

"Yes."

"And as you teach?"

"Yes."

"And you profess to feel all this?"

"I profess to be an humble minister of Christ—imperfect enough, Heaven knows, sir! I ask your pardon for complaining at your words. They did not shock me very much. How should they, when I came expecting them? Farewell, sir; I will return to Auvergne, and die in the midst of my people."

"Stay!" exclaimed the baron, touched and softened by one magical word. "Come back! I admire your calmness—I respect your powers of endurance. Can you trust them to the end?"

"I am frail, and very weak, sir," replied the priest. "I would bear much to save my life. I do not wish to die. I have many things unfinished yet."

"Listen to me. There is but one means of saving you; and mark—that perhaps may fail—a long, painful, and, it may be, unsuccessful operation. Are you prepared to run the risk?"

"Is there a chance, sir?"

"Yes—but a remote one. Were I the priest of Auvergne I would take that chance."

"It is enough, sir," said the old man. "Let it be done. I will undergo it, with the help of God, as their pastor should, for the sake of my dear children in Auvergne."

The baron sat at his desk, and wrote a few lines—

"Present this note," said he, "at the *Salle St. Agnes* in the *Hotel Dieu*. Go at once. The sisters there will see that you want for nothing. Take rest for a day or two, and I will see what afterward may be done for you."

The priest thanked the baron many times for his kindness—bowed respectfully, and retired. The free-thinking surgeon sat for a few minutes after his departure, silent and thoughtful.

"Happy man!" he exclaimed at last, sighing as the words escaped him.

"Happy, sir?" said I, inquiringly.

"Yes! happy, Mr. Walpole. False and fabulous as the system is on which he builds, is he not to be envied for the faith that buoys him up so well through the great sea of trouble, as your poet justly calls this pitiable world! Could one purchase this all-powerful faith, what price would be too dear for such an acquisition? Who would not give all that he possesses here to grasp that hope and anchor?"

"And yet, sir, you might have it. The gift is freely offered, and you spurn it."

"No such thing!" replied the surgeon hastily. "I may not have it. This weak yet amiable priest is content to take for granted what every rational mind rejects without fair proofs. He re-

ceives as a postulate that which I must have demonstrated. I try to solve the problem, and the first links of the argument lead to an absurdity."

"The weak man, then, has reason to be thankful?" said I.

"Ay, ay! I grant you that. He cannot tell how much!"

"How differently, sir, do things appear to different men! The very endurance of this old man, founded as it is upon his faith, is to me proof sufficient of the truth and heavenly origin of that faith."

"You talk, Mr. Walpole, like a schoolboy, who knows nothing of religion out of his catechism—and nothing out of the world beyond his school walls. If the ability to bear calamity with fortitude shall decide the genuineness of the creed, then is your North American Indian or Hindoo nearer truth and heaven than the Christian. So much for your '*proof sufficient*,' as you term it."

This discussion, like all the rest, for all useful purposes, ended as it began, leaving us both just where it had found us—our tempers rather than our views suffering in the conflict. Two or three times I was tempted to rattle out a volley of indignation at his amazing and unparalleled effrontery, and of calling him to an account for his turpitude; but my better judgment withheld me, bidding me reserve my blows until they should fall unerringly and fatally upon his defenceless head.

In the mean while the good old priest carried his mild and resigned spirit with him into the hospital. He was received with kindness, and treated with especial care, chiefly on account of the recommendation of the baron, who was interested in the unfortunate pastor to a greater extent than he cared to acknowledge. The day for the operation—postponed from time to time—at length arrived. It was performed. The process was long and painful, but the patient never uttered a complaint; his cries were wrung from him in the extremity of torture and physical helplessness. The result was successful. One knew not which to admire the most—the Christian magnanimity of the patient, or the triumphant skill of the operator; both were perfect. When the anxious scene was over, the surgeon shook the priest by the hand tenderly and encouragingly, and with his handkerchief wiped the sweat-drops from his aged brow. He saw him afterward carefully removed to his bed, and for half an hour watched at his side, until, exhausted, the sufferer fell asleep. During the slow recovery of the invalid, his bed was the first visited by the surgeon in his daily rounds. He lingered there long after his services were needed, and listened with the deepest attention to the accounts which the priest gave of his mode of life, and of the condition of his dear flock, far away in Auvergne. When at length the convalescent man was able to quit his bed, the baron, to the surprise of all who knew him, would take him by the arm, and give him his support, as the enfeebled creature walked slowly up and down the ward. It was the feeling act of an affectionate son. Then the surgeon made eager inquiries, which the priest as eagerly answered; and they grew as friendly as though they had been well acquainted from their infancy. Weeks passed away; the priest was at last discharged, cured; and, with prayers mingling with tears of gratitude, he took leave of his benefactor, and returned in joy to his native village.

It was exactly a week after his departure, that the day arrived upon which the sacristan led me to

expect a meeting with the baron at the church of Saint Sulpice. Resolved to confront this incarnation of contradiction at the very scene of his unseemly vagaries, I did not fail to be punctual. As I entered the street, I espied the baron a few yards before me, walking briskly toward the entrance of the sacred building. I followed him. He hurried into the church, and took his accustomed place. I kept close upon him; and, with a fluttering heart, seated myself at his side. My cheek burned with nervous agitation, but I did not look toward my adversary. His eye, however, was upon me. I felt it, and was sensible of his steady, long, and, as it seemed, passionless gaze. He did not move, or betray any symptom of surprise. As on the previous occasions, he proceeded solemnly to prayer; and when the ceremony was completed, he, as usual, offered up his alms. As the service drew to its close, my own anxiety became intense, and my situation almost insupportable. He rose—I did the same;—he walked leisurely away—I, giddy with the excitement, reeled after him. I was not to be shaken from my purpose, and I accosted him on the church's threshold.

"Baron!" I exclaimed.

"Mr. Walpole!" he replied, perfectly unmoved.

"I am surprised to see you here, sir."

"You are *not*," answered the baron, still more placidly; "you came expressly to meet me; you have been here twice before. Why do you desire to hide that fact? Can a Christian, Mr. Walpole, play the hypocrite as well as other men?"

"I cannot understand you," I said, bewildered by his imperturbable coolness; "you laugh at religion—you mock me for respecting it, and yet you come here for prayer. You do not believe in God, and you assist devoutly at mass!"

"It is a lovely morning, Mr. Walpole—we have half an hour to spare—give me your arm!"

Perfectly puzzled and confounded by the collected manner of the baron, I placed my arm mechanically in his, and suffered him to conduct me whithersoever he would. We walked in silence for some distance, passed into the meanest quarter of the city, and reached a miserable and squalid street. The baron pointed to the most wretched house in the lane, and bade me direct my eye especially to its sixth story.

"Mark it well," said he; "you see a window there to which a line is fixed with recently washed linen!"

"I do," I answered.

"In the room—the small close hole to which that window hardly brings air and light, I passed months of my life. The mass at which you have three times watched me, is connected with it, and with occurrences that had their rise there. I was the occupant of that garret—it seems but yesterday since I wanted bread there."

The surgeon was unmanned. He kept his eye upon the melancholy window until emotion blinded it, and permitted him to see no longer. He stood transfixed for a second or two, and then spoke quickly.

"Mr. Walpole, poverty is horrible! I have courage for any extremity but that. Pain I have borne—shrieks and groans I have listened to unmoved, while I stood by laboring to remove them; but when I recall the moments in which I have languished for a crust of bread, and known mankind to be my enemy—as though being poor, I was a felon—all hearts steelled against me—All

hearts, did I say?" added the speaker, suddenly checking himself—"I lie; had it been so, I should not have been here to tell the tale."

The baron paused, and then resumed.

"High as the rank is, Mr. Walpole, to which I have attained; brilliant as my career has been, and I acknowledge my success with gratitude—believe me, there is not a famished wretch who crawls through the sinks of this overgrown metropolis, that suffers more than I have suffered, has bitterer hours than I have undergone. In this city of splendor and corruption, at whose extremes are experienced the most exquisite enjoyment and the most crushing and bitter endurance, I have passed through trials which have before now overborne and killed the stoutest hearts, and would have annihilated mine, but for the unselfish love of him whose business took me to the church this day. Misery, in all its aggravated forms, has been mine. Want of money—of necessary clothing—hunger—thirst; such things have been familiar to me. In that room, and in the depth of the hard winter, I have for hours given warmth to my benumbed fingers with the breath which absolute want enabled me to draw only with difficulty and pain."

"Is it possible!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"You believe that human strength is unequal to such demands. It is natural to think so; and yet I speak the truth. My parents, Mr. Walpole, humble and poor, but good and loving, sent me to Paris with all the money they could afford for my education. I was ambitious, and deemed it more than enough for my purpose. When half my time was spent here, unhappily for me both father and mother were carried off by a malignant fever. It was a heavy blow, and threatened my destruction; threatened it, however, but for a moment. I had determined to arrive at eminence; and when does the determination give way in the breast of him who feels and knows his power equal to his aim? I had a brother, to whom I wrote, telling him of my situation, and asking him for the loan of a few louis-d'or until my studies were completed, when I promised to repay the debt with interest. He sent me the quarter of the sum for which I had begged, with a long cold letter of remonstrance, bidding me give up my profession, and apply myself to the humbler pursuits of my family. I returned to my brother both money and letter, and the day on which I did so, saw me without a meal. I had not a farthing in the world. Had not a woman who lodged in a room below given me a crust of bread, I must have committed crime to assuage the cries of nature. How I existed for days, I no longer remember. But I remember well hearing of a rich nobleman, renowned for his wealth and piety, and for all the virtues which the world confers upon the possessor of vast estates. In a moment of enthusiasm and mistaken reliance, I sat down and penned a petition to this great personage. I spoke as an intellectual man to an intellectual man; as one working his difficult way through obscurity and trouble to usefulness and honor—and requiring only a few crumbs from the rich man's table to be at ease, and happy at his toil. I begged in abject humility for those crumbs, and received a lying and cold-blooded excuse instead of them. I crouched at his gate with a spirit worn by anxiety and apprehension, and his slaves hunted me away from it. You have passed through that same gate with me; you were witness of my triumph at the bedside of his child!"

"You mean his excellency—the operation!"

"I do."

"How little the rich," said I, "know of the misery, the privations, endured by those who in poverty acquire the knowledge that is to benefit mankind so largely. How ignorant are they of their trials!"

"If you would know of the ignorance, the folly, and the vice of the rich," proceeded the baron, always at home upon this his favorite subject, "you must listen to an endless tale. Ever willing and eager to detract from the merits of the man of science, and to attribute to him the assumption of powers beyond human grasp—and ever striving to drag down the results of his long and patient study to the level of their own brutish ignorance—they are made the sport, the tools, and playthings of every charlatan and trickster, as they should be. You shall be satisfied, Mr. Walpole, when you see the men who treat you with scorn and contumely, pulled like puppets by a wire, and made to dance to any tune the piper listeth. Hope nothing from the rich."

"And from the poor, sir?"

"Everything," replied the baron, almost solemnly. "From their hearts shall spring the gratitude that will cheer you in your course, and solace you in your gloom. Fame, and the grateful attachment of my humble friends, have furnished me with a victory which the gold of the king could not purchase. But we forget Saint Sulpice. I am not a hypocrite, as you judge me, Mr. Walpole. Be witness yourself if my presence there this day has proved me one. Refused and cast away by this nobleman, I had nothing to do but to dispose for a trifle of a few articles of linen which were still in my possession. I sold them for a song, and believing failure to be impossible, still struggled on. In that room I dwelt, living for days upon nothing richer than bread and water, and regarding my little money with the agony of a miser, as every demand diminished the small store. From morn till night I labored. I almost passed my life among the dead. Well was it for me, as it proved, that my necessities drove me to the dead-house to forget hunger, and obtain eleemosynary warmth. Dismissed at dusk from this temporary home, I returned to the garret for my crust, and carried the book which I had borrowed to the common passage of the house, from whose dim lamp I received the glimmer that served me to read, and to sustain the incensed ambitious spirit that would not quell within me. The days glanced by quicker than the lightning. I could not read enough; I could not acquire knowledge sufficient, in that brief interval of days, between the acquisition of my little wealth and the spending of my last farthing. The miserable moment came. I was literally penniless, and without the means of realizing anything. For a week I retained possession of my room through the charity of my landlord, and I was furnished with two loaves by a good fellow who lived in the same house, and who proffered his assistance so kindly, so generously, and well, that I received his benefaction only that I might not give him pain by a refusal. The second week of charity had already begun, when, entering my cold and hapless room in my return from the hospital, I was detained at the door by hearing my name pronounced in a loud and angry tone. I listened with a sickening earnestness, and recognized the voice of my landlord—and that of the good neighbor in high discussion. Something had been said which much

offended the latter; for the words which I caught from him were those of remonstrance and reproach.

"For shame, for shame!" said he, "you have children of your own, and they may need a friend one day. Think of them before you do so hard a thing."

"I do think of them," replied the landlord sharply; "and, that they may n't starve, I must keep my matters straight."

"Give him another week or two. You will not feel it. I'll undertake to keep him. It is n't much, Heaven knows! that I can do for him; but at a pinch, man should make shift for a man. Say you'll do it!"

"I have told you he must go. I do not say one thing and mean another."

"Yes, you do, Lagarde," continued the persevering lodger. "You say your prayers daily, and tell Heaven how thankful you are for all it does for you. Now, *that* you cannot mean, if you turn a helpless brother from your doors, who must die of want if you and I desert him. Come, think again of it. Recollect how the poor lad works—how he is striving and striving day after day. He will do well at last, and pay us back for all."

"There was no doubt as to the individual—the subject of this argument. He stood listening to his doom, and far, far more grateful to the good creature who pleaded his cause, than distressed by the obstinacy which pronounced his banishment. I was not kept long in suspense. I retreated to my den, and sat down in gloomy despair. A loud knock at the door roused me, and the indignant pride which possessed me melted at once into humility and love when I beheld the faithful Sebastian—my sympathizing neighbor.

"You are to go," he said bluntly; "you are to leave this house to-morrow."

"I know it," I answered; "I am prepared to go this instant."

"And whither?"

"Into the street," said I; "anywhere—it matters not."

"Oh yes! it matters much," replied my visitor; "it would not matter to me, or to your landlord. We are but day-laborers, whom nobody would miss. You have great things before you: you will do, if you are not crushed on the way. I am sure of it, and you shall not be deserted."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Listen to me. Don't be offended. I am a poor man, and an ignorant one; but I respect learning, and feel for the distressed. You leave this house to-morrow; so do I. You seem to have no friends; I am friendless too. I am a foundling I never knew either father or mother. I am a water-carrier, and I came from Auvergne. This is my history. Why should we not seek a lodging together? You don't regret leaving this place; no more do I. I won't disturb you. You shall study as long as you like, and have me to talk to when you are tired; that is—if it is quite agreeable, and you won't be ashamed of me."

"You know," said I, "that I am in a state of beggary."

"I know," he answered, "that you are not flush of capital just now; but I have a little in my pocket, and can work for more. If you are not too proud to borrow a trifle from me now, I shan't be too proud to have it back again when you get rich. Don't let me prate, for I am rough and unhandy at it; but give me your hand like an hon-

est man, and say, "Sebastian, I will do as you wish me."

"My heart glowed with a trembling fire, and I grasped the extended palm of my preserver. 'Sebastian,' I exclaimed, 'I will do as you wish me. I will do more. I will make you independent. I will slave to make you happy. It can be done—I feel it can—and you may trust me.'

"'You'll do your best, I know,' he answered; 'and you'll do wonders, or I am much mistaken.'

"Upon the following morning we wandered through the city, and before nightfall obtained shelter. To this unselfish creature, and to the sacrifices which he made for me, I owe everything. We had been together but a few days when he drew from me a statement of my position and future prospects—drew it with a delicacy and tenderness that looked lovely indeed from beneath his ragged robes. Now this poor fellow, like me—like all of us—had his ambition, and a darling object in the far distance, to attain. He had for months stinted himself of many comforts, that he might add weekly to a sum which he had saved for the purchase of a horse and water-cart. He was already master of a few hundred francs; and his earnings, small as they were, permitted him to keep up the hope which had supported him through many hardships. No sooner, however, did he gather from my words the extent of my necessities, than he determined to forego the dearest wish of his life in order to secure my advancement and success. I remonstrated with him; but I might as well have spoken to a stone. He would not suffer me to speak; but threatened, if I refused him, to throw his bag of savings without delay into the *Seine*. I ceased to oppose him, accepted his noble offer, and vowed to devote myself from that time forward to the raising up of my deliverer. The money of Sebastian supplied me with books, enabled me to pass my examinations. Be sure I did not slacken in my exertions. Idleness was fraud while the sweat from the brow of the water-carrier poured so freely for my sake. I revered him as a father, not before I had myself become the object of his affections—the recipient of the love which he had never been conscious of before, founding that he was, and without another human tie! He grew proud of me, prouder and prouder every day—I must be well-dressed—I must want for nothing; no, though he himself wanted all things. He was assured of my future eminence, and this was enough for him; and my spirit well responded to his own. I knew my capacity; I felt my strength. I was aware of the ability that floated in the world, and did not fear to bring my own among it. What could a mind undertake from which mine would shrink? What application could be demanded to which I was not equal—prepared—eager to submit? Where lay my difficulty? I saw none: or if I did for an instant, it was exterminated before the imperious resolution I had formed to exalt and enrich my beloved and loving benefactor. Tender as a parent to me, this incomparable man was at the same time diligent and attentive as a domestic. He would permit me to do nothing to impede the easy and natural course of study. He shamed me by his affectionate assiduity, but silenced me ever by referring to the *Future*, when we looked, he confessed, for a repayment for all his care and love. What could I say or do in answer to this appeal? What but reiterate the vow which I had taken, never to desert him, and to fight my way upward that he

might share the glory he had earned. A day arrived when I was compelled for a time to leave him; for I had been received as *interne* at the Hotel Dieu. It was a hard parting, especially for the poor water-carrier, who dreaded losing sight of me forever. I gave him an assurance of my constancy; and consoled him by the information that another and last examination yet awaited me, for which a certain sum of money would be required. He promised to have it ready by the hour, and conjured me to take all care of myself—and to learn to love religion; for I must tell you, Sebastian was a pious man—a conscientious Christian.

"Once at the hospital, I sought profitable employment, and obtained it. In the course of a few months I had earned a sum—dearer, more valuable to me than all I have since acquired. It was insignificant in itself, but it purchased for my Sebastian his long wished for treasure—the horse and water-cart. I took it to him; and when I approached him, I had not a word to say, for my grateful heart was in my throat strangling my utterance. He threw his arms about my neck, cried, laughed, thanked, scolded, blessed, and reproached me, all in the wildness and delirium of his delight. 'Why did you do it?' said he, 'oh, it was kind and loving in you!—very kind and foolish—and wrong, and generous, and extravagant—dear, good, naughty boy! I am very angry with you; but I love you for it dearly. How you are getting on! I knew you would. I said so from the first. You will do wonders—you will be rich at last. You want no man's help—you have done it all yourself.'

"'No, Sebastian!' I exclaimed, 'you have done it for me.'

"'Don't deceive me—don't flatter me,' he answered. 'I have been able to do very little for you—not half what I wished. You would have been great without me. I have looked upon you, and loved you as my own boy, and all that was selfishness.'

"We dined and spent the evening of the day together. Life has had no hours like those before or since. They were real, fresh, substantial—such as youth remembers vividly when death and suffering have shaken the foundations of the world, and covered the past with mistiness and cloud. The excitement of the time, or the privations of former years—or I know not what—threw the good Sebastian shortly after this day upon a bed of sickness. He never rose from it again. He was not rewarded as he should have been for all his sacrifices—for all the love he had expended upon his grateful foster-child. He did not live to witness my success—he did not see the completion of the work he had begun. In spite of all my efforts to save his precious life, he sank, and drew his latest breath in these devoted arms. I lost more than a father."

The baron paused, his lips were borne down by a tremulous motion: he took my arm, and urged me gently from the spot. We walked for some distance in silence. Collecting himself again, he proceeded:—

"Sebastian, as I have told you, was a pious man. In truth, his faith was boundless. He worshipped and adored the Virgin Mary, as he would have loved his own natural mother, had he known her. He was aware of my unbelief, and had often spoke to me on the subject as a father might, in accents of entreaty and regret. While he was ill he gave me all the money he had, and earnestly requested me to spare nothing to secure for him

the consolations of the church. I obeyed him. I caused masses to be said for him. I procured for him the visits of his priest. I left nothing undone to give him peace and joy. Would it not have been monstrous had I acted otherwise? He was morbidly anxious for the future: he, righteous man, who was as pure in spirit, as guileless, as an infant! I alone followed him to the grave; and after I had seen his sacred dust consigned to earth, I crawled home with a heart almost broken with its grief. I hid myself in my room for the day; and before I quitted it again, devised a mode of testifying my gratitude to the departed—one most acceptable to his wishes had he lived to express them. I remembered that he had neither friend nor relation—that I lived his representative. He had spoken during his illness of the masses which are said to the repose of the souls of the dead—spoken of them with a solemn belief as to their efficacy and power. His gentle humanity forbade his imposing upon me as a duty that which I might not easily perform. My course was clear. I saved money sufficient for the purpose, and then I founded the masses which are celebrated four times yearly in the church of Saint Sulpice. The fulfilment of his pious desire is the only offering I can make to the memory of my dear foster-father. Upon the days on which the masses are said, I attend, and in his name repeat the prayers that are required. This is all that a man with my opinions can undertake; and this is no hypocrisy, nor can the Omniscient—if that great spirit of nature be indeed capable of human passions—feel anger at the act, when I solemnly declare that all I have on earth—and more than I could wish of earthly happiness—I would this instant barter for the meek inviolable faith of Jean Sebastian."

The words were spoken at the door of the baron's residence, which we had already reached. My hand was in that of the speaker. He had taken it in the act of wishing me farewell. I grasped his palm affectionately, and answered—

"Why then, my friend, should you not possess this enviable blessing?"

"Because I cannot struggle against conviction: because *faith* is not subject to the *will*: because I know too little and too much: because I cannot grasp a shadow, or palpably discern by day an evanescent, albeit a lovely, dream of night. These are my reasons. Let us dismiss the subject."

And the subject *was* dismissed, never to be taken up again. From this time forward, our theological disputations ceased. The baron forbore his wit, and the good cause was spared my feeble advocacy. Whether the baron suspected that, after all, there might be inconsistency in continuing to laugh at religion, while he persevered in visiting the church, or whether the seeds of a new and better growth of things began already to take root within him, I cannot take upon me to decide. To my relief and comfort, the solemn argument was never again profaned by ribaldry and unbecoming mirth; and, to my unfeigned delight, the teacher and the pupil were without one let or hindrance to their perfect sympathy and friendship.

A year had elapsed since, in the manner shown, I received the key to so many of the baron's seeming inconsistencies—when, as we were passing one morning into the *Salle St. Agnes* at the *Hotel*

Dieu, we were surprised to find, standing at the door of the ward—the venerable and humble minister of Auvergne. His face brightened at the approach of the baron, and he bowed respectfully in greeting him.

"What brings you here again, old friend?" inquired the surgeon; "no relapse, I trust!"

"Gratitude," replied the priest. A large basket was on his arm—his shoes were covered with dust—he had journeyed far on foot. "It is a year since I left this roof with my life restored to me, under God's blessing, by you. I could not let the anniversary slip away without paying you a visit, and bringing you a trifling present. It is scarcely worth your acceptance—but it is the best my grateful heart can offer, and I thought you would receive it kindly. A few chickens from the poultry yard, and a little fruit from the orchard."

The baron received the gift with a better grace than I had seen him accept a much handsomer fee. He invited the priest to his house, detained him there for some hours, and dismissed him with many presents for the poor among his flock at Auvergne.

And thus stood matters when the last stroke of my two years was sounded, and I was summoned home. I left the baron, need I say, with real regret; he was not pleased at my departure. I engaged to write to him, and to pay another visit to Paris as soon as my affairs permitted me. I have never trod French soil since; I never saw the baron afterward. My curiosity, however, did not suffer me to be in ignorance of my friend's proceedings; and what I have now to add is gathered from a communication, received shortly after the baron's death, from his faithful and attached *François*.

For seven years the priest came annually with his gifts to the *Hotel Dieu*, and on each occasion was the baron's visitor; at first for a day or two, but afterward for a week—and then longer still. During the second visitation, it was discovered that the minister was related distantly to the baron's former friend, *Sebastian*. As soon as this was known, the surgeon offered the good man a home and an annuity. The former he modestly declined: the latter he accepted, distributing it in alms among the needy who abounded in his parish. The surgeon and the priest became great friends and frequent correspondents. The temper of the baron altered. He grew less morose; less violent; less self-indulgent; less bigoted. He became the pupil of the simple priest, and profited by his instruction and example. Seven years after my departure from Paris, the baron fell ill; and the priest of Auvergne, summoned to his bedside, ministered there, and gave his blessing to a meek, obedient child. He died, and the priest, shedding tears of sorrow and of joy commingled, closed his glassy eyes. What passed between them in his latest moments may not be repeated. *François* heard but a sentence as he knelt at his master's pillow. It was among the last he uttered.

"*François*, love the Auvergnais: they have saved your poor master—body and soul!"

That body was borne to the grave by the students of the *Hotel Dieu*—the grayheaded priest following in the train; and the *soul*—Heaven in its infinite mercy hath surely not forgotten.

ON DUELLING AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

PUNCH TO SIR ROBERT PEEL.

SIR ROBERT PEEL,

IN the *Times* of the 29th ult., Mr. TURNER is reported to have asked you whether Her Majesty's Government intended to bring in a bill for the more effectual suppression of duelling; and you, in reply to this question, are reported to have answered, in your place in the House of Commons, in the negative.

You are further reported to have said, that you "thought that Her Majesty's Government had sufficiently evinced their willingness to exert their legitimate power and influence against the practice of duelling."

Furthermore you are reported, in exemplification of your own and your colleagues' willingness to suppress duelling, to have spoken to the effect following:—

"COLONEL FAWCETT was a man of great military reputation, and had distinguished himself in the service of his country. He was unfortunately killed in a duel, and when his widow applied for that pension to which she would have been entitled had he lost his life in any other way than by the hand of his adversary, Her Majesty's Government felt themselves compelled to refuse to grant that pension."

In the said *Times*, of the date aforesaid, it is likewise alleged that Mr. SMITH, your Attorney-General for Ireland, did, in his place in open Court, deliver to Mr. FITZGIBBON, one of the opposing counsel on the trial of DANIEL O'CONNELL, a challenge to fight a duel, and that you have not only taken no notice of the conduct of the said SMITH, but have rather made much of him, as of one who has done the state service.

Having asserted these facts, the *Times* proceeds to comment on them in a manner by no means complimentary to you; and if the facts were true, you would not only deserve all that is said of you, but, I will candidly tell you, a great deal more.

But surely the facts cannot be true. The *Times* for once has been hoaxed; "*Aliquando bonus*"—but you are a classic, Sir Robert, and I need not complete the quotation.

What! Can I believe, in the first place, that you said that the Ministry, of which you are at the head, had no intention of bringing in a bill to prevent duelling, when such a bill is so much wanted, and whereas it would be so easy to frame one? Is it not obvious that a law which made any one guilty of sending a challenge, fighting a duel, or being in any way a party to either transaction, liable to be sent for six months to the treadmill, would have the desired effect. Am I to think you an ass, SIR ROBERT PEEL? Pooh! You took honors at Oxford.

In the next place, will any one tell me that you allowed a barrister, whose business was wrangling,

whose profession must have habituated him to give and take insults, and for whom, therefore, provocation was a trumpery excuse, to commit—at least to commit, at least, which comes to the same thing—such a crime as that imputed to Mr. SMITH, with utter impunity, and at the same time visited the like offence in a soldier on the person of his poor widow? Nonsense! Putting the widow out of the question, is it possible that you could permit a lawyer to break the law which he had no vocation to break, without animadversion even; and dream of punishing an officer for a crime which, under military regulations, for whose maintenance you are responsible, is actually in the way of his business? Stuff! When, too, the officer was one who had fought and bled for his country, and the lawyer merely a political partisan? Fiddle-de-dee! I would not believe you guilty of such villainous partiality, such inconsistent meanness, for a moment.

But, to think that you, with such an opportunity of discountenancing a great wickedness presented you, as its public perpetration by an officer of the Crown, should have neglected it, to inflict a vicarious punishment on an unfortunate lady, whose situation claimed your every sympathy, is monstrous. You could have done no such thing, and even could you have been so base, surely the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, recollecting his affair with LORD WINCHELSEA, never would have agreed to it.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, I will not, I cannot believe that you have acted the part which has been ascribed to you. Why, in a melodrama, at the Surrey Theatre, had an unjust vizier behaved in such a manner, the gallery would have cried "Yah!" upon him. Forgive me one quotation, not classical, but to the point. "The man who could injure a defenceless female is unworthy the name of a Briton."

I have been daily expecting to see a letter from you to the *Times*, denying the charges contained in it. But self-confident innocence, the "*mens conscia recti*"—you know what that means, SIR ROBERT, has restrained you, I suppose. I do not believe those charges; but other people do; wherefore have I felt called upon thus to step forward in your vindication.

"*Pudet hæc opprobria vobis
Et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli.*"

Your sincere well-wisher,
PUNCH.

LIFTS FOR LAZY LAWYERS.

Q. WHAT is an Original Bill?

A. Don't know, but should think that Shakespeare is the most "*Original Bill*" on record.

Q. Is a next friend moveable, and how?

A. Yes, by asking him to accept a Bill for you.

Q. What are the privileges of the peerage?

A. Stealing knockers and fighting duels with impunity.

From the Quarterly Review.

HUME AND HIS INFLUENCE UPON HISTORY.

Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands. Par Augustin Thierry, de l'Institut Royal de France. Quatrième édition. Bruxelles. 1842.

THIERRY, largely and approvingly quoted by Sir James Mackintosh, and praised by many English reviewers, has, without absolutely superseding any of our "standard" authorities, become, through the medium of translations and cheap editions, a popular book. So much attention has been excited by the novelty of his very doubtful views, which we trust to have ere long an opportunity of discussing, that it has tended to revive the scheme, often suggested but never yet adopted, of publishing an *annotated Hume*.

"Hume, after all"—it was urged by an able advocate of the plan, whom, according to the fashion of the days of Berkeley and Hervey, we will designate as *Alciphron*—"Hume, after all, retains his literary ascendancy. People will turn to him naturally as the educational book, the unchallenged source of authority. New histories, such as Thierry, may enjoy a flash of reputation, but they will not be considered as the sober, regular book, the outfit of the new book-case in the newly-furnished breakfast-room, newly occupied by the newly-married expectants of a numerous family. As Professor Smyth says, in his Lectures, *It is Hume who is read by every one. Hume is the historian whose views and opinions insensibly become our own. He is respected and admired by the most enlightened reader: he is the guide and philosopher of the ordinary reader, to whose mind, on all the topics connected with our history, he entirely gives the tone and law.* Were, however, the merit of Hume's history less than it is, the stamp given by the name of a standard work will always sustain its value as a literary or commercial speculation. Hume may be truly characterized as *History for the Million*. In our active age, the prevailing desire is to acquire the largest show of information with the smallest expense of thought. Just as you buy a tool-chest or a medicine-chest, because it contains all the hammers and chisels, or tinctures and powders which you want, all ready chosen for you without any trouble of your own—even so do people purchase the standard work for their handsome, select libraries, because they expect, and rightly, that it will fill up the gap on their shelves and the void in their heads, without any further pains."

Your comparison, however apposite—was the reply of *Euphranor*—cannot be carried entirely through. He who purchases the tool-chest endeavors to ascertain the temper of the tools: he assures himself that the shear-steel is Holtzapfel's and not Sheffield ware. It is not the mere "town made" which will satisfy him. In the medicine-chest, you take pains enough to ensure that the contents of phials and boxes shall be the right

thing: no willow-bark instead of Battley's cinchona: genuine unadulterated senna. Still more anxiously would you keep away from the shop, however gay and attractive, if you knew that the pharmacopologist had been tried and convicted for selling oxalic acid in the place of Epsom salts, or arsenic for magnesia. But with respect to the "standard work," or the whole legion of educational works, equally "standard" in their degree, is the same salutary caution employed? Rarely does the teacher, who places the book before the pupil, take the trouble to consider the character of the mind whence the work emanates, or the tendency of the doctrines which it may boldly display or coyly conceal. How often does the careful mother, who anxiously guards her children against opening any but "Sunday books" on the Lord's-day, resume on the Monday her regular course of readings—lessons on history, lessons on botany, lessons on geology, taken from productions in which, either in express terms or by inference, Holy Scripture is either so excluded as to destroy all trust in its reality, or represented as a fable!

"Surely not so"—said *Alciphron*:—"name them."

Nay—quoth *Euphranor*—it is mamma's business, not mine; let her set her wits to work, and examine the first dozen of the rubbish which she shoots upon the school-room table.

"We are wandering from our question"—resumed *Alciphron*:—"do not suppose that I contend for the absolute perfection of Hume's history. In many respects, it may not satisfy the awakened curiosity of the public mind. Copious sources of information, unexplored in Hume's day, have been made known since his time by the diligence of our modern antiquaries. Sounder criticism is employed in judging the mediæval period: more truly do we appreciate the poetical character of the middle ages, the splendors of chivalry, the charm of romance, the beauty of the structures, the merit of the artists who, sixty years since, were equally contemned by the man of letters and the virtuoso. Above all, we begin to understand how extensive is the inquiry involved in the annals of mankind; for the enlarged researches of our own times make us now far more sensible of the exact extent of our ignorance. There is as much graphic archaeology and curious quaintness in any one number of Charles Knight's *London* or *Old England*, or my friend Felix Summerly's Guide-books, as, under Pitt's administration, would have set up an Antiquarian Society—president, council, director, and all the members to boot. But our abundance will facilitate the editorial task. Hume's short-comings may be completely remedied by the note, the excursus, the appendix, and the essay. All those who possess the information and talent needed for correcting Hume's errors or making good his deficiencies, will have a far better chance of profit or fame by annexing their information to his pages, than through any inde-

pendent production of their own. Embark in the vessel which has so long braved the storms of criticism: the good ship Hume will always make a prosperous voyage, and find a market for her wares in ports which to every other flag will be closed. *It is in vain—as observed by a shrewd critic of our own day—that we shall look elsewhere for those general and comprehensive views, that sagacity and judgment, those masterly lessons of political wisdom, that profound knowledge of human nature, that calm philosophy and dispassionate balancing of opinion, which delight and instruct us in the pages of Hume. Hume is justly placed, by common consent, at the head of our philosophic historians: he is not more distinguished for his philosophy than for his sagacity and judgment, his feeling and pathos.*—Hume may be deficient in diligence and research, but, as I have before said, how easily can any defects arising from imperfect information, be supplied by those, who, with less genius and philosophy, have more opportunity of collecting materials, more assiduity, more knowledge! And if there be any tendencies at variance with received opinions, surely a calm and temperate correction of his errors, will sufficiently enable the reader to maintain a due impartiality."

You are quoting, O Alciphron—was the reply of Euphranor—the words of the late John Allen, who, as an acute, diligent, and critical investigator of history, is entitled to great respect; but the task of correction would not be so easy as you suppose. Fully do I acknowledge the cleverness displayed in Hume's history, though I should not characterize his qualities exactly in the same terms. Allen's language is even more tinged by affection than that of the lover; for in the very same article he says,—"*We are thoroughly sensible of the deficiencies in what constitute the chief merit of an historian, fidelity and regard to truth.*"—Professor Smyth goes a deal farther. He warns us to be "ever suspicious" of the author's "*particular prejudices.*" He virtually accuses his favorite writer of a perpetual falsification of his subject, "*by ascribing to the personages of history, as they pass before him, the views and opinions of later ages: those sentiments and reasonings which his own enlightened and powerful mind was able to form, not those which either really were or could be formed by men thinking or acting many centuries before.*" And he sums up the literary character of the "*beautiful narrative*" by telling us that "*in Hume's history truth is continually mixed up with misrepresentation, and the whole mass of the reasoning, which in its final impression is materially wrong, is so interspersed with observations which are in themselves perfectly right, that the reader is at no time sufficiently on his guard, and is at last betrayed into conclusions totally unwarrantable, and at variance with his best feelings and soundest opinions.*"*

* The passages quoted by Alciphron and Euphranor will be found in the Edinburgh Review, No. 83, p. 5, &c. ;

How can an editor deal with such a writer—an historian who neither knows the truth, nor cares to know it, and whose wilful perversions must provoke a continual, though ineffectual, refutation? The perpetual commentary must become a perpetual running fire against the text. Let it be further recollected that the "*particular prejudices*" of Hume may chance to run counter to an editor's best interests and feelings. If you, Alciphron, held a good estate in the county of Berks, by your father's will, would you like to attempt the correction of a topographer who had such a "*particular prejudice*" against testamentary devises as to represent them to be grounded, in every case, upon fraud? How could any Englishman bear to edit a general history of England, composed by Monsieur De Nigrement the Frenchman, who, entertaining the most "*particular prejudices*" against the British sea-service, always advocates his own opinion by so artfully mixing up truth with misrepresentation, as to make all our naval men appear odious or ridiculous; and to induce us to believe that our naval service is equally mischievous and contemptible; our wooden walls, not the defences of the realm, but useless sources of extravagant expense; our sailors, ruffians, serving merely for plunder; the "*whole scope*" of all our Admiralty orders directed to the same wicked object; our commanders, knaves or fools, traitors or cowards; who represents Howe as a ninny, and Collingwood as a brute; and who, in narrating the last days of Nelson, fraudulently omits his "*England expects every man to do his duty;*" lest, by quoting these emphatic words, he should preserve a memorial of the ardent and sincere patriotism of the dying hero?

An editor appears to me to be nearly in your position when you introduce a stranger to your friend. In this case, you wish—if consistent with truth—to become the entire voucher for the character of the party: if you cannot go to that full extent, then, in connexion with the introduction, you feel yourself obliged to put your friend sufficiently upon the *qui vive* to protect himself in his intercourse. As the world goes, you may often be compelled, even for your friend's benefit, to place him in close quarters with an individual whose connexion or acquaintance cannot be pursued or cultivated without caution.—"Chipchase is an honest workman, but very cross—John Bean takes good care of his horses, though he is not a teetotaller—Sir Richard enjoys capital credit upon 'Change, but he is apt to be tricky."—In all such cases the merit or talent, such as it may be, is accepted as a compensation for the defect. So far as concerns the particular purposes required, the balance is on the right side. But you would find it rather awkward, had you to state "*Lorenzo is a delightful companion, full of wit, talent, and in-*

and in Smyth's Lectures, vol. i., Lecture V., which we request our readers to peruse attentively, comparing it with this article.

formation; he has only one fault, his whole heart and soul is given up to gallantry: he never loses sight of his purpose. He has written a most clever essay upon '*the natural history of chastity*'—to prove, not only the bad influence exercised by the '*popular notions of chastity*' upon morality, but that, in point of fact, chastity never exists; and that she who is apparently the most virtuous differs only from the most profligate by 'cant and grimace.' Lorenzo is most actively consistent—he tries to seduce every woman he can get at. When you have him in your house he will endeavor on all occasions to put his doctrines into practice, whether he meets your smart lady's maid in the park or your staid governess on the stairs, plays an accompaniment to your spinster cousin, assists your wife at the dinner-table, reads a sermon to your budding daughter, or escorts your well matured sister to the opera."—Would it not probably occur to you that your friend would consider it rather inexpedient to begin by shaking hands with a scoundrel, whom he would soon be compelled to get rid of by kicking him out of doors!

Hume's merits must be examined with reference to the era in which he flourished. Previously to Hume, it can hardly be said that England possessed historical literature in the æsthetic sense of the term. Adopting the Gibbonian phrase, it was our reproach that no British altars had been raised to the muse of History. All who, since Hume, have earned any commanding reputation, are more or less his disciples; and all our juvenile and educational histories, and conversations, and outlines, are, in the main, composed out of Hume's material—occasionally minced up with a few pious reflections, or even with texts, in order to correct the taint of the food thus dished up for the rising generation. Even Turner strongly partakes of his flavor.

Before Hume, we had many valuable and laborious early writers, such as Hall and Grafton, Speed and honest Stow, who chronicled events with diligence, giving that instruction which facts, faithfully though unskilfully narrated, afforded to the multitude, when the comparative sterility of the press rendered reading scarcer and reflection more abundant. "Baker's Chronicle," in the hall window, the one book conned over by the fine old English gentleman, taught him to think for himself. May be his chaplain helped him a little. The modern English gentleman thinks as he is taught by his newspaper. Besides such Gothic chroniclers, for we name Baker only as the exemplar, there were other writers who had made a nearer approach to the science of history, by treating the subject with reference to the principles of government, or the doctrines of party. They aspired to the more ambitious rank of instructors; yet we had not any works which, viewed as lit-

erary compositions, were distinguished either by style or sentiment. Many might be consulted for information, none had striven for literary eminence.

Omitting the writers confined to particular eras or reigns, there were six who, as precursors of Hume, had, with more extended views than mere annalists, planned or executed the task of compiling a general history of England.

First appears Brady. The functions of this learned man exhibited an odd combination of pluralities: a doctor of medicine by profession, an antiquary by fancy, he united in his person the offices of Regius Professor in his faculty at Cambridge, Master of Caius College at Cambridge, and Keeper of the Records in the Tower; being, moreover, one of the household physicians of James II., and, as such, one of the attesting witnesses of the birth of his unfortunate son. Brady was also much connected with Sydenham. Strange to say, he pursued his literary studies, and preserved his reputation for professional skill. In our days, the "three black graces" respectively impose three degrees of literary exclusiveness upon their respective professors. Mother Church is most indulgent towards her children; provided they "perform" one service on Sunday, she nods and allows them to expatiate as they may. Themis shows more jealousy; when she is courted by the student, she smiles and says, "Young man, recollect I must have you all to myself. It is not for the like of you to suppose that you are to be indulged like the suitors of whom I have been sure—a Brougham or a Jeffrey, a Talfourd or a Merivale. No,—when you have wedded me, you must give up all flirtations with the Muses. If you forget yourself, you shall not touch a shilling of my property, and I dare say I shall end by suing for a divorce from such an unfaithful partner." Esculapius is the harshest of all: if his son prints his footsteps upon ground forbidden to medical intellect, he at once cuts off the *extravagant* heir with an empty pill-box.

In Brady's time, far more toleration was allowed. He grew rich, received fees, and flourished, albeit he was a distinguished antiquary and historian. The first, or introductory volume of Brady's History, containing a summary of the origin and progress of the constitution, with a valuable Glossary, was published in 1684; the second in 1685; the third, which ends with the reign of Richard II., in 1700. Brady was sincere in his belief that the people had no political rights, excepting what they had begged, bought, or stolen from the king. Considered as an historical investigator of constitutional law, rather than as a narrator of facts, Brady has much merit, though he draws erroneous conclusions from authentic evidence. He assumes that, whenever any grant in favor of the people proceeded from the Crown, their right originated out of the grant; whereas, in fact, it more frequently happens that such a grant is only a

confirmation of a previously existing right, or the recognition of a prevailing principle in the constitution, subsisting by custom and usage, but which now required to be defined, because government sought to violate the understanding, or refuse the concessions which might render the struggle unnecessary: popular rights previously held in solution, but precipitated by excess of royal prerogative or party pertinacity.

"Our late great parliamentary revolution," said *Alciphron*, hearing this observation, "is a case in point: it was the refusal of the franchise to Manchester which solidified parliamentary reform—a few drops more of *Eldonine*, and we should have had the People's Charter." But this is a vexed question, which *Euphranor* advises us for the present to decline, and we must therefore return again to our historians.

Partial, however, as Brady may have been, he was an honest writer; rigidly accurate in his quotations, and, having appended numerous original documents to his text, he affords us the means of refuting his own mistakes, and is still in many points a useful guide.

Brady was the champion of Toryism and hereditary right; Tyrrell took up the gauntlet on the side of the Whigs and the Revolution, by producing, in 1698, "The General History of England, both Ecclesiastical and Civil, from the earliest accounts of time to the reign of his present Majesty William III., taken from most ancient Records, MSS., and printed Historians, with Memorials of the most eminent Persons in Church and State, as also the foundation of the most noted Monasteries and both Universities." Four successive volumes followed; the last appeared in 1704, when, like Brady, he was silenced in his controversy by death; and the same era, the conclusion of the reign of Richard II., ends his "Complete History."

As a necessary consequence of Tyrrell's antagonism to Brady, he runs fast and far away from the truth in the opposite direction. If not absolutely the founder, yet he gave a great help to the respectable, but somewhat prosy school, who systematize Anglo-Saxon liberty; believe that King Alfred instituted trial by jury; portray King John as signing Magna Charter with a long goose-quill; and, always confounding the means with the end, consider political freedom as identical with national happiness. His "History" is a Whig pamphlet in five volumes folio. Puzzled, and yet sincere, Tyrrell waded diligently through the best authorities; he neglected no source of information. We believe that he has hardly omitted any one fact of importance: and yet you read through his history without being able to recollect one of the events which he has narrated with drowsy fidelity. Like all writers of his class, he is a telescope with dulled glasses; he brings the object nearer to you, but so dim and confused that you have no distinct image at all.

With better fortune than his predecessors, Lawrence Eachard was enabled to fulfil his plan of "giving to the Englishman his own country's story." He undertook his useful and important work, for such it certainly is, under the clear conviction that he was called to the task by a sense of duty as a divine. England wanted a church and state history, a history which might teach Englishmen to respect their national constitution as well as their national religion, without egging one on against the other: he therefore wrote as a professed teacher, influenced by doctrines which it was his calling openly to propagate and confirm. Eachard's principle, however he may have carried it through, was the right one. A soldier would deem it an insult if you supposed he forgot his commission when he appears in plain clothes. Equally should a clergyman make all around him constantly know and remember his order, although his surplice may be put off. The first volume, which extends to the end of James I., is the least important. He did not neglect original authorities, but, according to the prevailing fashion, he considered the "monastic writers" as "being highly disagreeable to the taste and genius of our refined age." In the second and third volumes, which carry on the history to the "late happy Revolution," Eachard becomes a writer of intrinsic worth. He exercised a satisfactory diligence in collecting all the printed authorities, not merely such as are historical in the strict sense of the term, but of that miscellaneous illustrative class, pamphlets, lampoons, trials, and the like, neglected by his contemporaries, but of which he fully knew the value. Eachard was also assisted by manuscript and oral information, so that in the latter portion of the work he becomes an original authority. It is a grave, magisterial, sober, sensible book, in Oxford binding. His narration is deficient in talent or liveliness; but want of elegance and spirit is compensated by the business-like clearness of his style, and the excellent arrangement of his matter. His work, in spite of the attacks of scurrilous Oldmixon, and the criticism of the miserable free-thinker, Conyers Middleton, acquired considerable credit, and may be read with advantage by those who value plain historical information, full and solid: but they must not look for any solution of difficult problems, or any nice elucidations of character.

In the capacity of the patriarch of book-makers, the earliest professional author known to have been paid by the sheet, Guthrie, whose ponderous Geographical Grammar still lingers in its fourteenth edition, deserves a memorial. Let subscriptions be raised at every trade-dinner for the erection of the statue in papier maché, in the dark court opposite Stationers' Hall, in the centre of the little grubby, scrubby, shabby green. As an historian, few words will suffice for poor Guthrie. He was a Tory by principle and an author by necessity. Steadily did he fill page after page,

under the stimulus of political feeling and the pressure of domestic penury. Such was the patient complacency of his customers, that Guthrie's history, being intended to be popular, fills two enormous folios, a stone-weight of literature. Guthrie's work is decently and comprehensively executed; but he has omitted references to proofs and authorities, so that his compilation, far too unwieldy for any ordinary reader in our degenerate days, is nearly useless to historical inquirers.

The history of reputations ill deserved, would form a large and interesting chapter in the annals of literature. When it shall be investigated by some future D'Israeli, a prominent station must be found therein for Rapin. Laborious and yet superficial, pompous and shallow, his foreign birth, education, and *habitat*, all unfitted him for the task. We must recollect, however, in judging him, that he wrote for foreigners; that is to say, for the continental public, and not for ourselves. Rapin tells us so with a candor which excuses the author, though it does not neutralize the errors which he has propagated. Rapin had some appreciation of the higher qualities of an historian—but his model of composition was Mezeray; his sentiments those of Bayle. He judged all matters, religious or political, in the spirit of a French refugee: feelings fully natural and excusable in one who had escaped the persecutions sanctioned by the name of Louis le Grand. Yet our toleration for his opinions must not induce us to conceal that Rapin, in his worthless farrago, is consistently an enemy to monarchy. Whenever the subject gives him an opportunity, he never fails to speak out: his sober republicanism is wholly different from the radicalism of the present day, and yet it is not without its influence in the same cause. Rapin's history ends with Charles I. The remaining portions of the French text (of his avowed English continuators we do not speak) are all written by different hands. Salmon says that the history was worked up by a club or society of Dutch Calvinists, French Huguenots, (Durand, the minister of the Savoy, being one,) English Presbyterians, and Scotch Cameronians. There may have been something of design, but there was more of book-making. Amsterdam was then the Manchester of this manufacture; and Rapin dying before he had completed his work, Abraham Rogissart, the bookseller, had it "got up" from his papers, in order not to lose the benefit of a publication from which much profit was derived.

To counteract Rapin, Thomas Salmon, whom we have just quoted, produced his History of England, comprehending, as we are informed by his elaborate title-page, printed with a wonderful variety of type—upper-case, lower-case, Roman, Italic, red letter, and black letter—"Remarks on Rapin, Burnet, and other Republican writers, vindicating the just Right of the Established Church, and the Prerogatives of the Crown against the wild schemes of Enthusiasts and Levellers, no less

active and diligent in promoting the subversion of this beautiful frame of government, than their artful predecessors in hypocrisy, who converted the Monarchy into a Commonwealth and the Church into a Chaos of impious Sects." Salmon did not come from a bad stock: he was brother of the well-known historian of Essex. His fortunes, however, had been oddly chequered: he had served in the wars in Flanders, (we suspect as a private,) had been much at sea, twice to the Indies, and had kept two coffee-houses in a small way, first at Oxford and then in London. Whilst following the last-mentioned avocation, he compiled the "Modern Universal History," in which the English history is included, and several other useful works. His English history is fairly executed, and has occasionally those touches of liveliness which knowledge of the world imparts even to inferior talent. As a critic, Salmon has given many useful corrections of the "republican writers," not only in his history, but in his "Examination" of Burnet's Life and Times.

Brady and Tyrrell, but more particularly the former, well understood research. An historical antiquary now arose, in the person of Thomas Carte, who far surpassed any of his predecessors. Carte was an indefatigable investigator of unpublished documents, particularly of state-papers, but he was somewhat deficient in the gift of knowing when to undervalue the result of his own researches. Alas! it is the common error of antiquaries to reckon the worth of the prey by the difficulty of the chase, and to consider that the mere accident of the information existing in manuscript—and above all in a manuscript *penes me*—must of necessity ensure the value of the article. He has overlooked important authorities, amongst others, strange to say, some of the publications of Tom Hearne; a great wonder, because Tom Carte ought to have turned to him by pure instinct as an *unsworn* brother. Adhering to the unfortunate house of Stuart, and having become cognizant of some plot for their restoration, Carte attained the uncomfortable honor of having his name placarded on the walls, in a proclamation which offered one thousand pounds for his apprehension; but he was able to escape to France, where he continued many years. The Benedictine school was flourishing there, and he had good opportunity of profiting by their labors. These excellent men were busily employed in editing the various sources of mediæval history; and their example, as well as the general tone of their erudition, so different from the Parisian coteries in which Hume afterwards flourished, gave Carte a deeper insight into the mode of conducting historical inquiry, than he could have obtained in England. Patronized by Dr. Mead, Carte had previously published his noble edition of Thuanus, which, after his recall to England, was followed by the "History of the Duke of Ormond." In the latter work he necessarily examined the character of Charles I. This

production opened the way for a task of greater magnitude. Feeling, in common with others, the need of opposing a more effectual antidote to the erroneous views of Rapin, than the well-meant, though not profound, attempts of Salmon, he planned his "Society for encouraging the writing of a History of England," with the avowed view of being supported by such encouragement. Carte fully knew his ground, and the difficulties he should have to encounter, and he went to work as a man determined to overcome them.

A great number of "noblemen and gentlemen signed an instrument, obliging themselves to contribute, the former their twenty, the latter their ten guineas a year, towards the charges of the work and materials." The documents which our author circulated amongst his subscribers, before he began to publish the History, entitled "A Collection of the several Papers published by Mr. Carte in relation to his History of England," show how thoroughly he had considered the subject in all its bearings. A full knowledge of the contents of our own archives, many of which were then of difficult access, a thorough acquaintance with the continental collections, a due and critical appreciation of the value of the ancient sources of information, all testify to his qualifications for the task. He received munificent support. Oxford University and five of the principal colleges appeared as subscribers. Prudent Cambridge wholly kept aloof; but the reserve of Alma Mater was more than compensated by the solid patronage of the Corporation of London and of the opulent city companies. The first volume of the "General History of England, by Thomas Carte, an Englishman," was worthy of the ample assistance the author had obtained. His quaint denomination must be explained. Carte, though in holy orders, dared not write himself *clerk*, and would not write himself *gentleman*; he was a member of a secret and proscribed hierarchy; therefore he probably thought, that, since he could not add any designation of station, he would claim no other description save that which he derived from his country. Carte exercised great control over his principles: his Jacobitism can only be detected in his fairness towards monarchy, nor is the allegiance due to the House of Hanover ever endangered by the historian's affection to the Stuart cause. Without doubt, he was rather desirous not to put the Treasury again to the trouble of offering a thousand pounds for lodging him in any of his Majesty's gaols. Throughout the whole of the work, which Carte continued till the year 1642, there is only one passage in which his Jacobitism crops out, betraying the sentiments of the party to which he belonged. Never was the love of the White Rose more innocently, some folks would say more absurdly, displayed.

Speaking of the right of anointing, practised, according to ancient usage, at the coronation, he refutes the injudicious arguments of those who

rest the jurisdiction of the Crown in ecclesiastical matters upon this ceremony, contending that such power is incident to royalty, and inherently vested, in all sovereigns. Had he stopped there, and then taken the oaths, all would have been excellent. Even a Whig minister might have "thought of him," as the phrase is; or his friends might have told him so. But, unluckily, he was tempted on a little bit further; and he proceeds to confute another opinion, that the gift of healing the scrofulous humor, called the king's evil, by the royal touch, a belief which has furnished an entertaining chapter in Mr. Pettigrew's very curious history of "Medical Superstitions," was to be attributed to the virtue imparted by the same ceremony; "for," says he, "I myself have seen a very remarkable instance of such a cure, which could not possibly be ascribed to royal unction." The individual supposed to have received this miraculous healing, was a certain Christopher Lovel, a native of Wells, who, having resided at Bristol as a laborer, was sorely afflicted with the disease. During many years, as Carte tells us, had he tried all the remedies which the art of medicine could administer, without receiving benefit. An old sailor, his uncle, about to sail to Cork, received Lovel on board his vessel: another voyage brought him to St. Malo in the Isle of Rhé. Hence Lovel crossed the country to Paris; ultimately he reached Avignon. "At this last place," says Carte, "he was touched by the eldest lineal descendant of a race of kings;" and, upon returning to his birth-place, he appeared, as people thought, entirely cured. Upon hearing this story, the first impression is, that Christopher Lovel was benefited by change of air and scene, diet and exercise, in the course of his long peregrinations by land and by sea; and any wise man, even though not a doctor, would assuredly, before he committed himself, have said, "Let us wait awhile, and see whether the disease be entirely removed." Accordingly, at no long period afterwards, the disease did in fact reappear. Whilst the unfortunate Jacobite thus lost his cause by failing in the ordeal which he had waged, he suffered all the odium of gaining a victory. Carte's enemies, and they were many in his own craft, took up the matter no less fiercely than as if the patient had been really and thoroughly healed, thereby giving the most undisputable proof of the legitimacy of the Pretender. Had Christopher Lovel been produced, as fresh as a rose and as sound as an apple, at the bar of the House of Lords—for the purpose of giving evidence to set aside the Act of Settlement, a louder hurly-burly could not have been raised. Pamphlets abounded. Silvanus Urban, usually open to all parties and influenced by none, lost all fellow-feeling. Mysterious paragraphs appeared, in which significant letters interchanged with more significant dashes—"N—j—r, P—t—r," excited all the horror of loyalty against the luckless T—s C—e. London citizens took fright. Pursuant to a vote of Com-

mon Council, Mr. Chamberlain, by order of Mr. Town, withdrew their subscription. Many other of Carte's supporter's followed their example from a real horror of Jacobitism; more, lest they should incur suspicion of favoring the Stuart cause—thus saving at once their reputation and their money. Still Carte's spirit was unsubdued: he continued to labor at his work. The remaining volumes appeared in due succession; and, had not death arrested his pen, he would, without doubt, have completed the book to the Revolution. As before mentioned, it ends with 1642. Carte's transcripts form a very valuable and extensive collection, and are now deposited in the Bodleian, where they constitute a memorial of conscientious honesty; for though Carte did not live to complete his plans, still he fully performed his duty towards those who supported him. He brought together all the materials for the edifice, which he was bound to raise.

Such were the precursors, who, with unequal qualities and success, had prepared the way for Hume. Being in 1752 appointed librarian of the Faculty of Advocates, an office from which he received little or no emolument, but which gave him the command of the largest library in Scotland, he then, as he tells us, formed the plan of writing the "History of England;" "but, frightened with the notion of continuing a narrative through a period of 1700 years, I commenced with the accession of the House of Stuart, an epoch when I thought the misrepresentations of faction began chiefly to take place." Two years elapsed before the appearance of the first volume of the "History," containing the period from the accession of James I. to the Revolution. The second followed in 1756. The history of the House of Tudor was next published in 1759; and the more early part, beginning, according to custom, with the Druids and Julius Caesar, was given to the public in 1761. This retrograde process is not ill adapted for the purpose of giving an effective and persuasive unity: it better enables the writer to single out such results as may agree with the causes which he chooses to assign. Keen novel-readers often begin with the catastrophe, in order to judge of the conduct of the tale. A writer of history may follow an analogous plan in order to ensure a striking development. Hume's "History" thus falls into three sections, and there are diversities of execution in each. Unquestionably, the portion in which Hume shows most grasp of mind is the Stuart history, yet one spirit pervades the whole.

Previously to the appearance of the history, the librarian, petted and favored as he may have been by private friendship, had not manifested any ability reasonably leading to the supposition that he would ever be numbered among the great men of the age. Had it not been for the notoriety attached to his "philosophical" principles, no impartial observer would have anticipated that David

was likely to attract the notice of posterity, amidst the crowd of gentlemen who write with ease. He had tried a profusion of little essays, little treatises, little didactic dialogues upon metaphysics, philosophy, political economy, arts and sciences, trade, commerce, and polygamy, politics and constitutional policy, and historical antiquities—none very brilliant. Until he became a narrator, he never discovered the means of exerting his influential powers. Hume was destined to become a magnificent performer; but he began professing upon the wrong instruments; they had not sufficient compass—they wanted power and depth of tone; he kept hitting and hammering arias and fantasias upon the harpsichord, instead of expatiating in all the mazes of a grand concerto upon the violoncello. When he did change for the right instrument, he made it speak: and he took his proper place in the orchestra; but of that hereafter.

Hume's first offering to the literary world, as we are told in "My own Life," was "a Treatise of Human Nature, being an Attempt to introduce the Experimental Method of Reasoning, into moral subjects;" not a very intelligible title, even when, by substituting *on* for *of*, we render it somewhat more conformable to the vulgar idiom of our language. "Never," adds he, "was any literary attempt more unfortunate than my Treatise: it fell dead-born from the press, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots." And he proceeds to represent how cheerfully he sustained the disappointment, and then recovered from the blow. In this auto-biographical confession, which contains two facts, the failure of the work and Hume's own conduct, there are two misrepresentations: the baby was not still-born—it was quite alive, and cried lustily, so as to excite the ogres, that is to say, the reviewers, to strangle it: an operation effectually performed, in the Journal entitled "The Works of the Learned." In the next place, Hume, instead of submitting with stoical indifference to the loss of said baby, raged like a lioness deprived of her cubs. Rushing into the shop of Jacob Robinson, the publisher of the Review, he out with his sword and demanded satisfaction. Jacob took refuge within his proper stronghold, and entrenched himself behind the counter, and thus escaped being pinked after the most approved fashion. Both parties acted very naturally—the stoical philosopher in being furious at the criticism, and the bookseller in declining to become a martyr for his editor; but "My own Life" is wholly silent about the matter. "My own Life," indeed, belongs to a class of compositions rarely commanding much confidence: say, one in a hundred. Autos usually takes good care not to tell any tales, which, in his own conceit, would lower his repute with Heteros—not one in a thousand. In all such compositions there is a great root of self-deception. We are far more proud of confessing our secret sins, than of recall-

ing the recollection of our open follies. But the Philosophical Historian is superlatively egotistical and self-adulatory; he rolls and swelters in vanity.

All his miscellaneous productions, excepting only his "Natural History of Religion," and some slight Essays upon the "passions," "tragedy," and "taste," appeared before the publication of the first Stuart volume. Hume's general information, his apparent mildness and good temper, his gentlemanlike flow of language when he was not provoked, his conversational powers, and the general tendency of his moral and philosophical essays, gained him much notoriety and favor in the literary circles and coteries at Edinburgh. Deism was spreading, with exceeding rapidity, amongst the more intellectual classes of the northern capital. Philosophy became almost indispensable for preserving literary caste. Free-thinking, however, was then a quasi-aristocratical luxury. It had not yet descended to the Lord Provost and the Town-Council; and when Hume became a candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy, the "zealots" having been bold enough to assert that he was an apostle of infidelity, he lost his election.

Such contests are usually poor tests of sound principle; however, on this occasion, the opposition was honest and sincere. It was instigated by the more orthodox and uncompromising members of the Kirk, who really adhered in heart and life to Christianity as taught by Calvin and John Knox; and Hume hated them henceforward with his whole soul. But the "enthusiasts" constituted a minority—both a moral and a numerical minority; all the ministry who professed liberal opinions, valued and sought Hume's friendship. Stigmatized as the propagandist of unbelief, he was consoled, supported, protected by the cordial friendship of the most distinguished members of the Scottish establishment—Blair, Wallace, Drysdale, Wishart, Jardine, Home, Robertson, and Carlyle. This reverend patronage, not any ability or cleverness of the writer, gave activity to Hume's venom. It removed the reproach previously attached to infidelity. It at once took off the interdict. Those who are the warmest adherents to Hume's irreligion have never dared to risk their own literary reputation by praising the talent of Hume, as evinced in the most offensive of his publications, such as the "Natural History of Religion," which includes the "Bad Influence of Popular Religions on Morality," the "Essay on Miracles," and the "Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding;" and when Magee ("On Atonement and Sacrifice," Vol. ii., p. 276.) spoke of them as "standing memorials of a heart as wicked, and a head as weak, as ever pretended to the character of philosopher and moralist," it is the harshness of the language, not the injustice of the sentiment, which can in any degree dispose us against the criticism. Deficient in any sustained argument, prolix and inconclusive, his hold upon your attention principally arises from the effort which you are constantly compelled to

make, in order to follow the reasoning, which vanishes as soon as it begins to assume a definite form. If you are an antagonist, he wearies you, not by his blows, but by continually slipping out of your grasp. Such works would absolutely have destroyed Hume's reputation as a philosophical reasoner, had he not been an unbeliever—had not opposition to faith been usually in those days considered as a *primâ facie* proof of a strong and vigorous mind.

The "Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals," may stand high in the scale of mediocrity. What have we in this pragmatic dissertation? A favorable approbation of qualities commonly favored; a dislike of vices commonly odious; common-place observations brought forth with placid solemnity; obvious truths intermixed with as obvious fallacies. Cold approbation is the utmost Hume bestows. He has no objection to the more amiable of the natural good qualities of mankind, if they trouble him not in his easy way. Without seeking to encourage any vice which might diminish the safety of society, he is apathetic even in the cause of pagan virtue.

The best of Hume's miscellaneous productions are his political and constitutional essays; they are clear and sensible, and they have all the force resulting from a shrewd and tranquil intellect. He recommends himself by his *disinvoltura* and worldly good sense, and a due appreciation of the popular fallacies by which the multitude are deluded. These pieces have the value of slight sketches by a good artist, free and expressive, but they need finish and carrying out into compositions. The most elaborate of them is the "Essay upon the Populousness of Ancient Nations." Its reasonings received an elaborate reply from Wallace; and Gibbon, in his valuable "Adversaria," has pointed out some striking inaccuracies. It is now chiefly remarkable, as having elicited from Hume an important and instructive description of his peculiar tactics. In a second edition, he added the following curious note:—

"An ingenious author has honored this discourse with an answer full of politeness, erudition, and good sense. So learned a refutation would have made the author suspect that his reasonings were entirely overthrown, had he not used the precaution from the beginning to keep himself on the sceptical side; and, having taken this advantage of the ground, he was enabled, though with much inferior force, to preserve himself from a total defeat. That reverend gentleman will always find, where his antagonist is so entrenched, that it will be very difficult to force him. Varro, in such a situation, could defend himself against Hannibal, Pharnaces against Cæsar."

But becoming afterwards aware, that this was an unguarded disclosure of the trick which gave most success to his sophistry, he omitted it, when, for a third time, he republished the essay in an octavo form.

In the large library, which, as he tells us, sug-

gested his work, Hume wanted, like his predecessors, important materials then concealed in manuscript, but now familiar to every historical inquirer. Domesday, the groundwork of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman territorial organization, was enshrined in the Chapter House at Westminster, protected strictly under lock and key: rarely could the edifice be entered; if the antiquary sought to consult the treasure, thirteen shillings and fourpence of lawful money must be paid for each inspection of the volume; guarded so jealously that the finger was never allowed to wander beyond the margin, lest the characters should sustain injury from contact with unexchequered hands. He had to labor under many other similar disadvantages, removed by more recent editorial diligence.

Such deficiencies, though they may diminish the completeness of history, are not detrimental to the literary character of the historian. Ordinary and vulgarized sources will usually give all that is needed for a broad outline, which may be rendered sufficiently effective, as a test of the author's talent, with a few minor details. "Here are some new and unpublished materials for the History of the Siege of Rhodes, M. l'Abbé." The reply of M. l'Abbé Vertot—as we have it in the facetious, anecdotic chapter of the French school-grammars of the last age—was, "Mon siège est fait." In the case of Vertot, the answer has become a standing joke against his memory, but the point of the sarcasm is given by his general untrustworthiness. Had M. l'Abbé been faithful to the extent of his knowledge, no candid fellow-laborer would be inclined to blame him for being content to work well upon a limited stock. In discussing Hume's claims to be adopted as "the guide and philosopher," who, "on all topics connected with our history entirely gives the law," it is therefore important to ascertain whether he employed due diligence, in studying the materials which were accessible to him, and in availing himself of the ample library, which, as he informs us, stimulated him to his enterprise. Gibbon thought not: he describes Hume's History as "elegant, but superficial;" apparently a slight epithet of blame, but which, employed by Gibbon, obtains great intensity. Congenial, unhappily, as their opinions might be in some respects, no two literary characters could be more distinct. Hume's historical Muse is dressed à la Pompadour: she is so painted that you never see her true complexion, you never get deeper than the rouge and the fard. Hume, in his best moods, only fluttered about the truth; never sought to know it. Gibbon sought to know the truth; but for the purpose of wickedly and perfidiously perverting it. Yet how admirable was the talent exerted by Gibbon, in hostility to the Power by whom the gift was bestowed—his nice sense of the due subordination of the different branches, into which he divided his studies; the good sense which taught him to intersperse them

amidst each other, so varied as to relieve the mind, and yet so continuous as not to distract attention—to slacken the bow, but never leave it unstrung! His constant vigilance to improve every opportunity—recovering his Greek, to the sound of the fife and the tattoo, when on duty at Devizes; placing Homer in parallel with the verse of Pope and the geography of Strabo; comparing the returned numbers of the establishment of the Berkshire militia, with its actual rank and file, five hundred and sixty nominal, and two hundred and seventy-three effective, and hence drawing his inferences respecting the real magnitude of the armies commemorated in history.

Hume, at least in the papers which have been published, abstains from affording us any similar information. "My own Life" is silent concerning my own studies during the progress of the history; nor have we any means "of visiting the fattest of epicurean hogs in his sty,"—this is Gibbon's kind phrase, explained by the ingenious index-maker as "a joecose allusion to Mr. Hume's indolence." The only glimpse we gain is through a story told by a late venerable Scottish crony. Some one having hinted that David had neglected an authority he ought to have consulted, the old gentleman replied,—“Why, mon, David read a vast deal before he set about a piece of his book; but his usual seat was the sofa, and he often wrote with his legs up; and it would have been unco fashious to have moved across the room when any little doubt occurred.”

In the absence of more precise information, we must endeavor to ascertain, by internal evidence, the books which Hume had by his side, when, compiling the earlier portions of his history, he worked in this somewhat American guise. It has been ably shown by the most competent judge amongst our contemporaries, (*Ed. Rev.* Vol. liii., p. 15,) that, from Carte, Hume borrowed not only the arrangement of events but the structure of his expressions, giving, however, the color of his own thought and style to the narration, and occasionally verifying Carte's statement by referring to his quotations. Hume made nearly as much use of Tyrrell, balancing the narratives of the two historians, wisely availing himself of the hints given by Whig and Tory. Brady was his principal help for constitutional information. Original sources were occasionally consulted by him, though very uncritically and sparingly; some of considerable importance are wholly passed by; for example, the anonymous life of Richard II., published by Hearne. The reason is obvious; Carte unaccountably neglected it, therefore Hume was ignorant of the book's existence. Hume may have turned over the leaves of the chroniclers, but he never rendered them the object of study, and never distinguished between primary and secondary authorities. Of Church history, he knew absolutely nothing. Slight references to the imperfect English Concilia by Spelman, testify his ignorance or

neglect of the more complete edition which we owe to Wilkins; a book which, a quarter of a century ago, was estimated as waste paper, but which now is worth more pounds than it was then worth shillings. Hume was entirely unacquainted with any of the ample collections, in which the transactions of the Church are recorded. A few passages, relating to Ecclesiastical law and history, are borrowed from the pungent Satires of Fra Paolo Sarpi: his facts for the Crusades, from Maimbourg or Vertot; his notices of continental history, generally, from the *Essai sur les Mœurs*, by Voltaire, and some other of the then fashionable works of French infidel literature. In the Stuart portions, Hume worked more freely and independently, from original writers; though Eachard, and also Bishop Kennet's compilation, useful for the documents and textual extracts it contains, were serviceable in saving the walk across the room.

Possibly many elucidations of Hume's literary character might be derived from the large collection of his correspondence, now deposited in the Library of the Edinburgh Royal Society. An editor would, however, find difficulty in dealing with the papers, so as to afford sufficient instruction, and, at the same time, avoid public offence. Selections from correspondence are worth little, unless they are sufficiently ample to exhibit a continuous view of the mind and pursuits of the man, and the mutual interchange of thought. Those who have examined the Hume papers—which we know only by report—speak highly of their interest, but add, that they furnish painful disclosures concerning the opinions then prevailing amongst the clergy of the northern metropolis; distinguished ministers of the Gospel encouraging the scoffs of their familiar friend, the author of the "Essay upon Miracles," and echoing the blasphemies of their associate, the author of the "Essay upon Suicide." Can we doubt but that Hume, who possessed within him the natural germ of many virtues, was exceedingly strengthened in his infidelity by the inconsistency of those whom he terms "religionists" leading him to the conclusion that "their conviction is in all ages more affected than real, and scarcely ever approaches in any degree to that solid belief and persuasion, which governs us in the common affairs of life? The usual course of men's conduct belies their words, and shows that their assent in these matters is some unaccountable operation of the mind between disbelief and conviction, but approaching nearer to the former than the latter."—Thus generalizing from his knowledge of the private sentiments of these betrayers of their Lord, these preachers of the Gospel, honoring the reviler of their Saviour, whose talents and worldly respectability added to their evil influence, he became firmly convinced that "priests of all religion are the same," seeking merely the gratification of their own sordid and selfish passions and propensities.

The "careless inimitable beauties of Hume," as they are styled by Gibbon, that is to say, his solecisms, his Scotticisms, his Gallicisms, his violation of the rules of English grammar, and still more of English idiom, were criticised with some severity by Dr. Priestley, in his "English Grammar," the rarest of his productions. "The mere language of an historian," as Dr. Arnold observes, "will furnish us with something of a key to his mind—will tell us, or at least give us cause to presume, in what his main strength lies, and in what he is deficient."

Hume's language shows us that his main strength lies in his art of rhetorical persuasion—in his striving always to lead the hearer to form inferences beyond his words—in his being able to throw out his written discourse with the ease of conversation, avoiding its triviality—and in a thorough appreciation of the respect which an author gains, who can neither be depreciated for vulgarity nor ridiculed for bombast. On the other hand, Hume's language equally discloses his deficiency in historical knowledge, evinced by his inability to relate his history in appropriate diction: he wants the happy medium between that paraphrase which obliterates the character of the original, and the untrue fidelity, which even still more would disguise its real features. Whoever writes the history of remote times, is virtually a translator; and a strict and literal translation fully meets the meaning of the German term. It is an *übersetzung*, an oversetting. Translation, it has been well observed, is "a problem, how, two languages being given, the nearest approximation may be made in the second, to the expression of ideas already conveyed through the medium of the first." Perhaps the worst solution is the conceit of rendering sound for sound, in which the sound usually ceases to be an echo of the sense. Speak, in translating from Norsk or Anglo-Saxon, of the *stink* of a rose, that is to say, the rose's *smell*—the *dream* of a fiddle instead of its *tone*—the *green beam* for the growing tree—the *smear-monger* for the *butter-merchant*;—represent a mother as lamenting that her *knave's lungs* are addled, instead of her *boy* being ill of *consumption*;—describe the preacher holding forth from his pulpit as the *beadle spelling* from the *steeple*;—or, recurring to the original *sense*, when *sound* fails you, praise the excellent taste of his majesty of Bavaria in erecting the marble *slaughter-house* to the honor of Germania's worthies—such Teutonisms would not add to the clearness of our ideas. Very insidious, in all cases, are the deceptions suggested by titles of dignity, designations connected with state or office, of which the signification changes so rapidly from age to age, whilst the symbol remains the same. *Dominus*, or lord, conveys in the originals no peculiar notion of pre-eminence. It is sufficiently humble in the familiar compound of *landlord*; but speak of the *lord of the land*, and what a vision it raises of feudal dignity! In words which, according to the laws of language,

you must employ, the great difficulty consists in guarding against ambiguities, arising from the change of meaning. Parliament is not a senate occupied in making speeches and passing laws, but the king, enthroned at the head of his great court of remedial justice; a bishop's palace, nothing regal, but a *place*, a mansion; throne, unconnected with royalty, and only the official seat of the prelate. The historian should consider himself as an interpreter, standing between two nations, and he cannot well execute his task, unless he has lived with both. He must be familiarized, not merely with their language, but with their habits, and customs, and thoughts. He must be able to reduce all the conventional phrases of society into truth, to know when the speech which makes the roof resound means nothing—and be equally able to find the expressive meaning of silence. A very useful introduction to the study of patristical latinity—a main source, together with the Vulgate, of the mediæval idioms—will be found in Mr. Woodham's *Tertullian*. It is unnecessary to remark that the baser latinity of the mediæval writers differs widely from that of classical authors; but the discrepancy lies far deeper than the adoption of barbarous words, whose signification can be disclosed by a glossary, or the solecisms which can be corrected by grammatical rules. Their rough refectory—and kitchen—Latin, came natural to them; they thought in it; hence, though employing uncouth and ungraceful language, they expressed themselves, when needed, with terseness and power. It also exhibits strong idiomatical peculiarities, not merely of individuals, but of æras. Anglo-Norman latinity differs much from the later Plantagenet latinity. Compare, for example, a few sentences of Ordericus Vitalis, or William of Malmesbury, with the pseudo-Ingulphus, forged, as we have shown, subsequently to the reign of Edward II.,* or Knighton. Hume, compiling chiefly from dull and vapid translations and compilations, and quite unable to catch a distinct perception of the originals, never approaches to the *truth* of historical diction, though he fully attains its rhetorical beauty.

Helped onwards by such guides as Carte and Tyrrell, it was impossible that so acute a writer as Hume could commit any palpable blunder in the main facts of his history; but he absolutely teems with all the errors which can be committed by talent, when endeavoring to disguise ignorance by putting on the airs of knowledge. Hume's history is made out of the cast of a cast, in which all the sharpness of the original has been lost. He gives great effect to the dull and rounded forms, by touching up the figures with his chisel, and recutting them so as to suit his conception; but this process, cleverly as it may be executed, only denaturalizes them the more.

* Sources of English History, "Quart. Rev.," vol. xxxiv. p. 296; in which article we have spoken fully of Hume's uncritical use of the ancient sources.

We are amused at the absurdity of the romancers of the middle ages, who portray Alexander in full armor, and Nectanebus hearing mass in the Temple of Termagaunt. These anachronisms, the proofs of a total misconception of the Grecian age, are not a whit greater than when Hume speaks of "Anglo-Saxon gentlemen." The notion of a gentleman is a complex idea, entirely belonging to our own times—it implies courtesy of manners, education, a qualification of property not defined by pounds, shillings, and pence, but which places him above poverty, though not necessarily in opulence; and belongs to a state of society which never could have existed in the Anglo-Saxon age—nor could the term ever have been employed by any writer who had the Saxon Chronicle before him.

The Gallicism *Tiberiade* reveals Hume travelling to Tiberias in the Holy Land, under the guidance of the Abbé, and not of William of Tyre.

Edwin, in Hume's History, retires "to his *estates* in the North, with the view of commencing an insurrection"—just as a Cumberland squire might have done in the '45. Possibly Hume may have found in Rapin, that Edwin fled to his *états*. Unless Hume's readers obtain information elsewhere, it will be difficult for them to understand that Edwin retreated to his great feudal earldom, as it would be called, which he possessed with quasi-regal power.

Another example is somewhat more complicated. What confidence would be placed in a writer, who, expatiating upon the policy of our own times, were to say that landed property may be recovered, by *filing a bill* in the Court of Common Pleas, or bringing an *ejectment* in the Court of Chancery? True, this is a misapplication of mere technical terms, but the technicality involves essentials: a writer thus blundering, would at once exhibit himself as woefully incompetent to discuss the merits or demerits of our jurisprudence. Hume, in stating that Henry II. "admitted either of the parties to challenge a trial by *an assize or jury* of twelve freeholders," as if the terms were synonymous, displays exactly the same species of ignorance. The assize was an array of recognitors of twelve knights, elected by four other knights, under a special ordinance of Henry II.; the jury was summoned by the sheriff, by assent of the parties. The difference between the assize and the jurata constitutes one of the most instructive portions of the learning of our ancient law.

Hume is fierce against the middle ages for their ignorance of geography.—"The imperfect communication amongst the kingdoms, and their ignorance of each other's situations, made it impracticable for them to combine in one project or effort."—Hume was no less ignorant of the political geography of those times, without which it is quite as impracticable for an historian to combine his facts for the instruction of his readers. He creates a kingdom of *Naples* in the twelfth cen-

tury, when the continental dominions of the *King of Sicily* consisted of the duchy of Apulia and the principality of Capua. He speaks of Italy and Germany in relation to the disputes between Pope and Emperor. Now his Italy is merely Lombardy. Germany, as we now see it colored on the map, did not then exist. The countries which he means are the territories of the empire, bounded by the Rhone on the one side, and the wilds of the Lithuanians, and Prussians and Sclavonians, on the east.

Whilst Hume discusses, describes, condemns the manners and customs and ignorance of the middle ages, he, with dogmatic confidence, betrays in every allusion, that he never can remove himself out of the eighteenth century. Unreal ideas of the past are constantly united to a more real sense of the present; his descriptions remind one of a showman's booth in a fair—a scene with daubed temples and dingy groves, and, around and behind, the shops and lamp-posts of the marketplace. Thus, speaking of the Anglo-Saxon free pledge, "No man," he says, "could change his habitation without a *warrant* or *certificate* from the borsholder of the tithing to which he formerly belonged." Farmer Ethelwolf puts on his great coat, and, going to the shop of Mr. Grimbold, a tithing-man and tobacconist, walks up to the counter, and tells him that he is about to move next Michaelmas, and requests his certificate, which Grimbold duly delivers, and receives a shilling for his pains. This is the train of ideas which Hume's description of the proceeding suggests.

Suppose that an historian, describing the reign of George I., were to observe, "There were not many bills of exchange in circulation in those days, and losses for want of such securities—a sure mark of a rude state of commerce—were *very frequent*; for the *art of copperplate engraving* was *so little known* that you could hardly ever buy blank bills of exchange in the stationers' shops." Even such, is the reasoning of Hume in the following passage:—"And it appears from Glanville, the famous justiciary of Henry II., that, in his time, when any man died intestate, an accident which *must have been very frequent when the art of writing was so little known*, the king, or the lord of the fief, pretended to seize all the movables, and to exclude every heir, even the children of the deceased—a sure mark of a tyrannical and arbitrary government."

Hume evidently supposed that writing was essential for declaring testamentary intentions. But, according to the jurisprudence of the middle ages, it was not essential; nuncupative testaments, or bequests made by word of mouth, might be equally effectual. Writing was no more needed in the first instance, for the purpose of preventing a man in the reign of Henry II. from dying intestate, than copperplate engraving was in the reign of George I. for the purpose of giving a legal bill of exchange. Practically, the greater proportion of

wills in the middle ages were unwritten deathbed declarations, made in the presence of witnesses—who subsequently appeared before a competent authority; and to this circumstance we may trace some of the most marked characteristics of mediæval testamentary dispositions, as distinguished from our own.

When Hume personifies the papal authority in the twelfth century by "the triple crown," and represents the Pontiff, at the same era, as launching his thunders from the "Vatican," he shows that he deserves the same confidence in his knowledge of the papal history, as if, writing the history of France, he were to embody the valor of France during the crusades under the symbol of the tricolor, or describe St. Louis as issuing his ordinances from the Tuileries. The second crown did not appear on the tiara till after Boniface VIII. (1294–1303,) whilst the third was only added in the thirteenth century by Boniface IX. (1389–1404;) and the Vatican never became the official residence of the popes, until the widowhood of Rome ceased, by the return of the pontiffs from Avignon.

In every touch we detect the inaccuracy of the picture. Hume tells us, that, in the twelfth century, parish registers were *not regularly kept*! *Not regularly kept*! Parish registers were never kept in any part of the world until the sixteenth century. The only mode by which the Piovano of San' Giovanni, the baptistery of Florence, took an account of the infants whom he baptized, (and all the infants of the city were brought thither,) was by putting beans into a bag—a white bean for a girl, and a black bean for a boy—and then casting them up at the end of the year.

During the Anglo-Saxon period, Hume informs us that "deeds relating to civil transactions, bargains and sales, manumissions of slaves, and the like, were inserted in the blank leaves of the *parish Bible*," kept, it is to be presumed, in the vestry, printed by his Majesty's printer, and bound in rough calf. We shall soon have to speak of the Bible during the Anglo-Saxon period. If Hume had consulted history with any attention, he would have said that such instruments were occasionally recorded in the blank leaves of a Missal, or the Gospel, or the Psalter, or some other portion of the Scripture, treasured in a great monastery; but the examples are rare, and do not require the prominence which he has bestowed upon them.

Hume's inaccuracies go at once to the competency of the historian—the flaws in the metal, which show that the piece will not stand fire—specks on the rind, which betray the unsoundness of the fruit, rotten to the core.

Our philosopher was free from one sin—the pride which apes humility. His autobiography lies like an epitaph. He discounted his own legacy of posthumous praise, and exonerated his executors from the liability of payment. He extols his own sobriety and his own industry in the strongest

terms. Had he these qualifications? If exerted, they would have enabled him, like Carte, to emulate the exactness of the French Benedictines; and his negligence discredits him the more.

Hume the librarian, laboring, like Guthrie, to earn an honest penny by writing for the booksellers at so much a sheet, might have been useful, or at least innocuous.

Hume the metaphysician possessed the rare gift of being able to compare probabilities, and, at the same time, to suspend his judgment. Hence the ability with which he has treated the character of Mary, a question upon which either side may be taken with equal scepticism or equal credulity. If he had been gifted with a truth-seeking mind, this talent would have conducted him to the best principles of historical investigation. He would have disciplined us in the least cultivated branch of historical science, the logic of history.

Hume the politician, as we can fully judge from his slight but able constitutional essays, might have conveyed wise practical lessons through the medium of our national history. Calm and unimaginative, great names had no influence over him; there was no object to which he bowed; he entered the Temple of Fame, refusing to worship any popular idol. Head or stamp would not induce him to receive base metal as precious coin. He who had the courage to designate the works of Locke, and Sidney, and Hoadley, as "compositions the most despicable both for style and matter," was truly able to count the cost of exposing himself to the hostility of literary prejudice and party feeling. No one had shown more clearly than Hume the utter fallacy of the original-compact doctrines: he could admit the lovely vision of a government framed upon philosophical theory, and yet refute the Utopian absurdity of reducing it into practice. Hume was not one of those who repudiate Oxford, and graduate at Laputa. Do we seek a demonstration of the inoperativeness of popular election, as the means of collecting popular opinion—where can more able arguments be found than in Hume?

Hume the travelled scholar, inspired by the ambition of literary fame, the ruling passion, as he tells us, of his life, had it fully in his power to have composed a history, in which an even flow of style, polished though not forcible, a courteous and gentlemanlike dignity, a happy disposition of incidents, and the delicate taste which, preventing his attaining the sublime, always guarded him against the ridiculous, would have furnished a narrative in which instruction pleasantly conveyed might have compensated for the absence of original inquiry. Hume is a great master in historical discourse. He is a *consummate Rhetor*. As a composition, considered without reference to truth or principle, his Stuart apology is unrivalled.

But all his powers—they were great, and might have been noble—are rendered useless by the *consummate Rhetor's* continued perversion of history

into a panegyric of infidelity. His metaphysical writings have always been more known than read—so dull, that even the zest of doing a wrong thing can hardly now persuade a reader to grapple with their drowsy inanity. Even the warmth and talents of his opponents could never criticise them into popularity. At last he discovered his peculiar talent. It was this acquisition of self-knowledge, and not the opportunities of his office, which induced him, like Voltaire, to adopt history as the more effective vehicle of his opinions; and he fully succeeded. "INFIDELITY FOR THE MILLION" is the heading for Hume's history, than which only *one* other—and is it needful to name Gibbon?—has exerted a more baneful influence upon English literature, and through English literature upon the civilized world. Antipathy to faith had become engrafted upon his moral constitution. Like Gibbon, he was possessed with malignant hatred against all goodness and holiness. "Never lose an opportunity," was the advice given by a kindred spirit, "of placing gunpowder, grain by grain, under the gigantic edifice of superstition, until the mine shall be charged with a sufficient quantity to blow up the whole." Hume did not dare to fire the train. He would have dreaded the smoke and noise of an explosion. Adopting the coarse but forcible expression, suggested by a crime unknown in the "dark ages," and generated in the full blaze of civilization, he always tried to *burke* religion. Temper, as well as prudence, had from the first beginning rendered him sober. Personal considerations had due influence: he courted not the honors of martyrdom. Opinion imposed some check; law more. In England there was a boundary which could not be quite safely passed. Some examples had occurred sufficient to warn him. Like Asgill, or Toland, or Woolston, or Peter Annet, he might be seduced beyond the bounds of conventional impunity granted to free-thinking, and find himself in the presentment of the grand jury, with a prospect of Newgate and the pillory in the background: far enough off, yet disagreeable objects, looming in the horizon. At Edinburgh, an ecclesiastical prosecution brushed by him. "An overture" was made in the General Assembly, for appointing a committee to call the philosopher before the synod, as the author of books "containing the most rude and open attacks upon the Gospel; and principles evidently subversive even of natural religion and the foundations of morality, if not establishing direct atheism."

A further examination of this very remarkable transaction would exceed our limits: the endeavor thus made by the orthodox members of the Kirk, to testify against the progress of infidelity, was frustrated not by dint of reasoning, but by the indefatigable exertions of his clerical friends. We have seen what high and influential names were numbered amongst them. The strongest argument which these ministers of the Gospel employed

on behalf of their client, was, "that Mr. Hume was really no Christian, had not so much as the profession of it, and therefore was to be considered as one who is *without*, and not a subject of Christian discipline." Thus did the most eminent, in the world's opinion, of the teachers of Christianity in Scotland plead Hume's declared infidelity as the reason for espousing his cause, and protecting him from ecclesiastical censure. Pending the proceedings, the more faithful of the clergy did their duty, by endeavoring to warn their people against him. His chief opponent was Anderson, "the literary champion of the fanatics," who dealt with Hume by "*constantly appealing to the Bible, the usual resource of the priest in every difficulty.*" We take the words of his biographer, as the best exponent of the antagonistic feelings by which Hume was supported or opposed.

Yet Hume did not escape entirely without damage. Infidelity stood between him and the much-coveted professorial chair. By the rebound of the attack made in the General Assembly, he was compelled to resign his librarianship. Though little hurt, he was somewhat scared; and whilst it increased his grim antipathy to the faithful Calvinistic clergy, the "fanatics" and "enthusiasts," he was the more wary in avoiding any very tangible opportunity of falling into their power—a power fast diminishing, but yet sufficiently formidable to disturb the Sybarite on his rose-leaves. Caution, therefore, was always needed: a restraint to which he submitted the more willingly, since he conceived that his own quiet plan of operation would be quite as sure, in the long run, as the more brilliant and sounding measures adopted by the other active members of the philosophical circle, the "sensible, knowing, and polite company, with which Paris abounds more than any other city in the world." He comforted himself in his dying hours with the hope of the ultimate advent of unbelief triumphant. "Have a little patience, good Charon: I have been endeavoring to open the eyes of the public; if I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition."

To this one object, the destruction of "religious fictions and chimeras," all Hume's endeavors were directed. It was the one end and intent of the History, which gives to the whole the epic unity, whence its seductive merit is in great measure derived. Hume's mode of dealing with religion shows the cowardice of his heart: he dreaded lest conviction should come upon him against his will. He was constantly trying to stupify his own conscience, lest the pain of perceiving any reality in things unseen should come on. The first object of Hume is to nullify religion. All the workings of Providence in worldly affairs are denied; or blurred, when he cannot deny them. All active operation of holiness, all sincerity, is excluded. He constantly labors to suppress any belief in

belief, as an efficient cause of action: he will rather infer any other influential motive. Silence, argumentation, equivocation, absolute falsity, are all employed with equal dexterity, and in sovereign contempt of all the laws by which the conscience of an historian should be ruled. But if he cannot blot out religion entirely, he lowers, degrades, deforms it; yet he prefers to affect contempt, rather than express absolute aversion; he treats faith rather as a meanness, which the enlightened philosopher is ashamed to notice, than as an enemy who needs to be actively expelled. Ever and anon, however, his hatred becomes apparent; and he forgets even the conventional decencies of language in the bitterness of his heart. When his so-called history is not an inferential argument against religion, it is an invective. Could the powers of Belial be described more forcibly, than in the following remarkable passage!*—"Hume, without positively asserting much more than he can prove, gives prominence to all the circumstances which support his case. He glides lightly over those which are unfavorable to it. His own witnesses are applauded and encouraged; the statements which seem to throw discredit on them are controverted; the contradictions into which they fall are explained away; a clear and connected abstract of their evidence is given. Everything that is offered on the other side is scrutinized with the utmost severity; every suspicious circumstance is a ground for comment and invective; what cannot be denied is extenuated or passed by without notice. Concessions even are sometimes made; but this insidious candor only increases the effect of this vast mass of sophistry."—And in every shape, Hume is the Belial advocate of infidelity.

When reading Hume's History, we must carefully keep in view the meaning of the terms which he employs; his technical language must be translated by turning to his own dictionary—Religion is with Hume either *Superstition* or *Fanaticism*. He so applies and counterchanges these opprobrious terms as to include every possible form of Christianity. In the Churches of Rome and England, superstition predominates; in the Calvinistic Churches, which he detested most, fanaticism; though all are equally assailed. When he bombards St. Peter's, his shells glance off upon St. Paul's. His spear pierces through Archbishop Anselm, and pins Archbishop Howley to the wall. The filth with which he bespatters the Lateran Council, defiles the General Assembly. But, alas! each religious body, viewing only the damage done to its opponents, has been insensible of the hurt which its own cause receives from the bitter enemy

* From Mr. Macaulay's article upon "History," Edinburgh Review, No. xciv., p. 359. We have no hesitation in affixing Mr. Macaulay's name to this admirable and in most respects incontrovertible essay. Since he has not reprinted it in his collection, we trust he will reproduce it in an enlarged form, perhaps reconsidering his judgment of the Greek historians.

of their common Head. Too successful has been the policy adopted by him, of "opposing one species of superstition to another," and thus profiting by the dissensions which he helps to raise.

All who oppose Hume's *political principles*—Towers, Stuart, Brodie, Fox, Laing, Allen, Smyth, Macaulay—reproach him with unfairness and insincerity—correct his misrepresentations, brand his crafty perversion of truth. The most lenient, and yet in some respects the most severe, of his critics, Professor Smyth, warns us to be "ever suspicious" of the historian's *particular prejudices*. Every accusation they prefer against him, by reason of his fraudulent partisanship of prerogative, applies with far greater force against him as a fraudulent opponent of revelation.

Hume's estimate of the merit or demerit belonging to any institution—or any individual—is exactly in proportion to the absence of so deleterious an influence as Christianity. Hume is always on his guard; no holiness, no beauty, no purity, no utility, can by any chance betray or seduce him: to find an excuse for the sin of religion.

Professor Smyth, warning his readers against the continued fraud and falsity of the "guide and philosopher," and expatiating upon the sagacity and skill displayed by Hume in perverting the authorities whom he employs, proceeds,—

"But what reader turns to consult his references, or examine his original authorities? What effect does this distrust, after all, produce? Practically, none. In defiance of it, is not the general influence of his work on the general reader just such as the author would have wished; as strong and permanent as if every statement and opinion in his *History* had deserved our perfect assent and approbation?

"I must confess that this appears to me so entirely the fact, judging from all that I have experienced in myself and observed in others, that I do not conceive a *lecturer in history could render (could offer, at least) a more important service to an English auditory than by following Mr. Hume, step by step, through the whole of his account; and showing what were his fair, and what his unfair inferences*; what his just representations, and what his improper colorings; what his mistakes, and, above all, what his omissions: in short, what were the dangers, and what the advantages, that must attend the perusal of so popular and able a performance."—*Lectures on Modern History*, vol. i., pp. 127, 128.

Some few observations and examples will exemplify how truly the Professor's censures are deserved: but we must be content to await an explanation of the principles which justify the public teacher of youth in bestowing the most affectionate and warmest praise upon such a propagator of falsity. Would it not have been desirable than an instructor of the rising generation should pass some censure upon these violations of natural morality, some regret for talents thus misapplied?

Hume's sagacity taught him in most cases to avoid absolute falsehoods. You can rarely appre-

hend him in flagrant delict. Hume's misrepresentations are usually couched in those vague, broad, general charges which he propounds as certain, without bringing forward any proof. Now, it is very difficult to refute charges so propounded, because their contradiction must always be a negative pregnant, involving counter assertions, which throw the whole burthen of proof upon those who wish to dispel the error. To revert to Euphranor's illustration, if a French writer were to state that the *whole scope* of our Admiralty orders since the reign of Queen Elizabeth "is directed to the purpose of plunder," there would be no incontrovertible refutation, excepting by producing the whole series of documents. So it is in Hume: his calumnies are couched in those stereotyped phrases, which, through him, and, we may also add, through Robertson, are now adopted as first principles of historical information and knowledge—"ignorance and absurdity;" "days of ignorance;" "disputes of the most ridiculous kind, and entirely worthy of those ignorant and barbarous ages;"—assertions that the clergy "subsisted only by absurdities and nonsense;"—that "nonsense passed for demonstration;"—that "bounty to the Church atoned for every violence against society;" that "the people, abandoned to the worst crimes and superstitions, knew of no other expiation than the observances imposed upon them by their spiritual pastors." To demonstrate the prejudice, the unfairness, the wicked untruths of such accusations, the first step in the process must necessarily be to know what they mean. "Ignorance" may be ignorance of evil—absurdities may be the highest truths. According to Hume, belief in a special Providence is a gross absurdity. It is painful to us to be compelled to notice impiety in a conversational tone, but the nature of our subject compels us to do so. In the next place, the general influence of Hume's general propositions can only be counteracted by a faithful development of the practice and doctrine, life and conversation, of the ages and persons so recklessly defamed. The task, we rejoice to say, has been nobly begun by Mr. Maitland, in his *Essays upon the Dark Ages*, which have appeared in their present form, since this article was first sent to the printer. Terse, witty, powerful in reasoning, pious in spirit, and profoundly learned, Mr. Maitland has, by a well chosen selection of topics, enabled every reader to judge of the gross misrepresentations which have been promulgated by those popular writers, who, in Professor Smyth's words, have hitherto given the tone and the law to the public mind. We trust that such a work as Mr. Maitland's will not be confined to the instruction of readers. Let us hope that it will produce students: encouraging those who, deriving knowledge from original sources by patient assiduity, thence acquire self-reliance and independence of judgment, so much needed in this over-active age, when so many endeavor to be up and doing, and so few sit down

and think. For this purpose there must be a diligent study of mediæval divinity.

Considered merely as affording the means of historical information, this pursuit will become indispensable, when, with more philosophy than has hitherto been exerted, we endeavor to penetrate into the moral organization of mediæval society. Are we interested by the structure of the abbey or the cathedral?—Is it not at least as important to become acquainted with the doctrines which were taught by those who ministered at the altar? Our present love of antiquity may lead to unsound conclusions. Many are tempted to a blind and indiscriminate worship of past times, not only shutting their eyes against unfavorable facts, however clearly proved—but ascribing to the middle ages gifts of impeccability and perfect holiness, which revelation teaches us to be incompatible with human nature; others, constituting a more numerous class, are caught by the vulgar bait of antiquarianism. Our attention is in danger of being engrossed by the archæology of the curiosity shops. Unless this tendency be corrected, we shall be overwhelmed with literary dealers in the *rococo* of history: archæology, if pursued merely with reference to art or decoration, to manners and customs, to incident and romance, is little more. Without doubt, in a subordinate relation, all such inquiries are useful, but they are only secondary and subordinate: it is the bane of sound instruction to consider them in themselves as objects of knowledge. History so treated, substitutes the illuminated miniature of a manuscript, with its bright colors and false perspective, for a real view of the state of society. How has the study of classical antiquity been rendered beneficial to the intellect! It is because the history and philosophy and literature of Greece and Rome have been rendered ethical; because they have been pursued for the purpose of distinguishing between the transitory forms which they assume, and the principles of permanent application and utility which they include. To the Christian teachers of the middle ages we deny the honor and worship which we lavish upon the wise amongst the heathen. In place of seeking the highest utility, we play with the eccentricities and peculiarities which amuse us from their novelty or singularity, which minister to intellectual frivolity, which gratify the ear or the eye—the baubles supplying the subject of a melodrame or the drawing for an album, the arrangement of a tableau, the poetry of an annual, or the frippery of a fancy-ball.

Very important are these doctrinal works in explaining how the comparative paucity of copies of the Holy Scriptures influenced, and, paradoxical as it may appear, promoted, their study during the middle ages. Until about the twelfth century, the productions of the inspired writers were not commonly found otherwise than in separate manuscripts, as is the case in the East at the present day. "So scarce are the copies," is the remark

of a recent traveller, "that I have not found but a single Nestorian, and that was the patriarch, who possessed an entire Bible; even that was in half-a-dozen volumes. One man has the Gospels, another the Epistles, and so on."* It was, therefore, only with much trouble and expense that a complete set of the detached pieces of Holy Writ could be formed. The donor of the Book of Kings or the Book of Chronicles is recorded as a benefactor in the annals of the monastery. Few libraries before the Hildebrandian era—the great era of revival—possessed Law and Prophets, and historical and poetical books, and Gospels, and Acts, and Epistles, and Apocalypse, transcribed uniformly in the one volume which we call the Bible—a term unknown till about the thirteenth century, such a volume being previously designated as the *Bibliotheca*, or the *Pandects*. The scarcity of a complete textual copy of the entire Scriptures—the deep feeling of their inestimable value—the exertions bestowed by monks and clergy for their diffusion—all appear from a remarkable anecdote in the life of St. Ceolfrid (ob. 716.) This holy man, the abbot of Wearmouth and Jarrow, caused three *Pandects* to be copied. Two were placed in his monastery, in order that the whole body of Scriptures might be conveniently ready and at hand for consultation or perusal in any particular chapter; the third he himself conveyed to Rome, and presented to St. Peter's: thus proving equally the value of the volume and the diligence of the Anglo-Saxon Church—Northumbria, so lately a pagan realm, aiding by her industry and learning the capital of the Christian world.

New generations arose; time advanced; the patient industry of the inmates of the Scriptorium multiplied the copies of Holy Writ, until the wider diffusion of Scripture was permitted by a process—art, it cannot be called—so easy, so familiar, so long known, that the concealment of the printing-press from mankind until these our latter ages, is one of the most remarkable instances, revealing to us the constant control exercised over human intellect by the Power from whom it flows. In the mean while, and until printing was thus called into operation, the whole course of religious instruction consisted in a constant endeavor to imbue the learned clergy, and the unlettered laity, with the knowledge of the Word of God. Hence, for the clergy, the formation of the Concordance, binding, as it were, the Holy Scriptures into one whole, and rendering the inspired writers their own commentators; and it was in the "darkness" of the thirteenth century, that, by Hugo de Sancto Caro, this great and laborious work was performed. Hence, for the laity, the common use of pictures. Objectionable as such a mode of instruction may become, it was then beneficially employed, as the means of realizing an historical knowledge of Holy Writ. How few amongst us identify, in our own

* Grant on the Nestorians, p. 67.

minds, the personality of the individuals, and the actual occurrence of the events, mentioned or recorded in sacred history! How rarely do we strengthen ourselves in the conviction that the Deluge is as real an event as the fire of London! Historical belief and doctrinal belief are inseparably combined: take either away, the other fails. Reject the historical event, and you destroy the sacrament which it typifies. Even the mystery or stage-play, in which the events of Scripture were dramatized, was beneficial. In certain states of society, there is scarcely any sense of the ridiculous. The rude dramas which amuse the half-scoffing antiquary, conveyed sound instruction to the wondering multitude. The more the volumes of the Holy Scriptures were scarce, the more was Scripture knowledge valued. Scriptural knowledge acquired activity from its concentration. The narrowness of the stream added to the force of the current; what was lost in breadth was gained in intensity. Scripture was forced upon the reader, upon the hearer, upon the monk in his cell, upon the crowd assembled round the cross. Consult the mediæval sermons and homilies: what are they but continuous lectures upon the Holy Scriptures! The Song of Songs alone furnishes *eighty-six* sermons to St. Bernard, of singular excellence. Their treatises of divinity, properly so called (for the scholastic dialectics belong to a different class) overflow with scriptural knowledge; and generally may be designated as Scripture extracts connected by ample glosses and expositions. Above all, was the Bible brought home to the people by the constant appeal to Holy Writ—in discourse or in argument, in theory or in practice, for support or example—connecting it with all the affairs of human life. The Scriptures entered as an element of all learning, of all literature, of jurisprudence, and of all knowledge. Theology was honored as the queen of science. The opening speeches to Parliament were scriptural discourses; and this circumstance has been alluded to with ridicule, by the very writers who most strongly condemn the middle ages for their neglect and concealment of Holy Writ. Every theory, every investigation, was based and founded upon Scripture; for, in the memorable words of the venerable Primate of our Church, mankind truly and practically acknowledged the all-important duty of “approaching the oracles of Divine truth with that humble docility, and that prostration of the understanding and the will, which are indispensable to Christian instruction.”* Can we say that the far greater diffusion of scriptural knowledge in our times produces that vital result? Do we, like them, obey the whole tenor of the volume, which teaches us the duty of bringing intellect into continual subjection to revelation? Considered merely as a book, none was perused

with greater delight—no poem had so great a hold upon the imagination. The Bible, in all its variety, was presented to them, not as a huge bundle of texts, but as one wonderful epic beginning before time—ending in eternity.

It would require years—years well employed—to investigate the literature of mediæval divinity. Even the most moderate tincture is sufficient to correct the amazing misrepresentations which have been propagated respecting the religious morality of the middle ages; and, with respect to Hume's wholesale falsities, take the following passage:—

“However little versed in the Scriptures, they [the ecclesiastics] had been able to discover that, under the Jewish law, a tenth of all the produce of land was conferred on the priesthood; and forgetting, what they themselves taught, that the moral part only of that law was obligatory on Christians, they insisted that this donation conveyed a perpetual property, inherent, by divine right, in those who officiated at the altar. *During some centuries, the whole scope of sermons and homilies was directed to this purpose:* and one would have imagined, from the general tenor of these discourses, that all the practical parts of Christianity were comprised in the exact and faithful payments of tithes to the clergy.”

Such are the accusations preferred by the philosopher, who, denying the miracles of the Gospel, confessed that he had never read through the New Testament. Of the knowledge possessed by the clergy, whom the sneering enemy of revelation represents as “little versed in Scripture,” we have already spoken. With respect to the accusation which charges *the entire body of Christian teachers* with the foul and deliberate perversion of the whole scope of their teaching, for the purpose of ministering to their own sordid avarice, it is not merely an untruth, but an untruth destitute even of a pretence by which it could be suggested. In no one of the sermons or homilies of Bede, Ælfric, Gregory, Anselm, Bernard, Gerson, or Thomas à Kempis, (names amongst the most important of the ministers of the Gospel during the middle ages,) or in the treatise of Alan de Lisle, destined for the instruction of the extempore preacher, is there a *single passage* by which the payment of ecclesiastical alms or tithes is recommended, enforced, or enjoined. Nor do we believe that, if the whole body of mediæval divinity, printed or manuscript, were ransacked, any evidence could be found by which the calumny could be in the slightest degree sustained. The historian would not have dared to broach the falsity, had he not been able to rely upon an ignorance amongst his readers, to which his own impudence could be the only parallel.

As history unfolds, and each successive personage is put upon his trial before Hume, he very carefully examines into character. Can it be shown that king or statesman has reviled the Word of God, oppressed the priesthood, robbed the church—then the judge charges the jury to take the evidence of good character into consideration. If, on the contrary, witnesses come for-

* Charge delivered to the Clergy of London, at the Primary Visitation, 1814, by William, Lord Bishop of London.

ward, showing that the culprit has been guilty of Christianity—then, in passing sentence, this previous conviction calls for aggravation of punishment. We have thus, in all Hume's delineations of character—delineations far more frequently displaying the common-place contrasts of a theme, than the skill of a philosophical inquirer—a constant source of falsification. "Rufus," says Hume, "was a violent and tyrannical prince, a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbor, an unkind and ungenerous relation, and was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of his treasury. If he possessed abilities, he lay so much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration." Yet Hume lets him off with many a good word. His open profaneness is excused, as the result of "sharp wit;" and, with great kindness and consideration, he warns us, that we must be "cautious of admitting *every* thing related by the monkish historians to the disadvantage of this prince;" he, Hume, having already admitted and enlarged upon every fact related by the monkish historians, which shows his profligate and reckless tyranny.

Because Henry I. persecuted Archbishop Anselm, he receives Hume's high praise for his "prudence and moderation of temper;" the proofs of these good qualities being, *e. g.*, his cutting off the noses of his grandchildren, the offspring of his illegitimate daughter Juliana, and plucking out the eyes of Lucas de la Barre.

Whenever it is possible, by misrepresentation, or by concealment, or by sophistry, to calumniate any individual exercising religious functions, or to depreciate any one in whose character religion forms an element, or to carp at any action grounded upon religion, Hume never fails to improve the opportunity. We have thus a perpetual source of falsification in the biographies of the leading personages. Ecclesiastics were compelled, from their situation, to take a prominent part in the business of the world; they were statesmen, politicians; now the leaders of opposition, now the prime ministers of the sovereign. Whether it was expedient that the members of the hierarchy should be called upon thus to mix in secular affairs, whether it were a privilege or a burthen, or a temptation, are questions which we shall not discuss. But this constant unfairness ruins the mere historical narrative.

Take, for example, Lanfranc. "Lanfranc was a Milanese monk." Lanfranc was *not* a Milanese monk; he was born in an independent and hostile state, the city of Pavia. Hume, turning to Guthrie's Grammar, and finding that Pavia was included in the Duchy of Milan, supposed that it was equally so in the eleventh century. Moreover, though Lanfranc was a monk, he did not become so till long after he had crossed the Alps, when he professed in the rising monastery of Bec Hellouin: afterwards he became abbot of Caen, whence he was translated to Canterbury. "This prelate was

rigid in defending the prerogatives of his station; and, after a long process before the Pope, he obliged Thomas, a Norman monk, who had been appointed to the see of York, to acknowledge the primacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Where ambition can be so happy as to cover his enterprises, even to the person himself, under the appearance of principle, it is the most incurable and inflexible of human passions," &c.—True enough, but the maxim, ingeniously hitched in between the account of Lanfranc's contest and a falsified statement of his zeal for the papacy, does not apply to either. Whether Canterbury or York should possess the primacy was a mixed question of legal right and constitutional privilege. The primacy had been long disputed, upon grounds as strictly technical as those which give an individual a right to an estate. York acted with considerable pertinacity. Some of the earlier evidences were ambiguous. Adverse possession might, in some cases, be surmised; the suit was to be decided, therefore, by the construction of legal instruments and by evidence. Archbishop Lanfranc brought his suit against Archbishop Thomas, in the same manner as two peers might have contested the possession of a barony in Parliament. Moreover, the claim was one which Lanfranc could not surrender. Had he yielded, he would have sacrificed the rights of his successors, the liberties of the English people. As primate, he was the first member of the Great Council of the realm. Through the Archbishop, upon each coronation, the compact was concluded between the sovereign and the subject. Furthermore, Lanfranc's success established the principle, that whatever rights had legally subsisted before the Conquest, were to be preserved and maintained, unaffected by the accession of the new dynasty. Lanfranc, maintaining the rights of his see, protected all his successors—all his order. It is they who, at the present time, are still reaping the benefit: it was their battles which Lanfranc fought. The decision given in Lanfranc's case governed all similar cases; and, followed by the resistance of his successor Anselm to the spoliation and oppressions of Rufus and Beauclerk, protected the rights of every diocese and diocesan, every dean and deanery, every parish priest and parish throughout the kingdom. Every churchman in England holds his preferment as the heir of Lanfranc and of Anselm.

Hume accuses Lanfranc of "zeal in promoting the interests of the papacy, by which he himself augmented his own authority." But the fact is, that Lanfranc in no manner augmented his authority through the Papacy; and his conduct contributed greatly to keep the Church of England in that state of isolation from the other portions of the Western Church, which so remarkably characterizes the Conqueror's reign. William, who had been willing enough to support his claims by the sanction of Alexander II., presented a firm front to Hildebrand. "No Pope shall be acknowledged

in England without my assent," was the declaration of the Conqueror. Lanfranc, the "Milanese monk," acted so completely in conformity to this declaration, as to lead to the supposition that he obeyed a course which he himself had advised. The "process" before the Pope went off without effect. The contest between him and the Archbishop of York was decided as if it were entirely a civil question, by the King and the Great Council or Parliament—and not by papal authority, as Hume leads his readers to suppose. When Guibert of Ravenna was appointed to the papacy by the Emperor, Lanfranc maintained an armed neutrality. He refused to acknowledge Clement III., and did *not* send his adhesion to Gregory VII. Had Lanfranc's successors adopted the same course, England would have been lost to Rome. Yet all these important facts are concealed by Hume, in order to establish a charge of "zeal for the papacy." Hume's notice of Lanfranc's learning is confined to a silly sneer: "he wrote a defence of the real presence against Berengarius; and in those ages of stupidity and ignorance he was greatly applauded for that performance." Lanfranc's treatise possesses singular dialectic acuteness and dexterity. Without being in the least convinced by his arguments, we may fully admire his skill. Lanfranc contended for doctrines which he conceived he was bound to support: he appealed to public opinion, and by argument gained the victory.

But Lanfranc's fame had been long since established; it did not depend upon his polemic discussions. Lanfranc led the intellectual movement of his age: Lanfranc was acknowledged to be the great teacher of Latin Christendom. Hume remarks, that "knowledge and liberal education were somewhat more common in the southern countries." But the seat of liberal education was more truly in the North. From the remotest parts, not only of Latin or Western Europe, but even of Greece, students of all classes and ages resorted to Bec Hellouin, as to another Athens. Removed from his university, for such his humble monastery had become, to Caen, and thence exalted to the primacy of England, his pastoral duties compelled a new application of his literary labors. He entered a less ambitious, but not less useful career. Lanfranc now employed himself upon his edition of the Holy Scriptures. The texts of the biblical books had been miserably corrupted by the ignorance of the later Anglo-Saxon transcribers, one of the many results of the calamitous invasion of the Danes, which no exertion had been able wholly to remove. Much of this correction was effected by Lanfranc's own application and learning: manuscripts, with his autograph corrections, existed in France previous to the Revolution; others may perhaps lurk in our libraries. But he also provided, as far as he could, for futurity—by training up many disciples for the same important task. Of Lanfranc's character and influence as prime

minister, Hume says absolutely nothing. Lanfranc's letters or despatches, to which the historian never makes a single reference, display his vigilance and his charity. Whilst defending the power of his sovereign he became a father to the English. He rejoiced to adopt the name of Englishman. Rufus was educated by Lanfranc. One of the most remarkable proofs of the archbishop's intellectual power, and of the good use to which he turned that power, was that, so long as he lived, the wickedness and tyranny of his pupil were entirely restrained. Hence Lanfranc's death was lamented as the greatest calamity which England could sustain. Of all these characteristics, not a word is to be found in Hume. Concerning all these practical effects of good sense, and learning, and talent, and piety, exhibited in the most distinguished character of the early Anglo-Norman era, the historian of England is entirely silent.

Bentham amused himself, and his readers also, by proposing that criminals should be exhibited to public contempt, with masks emblematical of the bad passions which seduced them to crime. Hume, as a writer, has anticipated the utilitarian jurist. He has two sets of such masks, in which he usually exposes his churchmen to scorn and contempt: the wolf-mask, and the fox-mask. Gregory the Great is shown up as wolf: the unwearied and successful labors of the pontiff for the conversion of the English, arise simply from raving, craving ambition. Augustine, the apostle of the English, wears the fox-mask: his mission is a consistent and successful course of hypocrisy. Whenever religion can be laid to the charge of any individual, conclude him, says Hume, to be either knave or fool: consider it as an incontrovertible principle, "that a general presumption lies against either the understanding or the morals, of any one who is dignified with the title of Saint in those ignorant ages."

When victimizing Pope Gregory, or Augustine, or Lanfranc, Hume knew he was on the safe side, and that his readers would go with him; but what, if, by a strange contingency, some individual thoroughly besotted and perverted by faith, should happen to be a popular favorite? Now it does so happen that Hume, by the pressure from without, feels himself under the awkward and imperative obligation of joining in the homage universally rendered to an individual, holding a proud and eminent station in English history, but of whom it must be most truly said that "superstition" was the ruling passion. The materials for the biography of this bigot are peculiarly ample. Not merely do the contemporary historians abound with minute details of his life and actions, but we possess also his own declarations of his sentiments, for he happens to have been an author, as well as a patron of literature. Moreover, as a royal author, he speaks in the public documents dictated by his own heart and mind. From these materials, so unusually trustworthy and abundant, and which

form the sources of this sovereign's history, we can collect that he "received every word uttered by the clergy as the most sacred oracles," and "admitted all their pretensions to superior sanctity." "Stupidly debased," he was "wholly given up to an abject and illiberal devotion." In every trial, every emergency, this "weak and superstitious prince trusted to supernatural assistance:" "his whole mind was sunk into the lowest submission and abasement, and devoted to the monkish virtues of mortification, penance, and humility." If there was any individual in whom, more than another, all the miserable absurdity of superstition is thus exemplified, it is in this prince. Yet, in spite of all this ignorance and folly, it was needful that Hume, if he wished to preserve the favor of his readers, should represent him—and it is *Alfred* of whom we are speaking—as "the model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a *sage or wise man*, philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination than in hopes of ever seeing it really existing;" and as "the wisest and best prince that had ever adorned the annals of any nation."

What, therefore, was to be done in this dilemma! how was Alfred to be rendered such a *sage*, such a *wise man*, as the philosopher could applaud! The process was quite easy. In Hume's very elaborate life of Alfred, which occupies one fourth of the "History of England," up to that period, he has *concealed every passage, every fact, every incident, every transaction, displaying that active belief in Christianity, which governed the whole tenor and course of Alfred's life*. The sedulous care which Hume has bestowed, in obscuring and deleting the memorials of Alfred's Christianity, may be judged of by the three following specimens:—

"He usually divided his time into three portions; one was employed in sleep and the refec-tion of his body by diet and exercise; another, in the dispatch of business; a third, in study and devotion . . . and by such a regular distribution of his time, though he often labored under great bodily infirmities, this martial hero, who fought in person fifty-six battles by sea and land, was able, during a life of no extraordinary length, to acquire more knowledge, and even to compose more books, than most studious men, though blessed with the greatest labor and application, have in more fortunate ages, made the object of their uninterrupted industry."

Without containing anything which is absolutely false, the above passages contain nothing which is true. Alfred's mind and exertions, according to the impression produced by Hume, were all but wholly engrossed by his temporal concerns: the regular distribution of his time was solely intended to enable him to combine the character of an active warrior and a vigilant sovereign with that of a literary student. Whereas the whole end and intent of Alfred's course of life, of

which *one half* was given to God, was to combine the active duties of a sovereign with the strict devotion of a recluse; to keep his heart out of the world, in which he was compelled, by God's appointment, to converse—to bear the crown as his cross; so that the performance of his duties towards God might not be rendered a temptation for shrinking from those labors and responsibilities which God had imposed.

"Alfred set apart a *seventh* portion of his own revenue for maintaining a number of workmen, whom he constantly employed in rebuilding the *ruined cities, castles, palaces, and monasteries*. Even the elegancies of life were brought to him from the Mediterranean and the Indies; and his subjects, by seeing those productions of the peaceful arts, were taught to respect the virtues of justice and industry, from which alone they could arise."

Who, in this narrative, could discover that Alfred set apart *one half* of his entire revenue for pious purposes, in order that, so far as his station admitted, he might fulfil the obligation of poverty!*

* Stinted as we are for space, we cannot, as we should wish, bring before the reader the passages from the original writers, which would show how entirely all trustworthiness must be denied to Hume. In the following extracts, relating to the employment of Alfred's revenues, besides suppressing the application of one half to religious purposes, he has falsified the portion relating to the expenditure upon the workmen. Asser says nothing whatever of monasteries in his account of the appropriation of the building-third of the secular portion of Alfred's revenue, (being *one sixth* of the whole revenue, and not *one seventh*.) This sixth was employed upon secular buildings, probably fortresses or bridges, or other public works; but as Hume might apprehend that some of his readers would recollect Alfred did found *two* monasteries of great celebrity, and repair many others, he has artfully introduced them as an incidental item in the general estimates of the expenditure.

"His ita definitis, solito suo more, intra semetipsum cogitabat, quid adhuc addere potuisset, quod plus placeret ad piam meditationem; non inaniter incepta, utiliter inventa, utilius servata est: nam jamdudum in lege scriptum audierat, Dominum decimam sibi multipliciter redditurum promississe; atque fideliter servasse, decimamque sibi multipliciter redditurum fuisse. Hoc exemplo instigatus, et antecessorum morem volens transcendere, *dimidiam servitii sui partem*, diurni scilicet, et nocturni temporis; nec non etiam *dimidiam partem omnium* divitiarum, quæ annualiter ad eum cum justitia moderanter acquisitæ pervenire consueverant, Deo devote et fideliter toto cordis affectu, pium meditator se daturum spopondit; quod et quantum potest humana discretio discernere et servare, subtiliter ac sapienter adimplere studuit. Sed ut solito suo more cautus evitaret, quod in alio divine Scripturæ loco cautum est; si recte offeras, recte autem non divides, peccas: quod Deo libenter deoverat, quo modo recte dividere posset, cogitavit: et, ut dixit Salomon, Cor regis in manu Domini, id est, consilium; consilio divinitus invento omnium unius cujusque anni censuum successum bifarie, primum ministros suos dividere æqua lance imperavit."

A very interesting account of the application of the first third of the half amongst his soldiery and household being given, the coeval historian proceeds:—

"Talibus itaque primam de tribus prædictis partibus partem, unicuique tamen secundum propriam dignitatem, et etiam secundum proprium ministerium largiebatur: secundam autem *operatoribus*, quos ex multis gentibus

"Sensible that the people at all times, especially when their understandings are obstructed by ignorance and bad education, are not much susceptible of speculative instruction, Alfred endeavored to convey his morality by apologues, parables, stories, apophthegms, couched in poetry; and besides propagating amongst his subjects former compositions of that kind which he found in the Saxon tongue, he exercised his genius in inventing works of like nature, as well as in translating from the Greek the elegant fables of Æsop. He also gave Saxon translations of Orosius and Bede's histories; and of Boethius concerning the Consolations of Philosophy."

In this enumeration of the works produced by Alfred, or under his direction, Hume, extracting from Spelman's Life, in which the catalogue is complete, quietly leaves out all such as are contaminated by Christianity. All Alfred's translations of the Pastoral of St. Gregory—the Dialogues of the same Pope—the Soliloquies of St. Augustine—the Psalms—several other portions of the Bible—and his "Hand-Book"—(selections from the Scriptures, with commentaries and reflections,) constantly borne about him—and to which he added at every interval of leisure, even in the midst of his secular employments. The whole object of Alfred's instruction was intended for the diffusion, not of literature in its modern sense, but of such portions of human knowledge as might be rendered subservient to Faith. Hume, by repainting Alfred's portrait in coarse and gaudy colors, has thus daubed out all the characteristics of Alfred's individuality—his religious foundations, his devotional charity—his labors for the diffusion of the Scriptures—his constant seeking comfort and support from divine truth—his bodily penances and mortifications—and, above all, that, as king and legislator, Alfred entirely based his laws upon the Bible, declaring to his people that immutable truth

collectos et comparatos propemodum innumerabiles habebat in omni terreno ædificio edoctos; tertiam autem ejusdem partem advenis ex omni gente ad eum advenientibus, longe propeque positis, et pecuniam ab illo exigentibus, etiam ad non exigentibus, unicuique secundum propriam dignitatem mirabili dispensatione laudabiliter, et (sicut scriptum est, Hilarem datorem diligit Deus) hilariter impendebat.

"Secundam vero partem omnium divitiarum suarum, quæ annualiter ad eum ex omni censu perveniebant, et in fisco reputabantur (sicut jam paulo ante commemoravimus) plena voluntate Deo devovit, et in quatuor partibus etiam curiose suos ministros illam dividere imperavit; ea conditione, ut prima pars illius divisionis pauperibus uniuscujusque gentis, qui ad eum veniebant, discretissime erogaretur: memorabat etiam in hoc, quantum humana discretio custodire poterat, illius sancti Papæ Gregorii observandam esse sententiam, qua discretam mentionem dividendæ elemosinæ ita dicens agebat: Nec parvum cui multum: nec multum cui parvum: nec nihil cui aliquid, nec aliquid cui nihil. Secundam autem duobus monasteriis, quæ ipse fieri imperaverat, et servientibus in his Deo (de quibus paulo ante latius disseruimus) tertiam scholæ (Oxford University?) quam ex multis sue propriæ gentis nobilissimis studiosissimisque congregaverat; quartam circum finitimis in omni Saxonia et Mercia monasteriis, et etiam quibusdam annis per vices in Britannia et Cornubia, Gallia, Armorica, Northymbria, et aliquando etiam in Hybernia, ecclesiis et servis Dei inhabitantibus, secundum possibilitatem suam aut ante distribuit, aut sequenti tempore erogare proposuit, vita sibi et prosperitate salva."—*Asser*, 64—67.

which no other king or legislator has been sufficiently enlightened to proclaim, that if they obeyed the precepts of Almighty God, no other law would be required. Read Alfred's character as it is presented by Hume to the reader, particularly to the youthful reader, and the "sovereign, the warrior, the politician, and the patron of literature" becomes the counterpart of Frederick of Prussia, whose epithet of "the Great" is the very curse of the kingdom over which he ruled.

Yet one proof more must be given of Hume's falsification of history, resulting from his inveterate hostility against religion. Relating not to the "dark ages," but to a period near and familiar, it will best enable the readers of Hume to comprehend and abhor the deceptions practised upon them by their philosopher and guide. As the moral fraud—for to call it a literary fraud would be far too lenient a designation—which he has perpetrated in his narrative of the death of Charles I., possesses singular interest, and has been wholly unnoticed and undetected, we shall lay the evidence before our readers as fully as the limits of this publication will admit, in order that they may judge for themselves.

Hume quotes, as his groundwork, Herbert's "Memoirs," which he consulted carefully; the copy he used being in the Advocates' library, and containing his pencil-marks; and Walker's "History of Independency."—But he does not quote Lloyd's "History," Whitelocke's "Memorials," and Warwick's "Memoirs," from whence he derived the most important passages relating to the king's interview with his children and his conduct upon the scaffold, including his dying speech; and we cannot think that this suppression of references is the result of accident. We give the whole of Hume's narrative in continuity; and request our readers will take the trouble to read it attentively, and then to read the authorities, to which we have made references in Hume's text, with equal attention. From the latter we have extracted all the most important passages.

HUME'S NARRATIVE.

(I.)—"Three days were allowed the king between his sentence and his execution. This interval he passed with great tranquillity, chiefly in reading and devotion.

(II.)—"All his family that remained in England were allowed access to him. It consisted only of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester; for the Duke of York had made his escape. Gloucester was little more than an infant: the princess, notwithstanding her tender years, showed an advanced judgment; and the calamities of her family had made a deep impression upon her. After many pious consolations and advices, the king gave her in charge to tell the queen, that, during the whole course of his life, he had never once, even in thought, failed in his fidelity towards her; and that his conjugal tenderness and his life should have an equal duration.

(III. IV.)—"To the young duke, too, he could not forbear giving some advice, in order to season

his mind with early principles of loyalty and obedience towards his brother, who was so soon to be his sovereign. Holding him on his knee, he said, 'Now they will cut off thy father's head.' At these words the child looked very steadfastly upon him. 'Mark, child! what I say: they will cut off my head! and perhaps make thee a king: but mark what I say, thou must not be a king, as long as thy brothers Charles and James are alive. They will cut off thy brothers' heads when they can catch them! and thy head too they will cut off at last! therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them!' The duke, sighing, replied, 'I will be torn in pieces first!' So determined an answer from one of such tender years, filled the king's eyes with tears of joy and admiration.

(V. VI.)—"Every night, during this interval, the king slept sound as usual; though the noise of workmen, employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for his execution, continually resounded in his ears. The morning of the fatal day (30th Jan.) he rose early; and calling Herbert, one of his attendants, he bade him employ more than usual care in dressing him, and preparing him for so great and joyful a solemnity. Bishop Juxon, a man endowed with the same mild and steady virtues by which the king himself was so much distinguished, assisted him in his devotions, and paid the last melancholy duties to his friend and sovereign.

(VII. VIII.)—"The street before Whitehall was the place destined for the execution: for it was intended, by choosing that very place, in sight of his own palace, to display more evidently the triumph of popular justice over royal majesty. When the king came upon the scaffold, he found it so surrounded with soldiers that he could not expect to be heard by any of the people: he addressed, therefore, his discourse to the few persons who were about him; particularly Colonel Tomlinson, to whose care he had lately been committed, and upon whom, as upon many others, his amiable deportment had wrought an entire conversion. He justified his own innocence in the late fatal wars, and observed that he had not taken arms till after the Parliament had enlisted forces; nor had he any other object in his warlike operations than to preserve that authority entire, which his predecessors had transmitted to him. He threw not, however, the blame upon the Parliament; but was more inclined to think that ill instruments had interposed, and raised in them fears and jealousies with regard to his intentions. Though innocent towards his people, he acknowledged the equity of his execution in the eyes of his Maker; and observed, that an unjust sentence, which he had suffered to take effect, was now punished by an unjust sentence upon himself. He forgave all his enemies, even the chief instruments of his death; but exhorted them and the whole nation to return to the ways of peace, by paying obedience to their lawful sovereign, his son and successor. When he was preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon called to him, 'There is, Sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven: and there you shall find, to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory.'—'I go,' replied the king, 'from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place.' At

one blow was his head severed from his body. A man in a vizor performed the office of executioner: another, in a like disguise, held up to the spectators the head streaming with blood, and cried aloud, *This is the head of a traitor!*"

HUME'S AUTHORITIES.

(I.) "The king, at the rising of the Court, was with a guard of halberdiers returned to White-hall in a close chair, through King-street, both sides whereof had a guard of foot-soldiers, who were silent as his Majesty pass'd. But shop-stalls and windows were full of people, many of which shed tears, and some of them with audible voices pray'd for the king, who through the privy-garden was carried to his bed-chamber; whence, after two hours space, he was removed to St. James's. * *

"The king now bidding farewell to the world, his whole business was a serious preparation for death, which opens the door unto eternity; in order thereunto, he laid aside all other thoughts, and spent the remainder of his time in prayer and other pious exercises of devotion, and in conference with that meek and learned Bishop Dr. Juxon, who, under God, was a great support to him in that his afflicted condition; and resolving to sequester himself so, as he might have no disturbance to his mind, nor interruption to his meditations, he order'd Mr. Herbert to excuse it to any that might have the desire to visit him. * *

"At this time also came to St. James's Mr. Calamy, Mr. Vines, Mr. Carryl, Mr. Dell, and some other London-Ministers, who presented their duty to the king, with their humble desires to pray with him, and perform other offices of service, if his Majesty pleas'd to accept of 'em. The king return'd them thanks for their love to his soul, hoping that they, and all other his good subjects, would, in their addresses to God, be mindful of him. But in regard he had made choice of Dr. Juxon (whom for many years he had known to be a pious and learned divine, and able to administer ghostly comfort to his soul, suitable to his present condition) he would have none other. These Ministers were no sooner gone, but Mr. John Goodwyn (Minister in Coleman-street) came likewise upon the same account, to tender his service, which the king also thank'd him for, and dismiss'd him with the like friendly answer. * *

"That evening, Mr. Seamour (a gentleman then attending the Prince of Wales in his bed-chamber) by Colonel Hacker's permission, came to his Majesty's bed-chamber door, desiring to speak with the King from the Prince of Wales; being admitted, he presented his Majesty with a letter from his Highness the Prince of Wales, bearing date from the Hague the 23d day of January -48. (Old Style.) Mr. Seamour, at his entrance, fell into a passion, having formerly seen his Majesty in a glorious state, and now in a dolorous; and having kiss'd the king's hand, clasp'd about his legs, lamentably mourning. Hacker came in with the gentleman and was abash'd. But so soon as his Majesty had read his son's sorrowing letter, and heard what his servant had to say, and imparted to him what his Majesty thought fit in return, the Prince's servant took his leave and was no sooner gone but the king went to his devotion, Dr. Juxon praying with him, and reading some select chapters out of sacred Scripture."—Herbert, p. 117.

(II.) "Morning being come, the Bishop was

early with the king, and *after prayers* his Majesty broke the seals open, and shew'd them what was contain'd in it; there were diamonds and jewels, most part broken Georges and Garters. You see (said he) all the wealth now in my power to give my two children. Next day Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke of Gloucester, her brother, came to take their sad farewell of the king their father, and to ask his blessing. This was the 29th of Jan. The princess being the elder, was the most sensible of her royal father's condition, as appear'd by her sorrowful look and excessive weeping; and her little brother seeing his sister weep, he took the like impression, though, by reason of his tender age, he could not have the like apprehension. The king rais'd them both from off their knees; he kiss'd them, *gave them his blessing*, and setting them on his knees, admonish'd them concerning their duty and loyal observance to the queen their mother, the prince that was his successor, love to the Duke of York, and his other relations. The king then gave them all his jewels, save the George he wore, which was cut in an onyx with great curiosity, and set about with 21 fair diamonds, and the reverse set with the like number; and again kissing his children, had such pretty and pertinent answers from them both, as drew tears of joy and love from his eyes; and then *praying God Almighty to bless 'em*, he turned about, expressing a tender and fatherly affection. Most sorrowful was this parting, the young princess shedding tears and crying lamentably, so as mov'd others to pity, that formerly were hard-hearted; and at opening the bed-chamber door, the king return'd hastily from the window, and kiss'd 'em and *blessed 'em*; so parted.

"This demonstration of a pious affection exceedingly comforted the king in this his affliction; so that in a grateful return he *went immediately to prayer*, the good bishop and Mr. Herbert being only present."—*Herbert*, p. 125.

(III.) "His (the king's) last words being taken in writing, and communicated to the world by the Lady Elizabeth his daughter, a lady of most eminent endowments, who, though born to the supreme fortune, yet lived in continual tears, and died confined at Carisbrook (whither her father was cheated) in the Isle of Wight—are to this effect:—

"A True Relation of the King's Speech to the Lady Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, the Day before his Death.

"His children being come to meet him, he first gave his blessing to the Lady Elizabeth, and bad her remember to tell her brother James, whenever she should see him, that it was his father's last desire that he should no more look upon Charles as his eldest brother only, but be obedient unto him as his sovereign, and that they should love one another and forgive their father's enemies. Then said the king to her, 'Sweet-heart, you'll forget this.' 'No,' said she, 'I shall never forget it whilst I live;' and pouring forth abundance of tears, promised him to write down the particulars. Then the king, taking the Duke of Gloucester upon his knee, said, 'Sweet-heart, now they will cut off thy father's head;' upon which words the child looked very steadfastly at him, 'Mark, child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but mark what I say, you must not be a king, so long as your brothers do live, for they will cut off your brothers' heads, when they

can catch them, and cut off thy head too at last, and therefore I charge you do not be made a king by them.' At which the child sighing, said, 'I will be torn in pieces first;' which falling so unexpectedly from one so young, it made the king rejoice exceedingly."

"Another Relation from the Lady Elizabeth's own Hand.

"What the king said to me, Jan. 29th, 1648, being the last time I had the happiness to see him: He told me, he was glad I was come; and although he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he had to say to me, which he had not to another, or leave in writing, because he feared their cruelty was such as that they would not have permitted him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him, for that it would be a glorious death that he should dye, it being for the laws and liberties of this land, and for maintaining the true Protestant Religion. He bid me read 'Bishop Andrews' Sermons,' 'Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity,' and 'Bishop Laud's Book against Fisher' which would ground me against Popery. He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also, and commanded us and all the rest of my brothers and sisters to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. Withal he commanded me and my brother to be obedient to her, and bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendation to all his friends. So after he had given me his blessing I took my leave.

"Further, he commanded us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them, for they had been most false to him and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls; and desired me not to grieve for him, for he should dye a Martyr, and that he doubted not but the Lord would settle his throne upon his son, and that we should be all happier than we could have expected to have been, if he had lived; with many other things, which at present I cannot remember.

"(Signed) ELIZABETH."

—*Lloyd's Life of Charles I.*, 215.

(IV.) "That day the Bishop of London, after prayers, preached before the king: his text was the second chapter of the Romans, and sixteenth verse; the words are, 'At that day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ,' &c., inferring from thence, that although God's judgments be for some deferred, he will nevertheless proceed to a strict examination of what is both said and done by every man; yea, the most hidden thoughts and imaginations of men will most certainly be made to appear at the day of judgment, when the Lord Jesus Christ shall be upon his high tribunal; all designs, tho' conceal'd in this life, shall then be plainly discover'd; he then proceeded to the present sad occasion, and after that, administered the Sacrament. That day the king eat and drank very sparingly, most part of the day being spent in prayer and meditation; it was some hours after night, e'er Dr. Juxon took leave of the king, who willed him to be early with him the next morning.

"After the bishop was gone to his lodging, the king continu'd reading and praying more than two hours after. The king commanded Mr. Herbert to lie by his bed-side upon a pallat, where he took small rest, that being the last night his gracious

sovereign and master enjoy'd; but nevertheless the king for four hours, or thereabouts, slept soundly, and awaking about two hours afore day, he opened his curtain to call Mr. Herbert; there being a great cake of wax set in a silver bason, that then, as at all other times, burned all night; so that he perceiv'd him somewhat disturb'd in sleep; but calling him bad him rise; 'For,' said his Majesty, 'I will get up, having a great work to do this day;' however, he would know why he was so troubled in his sleep! He reply'd, 'May it please your Majesty, I was dreaming.' 'I would know your dream,' said the king; which being told, his Majesty said, 'It was remarkable. Herbert, this is my second marriage-day; I would be as trim to-day as may be; for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus.' He then appointed what cloaths he would wear; 'Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary,' said the king, by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not Death! Death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepar'd.'

"These, or words to this effect, his Majesty spoke to Mr. Herbert, as he was making ready. Soon after came Dr. Juxon, bishop of London, precisely at the time his Majesty the night before had appointed him. Mr. Herbert then falling upon his knees, humbly beg'd his Majesty's pardon, if he had at any time been negligent in his duty, whilst he had the honor to serve him. The king thereupon gave him his hand to kiss, having the day before been graciously pleased, under his royal hand, to give him a certificate expressing that the said Mr. Herbert was not impos'd upon him, but by his Majesty made choice of to attend him in his bed-chamber, and had serv'd him with faithfulness and loyal affection. At the same time his Majesty also deliver'd him his Bible, in the margin whereof he had with his own hand writ many annotations and quotations, and charged him to give it the Prince so soon as he returned; repeating what he had enjoy'd the Princess Elizabeth, his daughter, that he would be dutiful and indulgent to the queen his mother, (to whom his Majesty writ two days before by Mr. Seymour,) affectionate to his brothers and sisters, who also were to be observant and dutiful to him their sovereign; and for as much as from his heart he had forgiven his enemies, and in perfect charity with all men would leave the world, he had advised the prince his son to exceed in mercy, not in rigor; and, as to episcopacy, it was still his opinion, that it is of Apostolique institution, and in this kingdom exercised from the primitive times, and therein, as in all other his affairs, pray'd God to vouchsafe him, both in reference to Church and State, a pious and a discerning spirit; and that it was his last and earnest request, that he would frequently read the Bible, which in all the time of his affliction had been his best instructor and delight; and to meditate upon what he read; as also such other books as might improve his knowledge. . . .

"He likewise commanded Mr. Herbert to give to the Princess Elizabeth '*Doctor Andrews' Sermons*,' '*Archbishop Laud against Fisher the Jesuit*,' which book (the king said) would ground her against Popery, and '*Mr. Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*.' To the Duke of Gloucester, '*King James's Works*,' and '*Dr. Hammond's Practical Catechism*.'"—Herbert, p. 126.

(V.) "His Majesty then bade him withdraw;

for he was about an hour in private with the bishop; and being call'd in, the bishop went to prayer; and reading also the 27th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, which relateth the Passion of our Blessed Saviour. The king, after the service was done, ask'd the bishop 'If he had made choice of that chapter, being so applicable to his present condition?' The bishop reply'd, 'May it please your Gracious Majesty, it is the proper Lesson for the Day, as appears by the Kalendar;' which the king was much affected with, so aptly serving as a seasonable preparation for his death that day.

"So as his Majesty, abandoning all thoughts of earthly concerns, continu'd in prayer and meditation, and concluded with a cheerful submission to the will and pleasure of the Almighty, saying, 'He was ready to resign himself into the hands of Christ Jesus, being, with the Kingly Prophet, shut up in the hands of his enemies; as is expressed in the 31st Psalm, and the 8th verse.'"—Herbert, p. 132.

(VI.) "The Chapter of the day fell out to be that of the Passion of our Saviour, wherein it was mentioned that they led him away for envy and crucified their king, which he thought had been the bishop's choosing; but when he found it was the Canon of the Rubric, he put off his hat, and said to the bishop, 'God's will be done.'"—Warwick's Memoirs, p. 385.

(VII.) "Upon the king's right hand went the bishop, and Colonel Tomlinson on his left, with whom his Majesty had some discourse by the way; Mr. Herbert was next the king; after him the guards. In this manner went the king through the Park; and coming to the stair, the king passed along the galleries unto his bed-chamber, where, after a little repose, the bishop went to prayer; which being done, his Majesty bid Mr. Herbert bring him some bread and wine, which being brought, the king broke the manchet, and eat a mouthful of it, and drank a small glassful of claret wine, and then was some time in private with the bishop, expecting when Hacker would the third and last time give warning. Mean time his Majesty told Mr. Herbert which satin night-cap he would use, which being provided, and the king at private prayer, Mr. Herbert addressed himself to the bishop, and told him, 'The king had ordered him to have a white satin night-cap ready, but he was not able to endure the sight of that violence they upon the scaffold would offer the king.' The good bishop bid him then give him the cap, and wait at the end of the banquetting-house, near the scaffold, to take care of the king's body; 'for,' said he, 'that, and his interment, will be our last office.'"—Herbert, p. 134.

(VIII.)—"I think it my duty, to God first, and to my country, for to clear myself, both as an honest man, and a good king, and a good Christian. I call God to witness, to whom I must shortly render an account, that I never did intend to encroach upon their privileges. As to the guilt of those enormous crimes which are laid against me, I hope in God that God will clear me of it. God forbid that I should be so ill a Christian as not to say that God's judgments are upon me. For to show you that I am a good Christian, I hope there is a good man,"—pointing to Dr. Juxon,—"that will bear me witness that I have forgiven all the world, and even those who have been the chief causes of my death: who they are God knows, I do not desire to know; I pray God forgive them. I pray God with St. Stephen, that this be not laid to their charge. Sirs, to put you in the right way, believe it, you will never do right, nor

God will never prosper you until you give him his due. You must give God his due by regulating rightly his Church according to his Scripture. A national synod, freely called, freely debating amongst themselves, must do this. I declare before you all that I die a Christian according to the profession of the Church of England as I found it left me by my fathers."—*Whitelock's Memorials*, p. 375.

Has the reader performed our injunction? Has he compared Hume with the original authorities; and will not the comparison convince him, that Hume's narrative, tranquil, clear, and pathetic—unquestionably possessing a very high degree of rhetorical merit—persuasive without the show of argument, solemn without affectation, dignified without grandiloquence, the more impressive from its apparent simplicity—combines every species of untruth: the *suppressio veri*, the *suggestio falsi*, and the fallacy, more efficient, because less susceptible of detection, than either—the artificial light thrown on peculiar incidents, for the purpose of disguising others by comparative shade?

But now we must venture to impose a *second* injunction. In order to test the effect which this wonderful piece of sophistry is intended to produce, read Hume again, compare Hume with Hume, and throw yourself into the mind of a student required by the examination-paper, to "*Give the religious and moral character of Charles I. as exemplified in his death; and state the reasons of your opinion as deduced from the work of Hume.*" Then pause, and decide whether the following answer does not contain the opinions which Hume has taught you to deduce and to form.

Religious and Moral Character of Charles I. as deduced from Hume.

"That the virtue of Charles I. was in some degree tinctured by superstition, cannot be denied; but whilst the elegant historian, whom we deservedly consider as the soundest champion of monarchy, most candidly admits this tendency as the chief defect of the king's character, it is equally evident that the blemish existed only in the smallest degree, so as to be an evanescent quantity, scarcely to be discerned. Possibly nothing more than the doubt, the uncertainty, the suspense of judgment, naturally resulting from our most accurate scrutiny into religion.

"Consider the manner in which Charles passed the three awful days allowed to him between his sentence and his execution. Lay your hand upon your heart, and, after giving the most serious consideration to the natural history of religion, as exemplified in the whole history of the human race, declare whether you can think that the king's conviction approached in any degree to that solid belief and persuasion, which governed him in the common affairs of life. He now avowed by his acts the doubts he entertained; and fully showed, that, whatever assent his outward demeanor may at any previous time have given to the doctrines of superstition, it was an unaccountable operation of the mind between disbelief and conviction,

but approaching much nearer to the former than to the latter. Charles, in the awful hour of death, never betrayed any weakness which a philosopher would despise.

"When dissolution is brought on by the ordinary course of malady or the decay of nature, the last symptoms which the intellect discovers are disorder, weakness, insensibility, and stupidity, the forerunners of the annihilation of the soul; and it is then always most susceptible of religious fictions and chimeras. The griefs and afflictions which Charles had sustained, the horror of a public execution, might have troubled his mind even more than pain or sickness; yet—instead of making any of the preparations suggested by popular credulity, whether nursed by superstition or inflamed by fanaticism, as the means of appeasing an unknown and vindictive being—the main, and, as it should seem, almost the only object which occupied his thoughts, was securing the succession of the throne to his son, by the prerogative right of primogeniture. On the morning of his execution, during his most pathetic interview with his infant children, his mind was wholly engrossed by that object. Young as these infants were, he would, had religious conviction predominated over doubt, have endeavored, at such a solemn moment, to impress on their tender hearts some notions of the faith which has been ascribed to him. No such effort was made by him. Equally removed from superstition and fanaticism, he may have endeavored to comfort them by the usual commonplaces; but he received them without a blessing, and dismissed them forever without a prayer.

"Indeed, there are no incidents in the life of the king that more strongly mark the noble independence of his mind, than the minuter circumstances attending this, the most affecting passage in his history. One of his own chaplains, Hammond, had been remarkable for his diligence in catechising youth, that is to say, instructing them in the nonsense which passed for religion.—Did Charles deem it right to enable his infant boy, the Duke of Gloucester, to obtain any perplexing knowledge of such absurdities? No! Charles wholly discarded it.—The Princess Elizabeth was a child endowed with judgment beyond her years, and capable of appreciating any advice which he might have bestowed, and of understanding the doctrinal works advocating the theological extravagances then so much in vogue. But when any man of sense takes up a volume of divinity, what are the questions which he asks?—Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence? No. Commit it then to the flames, for it contains nothing but sophistry and illusion. So thought Charles, now that intellect asserted her full empire. Of these writers, many were familiarly known to Charles, both through their works and his personal connexion with the men; and he had quoted them with sufficient point, when he could employ their arguments against his political enemies. But what was his conduct now? Did he attempt to strengthen the religious obedience of his child by recommending to her the sophistries of Hooker? No.—Did he teach her to seek consolation in the superstitions of Andrews? No. With philosophical contempt he rejected them all.

"Indeed, many men of sense might think that Charles carried his indifference almost too far, considering the need of conciliating the predomi-

nant opinions of the vulgar. The mere suspicion of being inclined to the Popish superstition had been most calamitous to him; and he was now consigning his children to the care of a mother zealously affected to that superstition, and yet without bestowing the slightest caution against the errors which she might instil into their minds. But it will be answered, Was it to be expected that Charles, with his dying breath, would adopt any course which might diminish the affection of his children towards the wife whom he so tenderly loved, or encourage them to depreciate the parent whom he taught them to respect and honor? Certainly not; but, had he been sincere in his religious convictions—and let it be recollected, that the great lesson to be derived from the contemplation of the death of Charles I. is the absence of any practical influence possessed by religious tenets—he might have afforded the most efficient caution to his children, without expressing the slightest want of confidence in their mother, or even mentioning her name. Amongst the works of Laud is his celebrated reply to Fisher, which all zealots must consider as the most cogent refutation of Popery ever produced; for whilst the crafty archbishop annihilates his antagonist, he never uses any argument which could be employed against the superstition of the Church of England by the fanatics; yet Charles, anxious, no doubt, that his children should be preserved, as far as possible, from the contagion of all religious opinions, never even alluded to a book which might have influenced their conscience in favor of any positive belief.

"On the scaffold, his dying words contained a most earnest exhortation to his subjects to pay obedience to his son as their lawful king. Whilst he thus employed the last moments of his existence in laboring to support the royal prerogative, by the sympathy which his fate excited amongst his bitterest enemies, he purposely, deliberately, and advisedly abstained from any expression or exhortation displaying any attachment or feeling of duty towards the Church, for which he had contended so earnestly, when its interests were connected with the rights of the crown.

"The total want of any allusion to the late established religion is most remarkable. The more we investigate the character of Charles as delineated by Hume, the more shall we be confirmed in the opinion that his superstition had now entirely passed away; at least not a trace of it can be found in Hume's accurate narrative. The only incident which might tend to show that Charles had the slightest recollection of the Church of England, any veneration for its priesthood, is the circumstance that Bishop Juxon assisted him in some species of devotion when on the scaffold. Yet, as far as we can discover from the conduct of Charles, he justly regarded priests as the invention of a timorous and abject superstition. Rejecting the foundation of a priesthood, the absurd superstructure of an apostolic succession would of course fall to the ground. We have no reason to suppose that Bishop Juxon was chosen by the king, or that Charles would not equally have accepted of what were then termed spiritual consolations from the fanatical ministers, or indeed that he required any religious consolation at all. It was only in the capacity of a friend that the bishop paid the last melancholy duties to his sovereign. In every respect the conduct of Charles, in repudiating all adherence to the superstitions of the Church of Eng-

land, was calm and solid. The period of dissimulation had passed by. Whatever ridicule may, by a philosophical mind, be thrown upon pious ceremonies, they are unquestionably advantageous to the rude multitude; and upon that ground, no doubt, Charles I. had so strenuously contended for the share of popish ceremonies which the Church of England, as is well known, had retained. They were now wholly and entirely cast off. Charles discarded all the mummery of a liturgy, all the solemn farces of lessons and gospels, rubrics and set forms of prayer; and, freeing himself from all superstitious influences, he disdained to partake of the communion, which, according to the rites of the Church of England, he was enjoined to have sought in his dying hour.

"No philosophical mind can doubt the origin of the works which superstition and fanaticism equally receive as the production of those who have been tempted to appear as prophets or ambassadors from Heaven: books presented to us by a barbarous and ignorant people, written in an age when they were still more barbarous, and resembling those fabulous accounts which every nation gives of its origin. Charles fully appreciated the insufficiency of such testimony. We have the strongest proofs that he never entered into the delusion, from the marked circumstance, that, during the three days which, as before mentioned, were allowed him between his sentence and his execution, an interval which he passed in great tranquillity, the Scriptures, as they are called, were never in his hands; nor did he, according to the practice of all religionists, whether guided by superstition or fanaticism, seek any comfort in his affliction from a book so contrary to human reason. Charles neither saw the Bible; nor heard the Bible, nor read the Bible, nor touched the Bible, nor expressed any belief in the Bible, nor recommended the Bible to his children or his friends. Do we need any stronger proof that Charles was a philosopher in the fullest sense of the term? His devotions, as we must style them according to the conventional language of society, appear to be nothing more than that reverence which every philosopher renders to the hypothesis by which he endeavors to account for the unalterable and immutable order of the universe. His allusions to passing from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place, if they mean anything beyond a species of rhetorical play upon words, only imply that he contemplated the eternal rest of annihilation. For they were wholly detached from any other expressions implying any belief in a future state. Charles may have admitted its possibility, but nothing more. And how could it be otherwise? Even at this day, the Christian religion cannot be believed by any reasonable person without a miracle; and whoever is moved by faith to assent to it, is conscious of a continued miracle in his own person, which subverts all the principles of his understanding, and gives him a determination to believe what is most contrary to custom and experience. This miracle was not worked in Charles; and he died without making the slightest, the most remote, the most transient profession of Christianity."

Such, then, are the inferences intended to be deduced by Hume, who, in his most dishonest statement, has, as will be seen by comparison with his sources, purposely omitted every historical

memorial or record testifying either the king's allegiance to the Church, or his unshaken faith as a Christian. Charles truly suffered death for the belief that Christianity, according to the profession of the Church of England, was the fundamental law of the state, unchangeable by any political or constitutional power, being an obligation contracted with the Almighty, from which he could not be absolved by any human authority. Let it further be remarked, that, whilst Hume falsifies the narrative by expunging *all* the particulars teaching the reader to profit by the religious sentiments of the monarch, he endeavors to excite a factitious sympathy, by the false and theatrical representation of the king's hearing the noise of the scaffold, which authentic accounts entirely disprove.* And, for the same purpose of effect, whilst Hume gives to the interview with the children more prominence of detail than its *relative importance* requires, he suppresses that portion of the king's advice which *most peculiarly discloses the mind of the dying father*, namely, the recommendation made by Charles of *Hammond, Hooker, Andrews, and Laud*, as the expositors of the doctrines of that Protestant Church of England, for which *he and Laud* equally died as martyrs.

Detrimental as Hume may be, when speaking his own sentiments in his own book, the evil which he effects in person is small when compared to the diffusion of his irreligion, by those who are frequently unconscious of the mischief which they perpetrate;—we mean the writers who have been guided by him in what is at this day the most important branch of our literature—the numerous compilers of educational works; and in order that our readers may pursue the inquiry for themselves, we wish them to consult three of the most popular histories of this class, Keightley, Gleig, and Markham; and selecting the death of Charles I., judge for themselves whether this event—of all others in our annals, the most interesting to the imagination—has been presented by those writers to the rising generation in such a tone or spirit as to inculcate any dutiful affection towards the Church, or aid the parent in bringing up the child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

These three writers may in some measure elucidate the manner in which Hume's influence has operated upon his successors, according to their individual characters and opportunities. Mr. Keightley, a man of considerable diligence and energy, has been taught by Hume's skepticism to *boast* that he "belongs to no sect or party in religion or politics;" hence he gives only "a moderate preference to the Church of England, without taking upon him to assert that it absolutely is the best;" and the same indifference has caused him, in his *Outlines of history*, to obtrude upon youth some of the most offensive doctrines which Ger-

man neology can afford. In the death of Charles, all he finds edifying is that *Hugh Peters* prayed for him!

Mr. Gleig is an amiable and most pleasing writer; when he works freely upon his own ground, speaks his own sentiments, and embodies his own observations, he produces narratives of rare and unaffected vigor and elegance;* but when he is tempted to put on the sleeves and apron of a bookmaker, his genius deserts him. He is above such work, and goes about it accordingly. The circumstances under which he produced his "*Family History*," as a mere bespoken task, to be put on the list of a Society, rendered it, we can suppose, needful that he should take what he found most ready at hand. He perhaps went a step beyond Hume; but the only word of instruction which he can insert in the narrative of the death of the royal martyr, is the dry historical fact, that Charles avowed himself a member of the Protestant Church of England. There is nothing positively wrong in Mr. Gleig's work—but, out of sight, out of mind; Christian knowledge is as diligently weeded out from this "*Family History*" as Hume himself could desire.

Yet perhaps the strongest case of the treacherous seductions of Hume is to be found in Mrs. Markham's history. We do not in the least doubt, from a close examination of the work, that when the author began it for the use of her own children, she resorted at once to the historian whom she had been taught to consider as her philosopher and guide. From her father, the inventor of the power-loom, she may have heard the name of Adam Smith mentioned with the highest honor; and Adam Smith, in the letter prefixed to the History, has told *her*—as he tells *our* children, if we place Hume in their hands—that Hume's character approached as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit; and therefore there is hardly any portion of the work in which the professors of religion are mentioned, into which the sentiments of Hume are not infused. These passages are fortunately not numerous; and we do most earnestly hope that, if a production, in many respects so useful, and which has obtained so much currency, should come to another edition, they may be *all* modified or expunged.

Hume has been, and is still, valued by many, as a defender of monarchical principles; but his support kills the root of loyalty. By advocating the duty of obedience to the sovereign, simply with reference to human relations, he deprives allegiance of the only sure foundation upon which it can rest.

Perhaps the speculative atheism of Hume—for it is a violation of the warning not to call evil

* This has been done so effectually by Mr. Brodie, and by Mr. Laing, that it is unnecessary to go into further particulars.

* We are pleased to notice "*The Light Dragoon*" of the present season, as entirely worthy of the pen that wrote "*The Subaltern*," and the "*Narrative of the American Campaign in 1814*."

good, if, when required to pass judgment, we designate his principles by any other name—may render his history, in some respects, more pernicious, if that be possible, than the ribald aggressive infidelity of Gibbon. Arsenic may warn us by the pain which the poison occasions, but narcotics steal life away. Hume constantly tempts us to deny the existence of the Supreme Being, before whom he trembles. He raises his soul and pestilential mists, seeking to exclude from the universe the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, whom he hates and defies. The main object and end of history is the setting forth God's glory, so as to show that national happiness arises from doing His appointed work, and that national punishments are the results of national sins; yet let it not be supposed that, in order to render history beneficial, it must of necessity be expressly written upon religious principles, still less that facts should be coarsely and presumptuously wrested, for the purpose of justifying the ways of God to man. If there be one thing worse than a pious fraud, it is a pious fallacy. Any narrative of the affairs of the world, when not corrupted by the Lying Spirit of unbelief, sufficiently declares the superintending power of the Almighty. Fire and hail, snows and vapors, wind and storm, all the inanimate objects of nature, are seen fulfilling His word: and the simple statement of the vicissitudes and fortunes of the kings and nations of the earth will always declare the terrors of His judgments, and the mercies of His love. But the Deistical philosopher—the foolish and impotent rebel against the Almighty—strives to annul the evidence given by the light of nature. He would deprive mankind of all the hope, and trust, and joy, which can sustain us in our pilgrimage, seducing us to be his companion in the downward path, conducting to the portals of the shadow of death—

*"Per me si va nella città dolente,
Per me si va nel eterno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente—
• • Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate."*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE EMIGRANTS OF SAN TOMMASO.

Written while waiting the solemnization of a High Mass, performed for the Belgian emigrants previous to embarkation for America.

BY MRS. GORE.

Give them your parting prayers!—not much to grant
To brethren banished from their native shore,—
Desperate with penury,—subdued by want,—
Cast forth like Ishmael from the patriarch's door.
His sterile portion in the earth is theirs,—
The desert's loneliness, and drought, and fear;—
Sons of the free woman!—Bestow your prayers!
"KYRIE ELEISON!—Lord of Mercy—hear!"

Yours are the flocks, the herds, the fertile fields,
The pleasant pastures by their fathers trod;
The corn, and wine, and oil, their birthright yields,
The hallow'd hearths,—the temples of their God!
Theirs, the savanna by the mountain side,
Mocking their labors with its threats of dearth;
No traces of their fathers' steps to guide
Their trembling children o'er that trackless earth.

When from the floating ark of refuge driven
The pilot dove flew forth across the main,
At evening tide, free as the winds of Heaven,
The weary wanderer sought its home again.
But these go forth and must return no more,
No homeward path across the opposing wave!
There where their anchor bites the dreary shore,
There, is their savage dwelling,—there, their grave!

Talk not of splintering masts or raging skies,—
The troubled ocean of a tropic clime;
Within the port a direr peril lies,
Where war the maddening waves of want and crime.

Loud roars the storm on yon wild shore afar,
Man against man incensed in hungry strife;
Oh! worse than all the elements at war,
The fierce contentions of a lawless life!

Bright the effulgence of a southern sky,
Beauteous the blossoms with its verdure blent;
Strange birds on starry wings glance radiant by,
New stars adorn the Antarctic firmament.
But on no kindred thing descends the ray,—
No hearts they love those fragrant wonders bless,—
"KYRIE ELEISON—Lord of Mercy!—may
Thy hand be with them in the wilderness!"

The pristine curse still blights that hateful spot!
No legends consecrate its joyless home,—
Traditionary links that bind our lot
With ages past, and ages yet to come!—
Tree, rock, or stream—what memories endear?
No tyrant perish'd there,—no hero bled!—
Mute is the olden time whose voice might cheer,
The daily struggle for their bitter bread!

Climb they the mountain!—From the vale beneath
Nor hum of men,—nor village chime ascends;
O'er Nature's breathless form,—how fair in death,—
The solemn pall of Solitude extends.
Or, higher yet, when from the topmost bound,
Illimitable space their eyes survey,
Still—still—that vast horizon circled round
But coiling serpents and the beast of prey!

Ye disinherited of earth and sea!—
High in your Heaven of Heavens, a better land
May yet be yours,—where no contentions be,
No trampling foot of pride,—no grasping hand.
Raise, raise your hopes unto that brighter shore,—
Expand your sails, and seek that happier home.
"KYRIE ELEISON!—Lord of Mercy, hear
The sufferers' fervent prayer,—THY KINGDOM
COME!"

THE NEW FAITH.

[Sir Robert Peel's ministry, strong as it is, was out-voted upon a question of so regulating the working hours at factories, as to employ women and children but ten hours a day. Against this motion it is alleged that American, German and French competition is already so great as to threaten England with the loss of her foreign markets;—and therefore the increase of expense which such a blow would occasion cannot be borne.]

This may become a question of great importance in the *political* world. Its interest to all who feel for human misery can hardly be increased.]

From the Spectator.

THOSE who remember that scarcely half-a-dozen petitions for Parliamentary Reform were presented to the House of Commons during the six years preceding the fierce agitation of 1831 and 1832, will not imagine that the question of legislative interference with the hours of labor is likely to "blow over" because it has come upon us suddenly and unexpectedly. Its practical importance is too manifest to admit of such a notion. May we not rather believe that a proposal which has threatened the existence of so strong an Administration as the present, which is breaking up old parties and producing new alliances, which is the subject of as eager and bitter controversy as any of us can remember, must be founded on opinions which, though of no long growth, have yet taken a firm root in the public mind? Nor is it less doubtful that these opinions involve consequences of far greater moment than the economical loss and social gain which would result from shortening the time of labor for women and children in certain manufactures. Lord ASHLEY may not be conscious of his mission, but he is really the organ of a new faith, compared with which the once ardent desire of this nation for a change in the composition of the House of Commons appears insignificant; and he asks us to take the first step in a course of legislation which may be properly termed revolutionary, if we use the word to express much difference from the existing order of things.

In the usual condition of every people there is a governing class, few in proportion to the whole number, and distinguished from the mass by a superior knowledge, which is indeed the source of their power. Under ordinary circumstances, this ruling class, though they may always lean towards what they deem most advantageous to themselves, yet manage, somehow or other, to exercise their authority so far in accordance with the sentiments of the whole people as to obtain respect and obedience. It is only when they fail to do this that revolution comes—when either from some corruption of the ruling order they have become incapable of governing, or when that ruling order, who got on well enough before, remain blind to some great change in the people, and become, because unchanged themselves, as incapable of governing as in the other case. Or both causes may operate

at once, as in the French Revolution. Now, in England, at least under the constitution of 1688, the ruling order have invariably accommodated themselves to the prevalent opinion of the country. Whether, at this time or that, they did right or wrong according to present notions, they have ever done what was requisite to prevent lasting collision between the Legislature and the people at large. All their wars were popular in the beginning; and whenever peace was generally desired, war ceased. So with respect to economical matters, it is indubitable that the "commercial policy" of the British Legislature, when most at variance with present ideas—when it comprised every sort of interference with the production and distribution of wealth—was highly agreeable to the classes who had any opinion on the subject; while Lord JOHN RUSSELL's late bid for retention of office, and Sir ROBERT PEEL's proclaimed difference "in the abstract" with many of his supporters, show that only a powerful interest or two, whose strength is continually decreasing, stand in the way of the complete adoption by Parliament of the Free-trade doctrines of the present day. It would be easy to cite more examples of the way in which public opinion operates on the ruling order under our constitution.

We might presume, therefore, even if there were no other evidence of the fact, that the recent vote of the House of Commons in favor of Lord ASHLEY's Ten-hours' proposal, was not a freak of the majority on that occasion, but the expression by them of an opinion which has taken pretty strong hold of the public mind. It is an opinion of quite recent growth, hardly developed or matured by anybody, certainly not yet expounded so as to obtain the confident approval of cautious thinkers, who, if they utter it, speak with hesitation and avowed reluctance; but it is nevertheless one of those opinions which come unbidden, which are adopted instinctively, which partake largely of feeling, and which have always had more influence on human affairs than any elaborated doctrine whatever. It is a rebellion, of sentiment if you please, against that part of the doctrine of the Economists and Free-traders which says that every man is the best judge and guardian of his own interests. Glaring facts contradict the assertion. Of late years and in this country, the experiment of letting the common people alone to take care of themselves has been fairly tried; and we see the result in the state of those who form the bulk of the nation. What are they, whether in mines, or factories, or agricultural villages?—a thoroughly servile class, socially cut off from their employers; doomed to excessive toil and perpetual want; ignorant, vicious, desperate; and, above all, lamentably short of means for improving their condition by their own unaided efforts. This has come of letting them alone to "manage their own affairs in their own way;" for even the New Poor-law, though a measure of legislation affecting a

large portion of the laboring class, was designed to have, and has had, the effect of "throwing them on their own resources." More perfect liberty to dispose of themselves as they pleased, less protection or interference from the State, than our common people have had for ten years past, it is hardly possible to imagine. It will not do to say that they are no worse off than formerly, but only appear so because we now inquire about them more. They are worse off in two respects,—first, as the whole method of factory employment, which treats the human being as nothing better than part of the machinery, has resulted from the modern use of steam; and, secondly, as the factory method of employment has been adopted by the farmer, whose laborers once used to belong to his family. The class of laborers for hire, with the exception always of skilled mechanics, has obviously become cheaper and more helpless under the system of letting them alone to take care of themselves. Extraordinary individuals among them improve their condition; many more have a desire of improvement unknown to their forefathers; but as a class they are cheaper than cattle and nearly as helpless. Well, their numbers continually increase with the increase of the capital whose slaves they are; modern benevolence observes them closer; the spectacle has become revolting to humanity; and hence the new faith—which is, that it is the proper business of the ruling order to take some care of those who can take little or none of themselves.

A new faith it is, but only as being different from that which was last established; for "there is no new thing under the sun;" and, assuredly, a belief in the necessity of government, and in the obligation of rulers to exert their power and superior intelligence in favor of the helpless, is a good deal older than ADAM SMITH and *Laissez-faire*. And yet we must not deem it a relapse into our grandfathers' notions about interference by authority with the ways of wealth. As uttered by Lord HOWICK and Mr. C. BULLER, (though anything but explained by either,) it says that the weal of a nation is more to be desired than its wealth; that the mass of the people, if left wholly to their own guidance, will be miserable and degraded in proportion as the cheapness of their labor reduces the cost of production, and augments that surplus produce which forms the wealth of the community; and that it is a proper function or duty of the Legislature, if possible, to correct the political-economy law of competition, as it affects the unrepresented, ignorant, helpless class of laborers for hire, by the interposition of an act of Parliament which would save them from excessive toil and diminish to the same extent the surplus produce of their labor. In this view of the matter, wealth is not despised, but treated as inferior to happiness: political economy is not set at nought, but acknowledged, and allowed much weight: the proposed interference by law bears no resemblance to

monopolies, or bounties, or "commercial policy" duties, but is like the protection which the law affords to minors against their own improvidence, and to all the industrious classes by the political institution of Sunday.

This last is the most pertinent illustration. Let it be supposed for a moment that the religious sanction which forbids work on Sunday were removed: would the most zealous advocate of *Laissez-faire* think of repealing the acts of Parliament which set apart one day in seven for rest? Would not the whole country demand by acclamation new laws to supply the absence of the religious sanction? And why!—because if the religious stay of Sunday were removed, no other being provided by Parliament, so surely would the political-economy law of competition, operating both upon capitalists and laborers, gradually overcome the habit of resting on the seventh day, and deprive the common people of an inestimable blessing. But in that case, labor would be cheaper, the cost of production less, and surplus produce, or national wealth, greater by a seventh. We should have to choose between a seventh day of rest on the one hand, and a seventh more wealth on the other; and if we preferred the leisure to the greater produce, (as everybody but a brute of a landlord, or farmer, or mill-owner, here and there, would certainly do,) we should acquire it by means of legislation at utter variance with the doctrine that if you will but let people alone they are sure to manage better for themselves than anybody can manage for them.

Another imagined case will prove instructive with respect to the real amount of the economical sacrifice which the nation must make as the purchase-money of some leisure for the working classes. If a Ten-hours' law, embracing all employments, had existed for years, what would be the consequences of its repeal as regards wealth? Competition among the laborers would prevent any increase of wages. Labor would therefore be cheaper, and the cost of production less. Hence a larger surplus produce—an increase of that portion of the produce which remains after replacing capital with ordinary profits. At first, this gain would be enjoyed by the capitalists in the form of higher profits; but presently, their competition with each other would induce them to carry on business for ordinary profit—for that minimum of profit which is an inducement to the carrying on of business. What would then become of that portion of the produce which was more than sufficient for replacing capital with ordinary profits? What would become of it depends on the manner in which the capitalists would abandon it. Their competition with each other would induce them to give it up in different ways, according to circumstances—either by paying more rent wherever the principle of rent was in force, or by selling at lower prices, or, in some cases, partly in one way and partly in the other. After a while, therefore,

neither the capitalist nor the laborer, as such, would be any better off than before. The effect would be the same in character as that of improvements in the productive power of capital and labor generally, such as have taken place during the present century in agriculture and manufactures, and have prodigiously augmented the wealth of the nation without raising profits or wages in any employment whatever. The effect would be to augment the means, and even to increase the numbers, of that portion of the community which consumes without producing. Captain BASIL HALL called them "the pending class;" but omitted to explain, that its absence in America is due to the unlimited extent of that field of employment for capital and labor, which maintains high wages and high profits in spite of the law of competition. Inasmuch, too, as we are supposing an increase of all kinds of produce in proportion to the capital and labor employed, food of course included, the base of society would be extended, and there would be more capitalists and laborers as well as more of the merely consuming class. Some variations might take place in the extent and character of employments; for the greater quantity of food might be produced by a smaller population, and there is no saying what forms of demand the increased means of the consuming class would take; but the general result would be a multiplication of people, with a more remarkable contrast than ever between the wealth of the rich and the poverty of the poor. The abolition of Sunday would operate just in the same way. And now it may be asked, if a Ten-hours' law were in the statute-book, would the economical gain from repealing it be thought worth the social sacrifice? Should we deliberately multiply society at the cost of its deterioration?

Another and a very important consideration arises here. Admitting that a general Ten-hours' law would have the same kind of effects on wealth as a general decrease of the powers of capital and labor, it follows that a general increase of those powers by means of improved processes would have the same effects, if equal in degree, as a restoration of the two hours which had been cut off from each day's labor. The national wealth would be the same, whether we had twelve hours' labor and no improved processes, or the improved processes and only ten hours' labor. Thus, for example, supposing that a Ten-hours' law for agriculture had been passed before Lord ALTHORP induced Parliament to repeal the Excise-duty on tiles, the improved drainage which has resulted from that measure might long ere now have increased the productive power of capital in agriculture as much as it had been decreased by the Ten-hours' law. In that case, the working peasantry would have gained the two hours a day, and nobody would have lost anything. Turning to realities, can it be doubted that the general powers of production have been augmented of late years,

by means of improved processes, to an amount exceeding the sixth of the whole?—by more, that is, than would have sufficed to counteract the economical operation of a Ten-hours' law passed before the improvements began! In what, then, consists the danger (always supposing discretion in the manner) of shortening the hours of labor to no greater extent than improved processes might be expected to work in the opposite direction? If Parliament had now to give the Sunday for rest, they might give it by degrees, half an hour at a time, with a certainty that improvements in the arts of production would gradually make up for that decrease of productive power. The loss of a seventh here would be covered by the gain of a seventh there; as soon as the account had been balanced, further improvements of skill would add as now to the heap of wealth; and the vast social advantage of the Sunday would have been gained in perpetuity.

We do not care to notice here the special case of over-worked women and children, because it is only the principles of the new faith that we are just now desirous of examining; and we are satisfied, moreover, that whenever they shall find sufficient favor with the public to give Lord ASHLEY success in his present object, they must receive a far wider application than has yet been seriously contemplated by anybody. No professor of them can uphold the Corn-law without gross inconsistency or hypocrisy. The general purpose is, to make laws for relieving the common people from the evils of competition; but the Corn-law circumscribes the field of employment for capital and labor, keeps profits and wages down to the minimum, and is a principal cause of that suffering which the project of Short-time is designed to alleviate. How, again, can Lord ASHLEY ask the mill-owners to consent to a measure which they believe would tend to diminish their profits, when he joins in denying them a free choice of markets in which to dispose of their goods? Then, further, it is said with no little show of reason, that if a Ten-hours' law enhanced the cost of production in manufactures by a sixth, it would turn the scale against us in foreign markets, and deprive England of her export trade; but, nevertheless, Lord ASHLEY helps to forbid that compensating diminution of the cost of production in manufactures, which would be occasioned by the free importation of food. On the other hand, an inevitable effect of repealing the Corn-law would be to throw a large proportion of the laborers in agriculture out of employment altogether, and produce an extent and degree of misery frightful to contemplate: so here is a job of work for the advocates of paternal government, for which the most rational and consistent of them seem as little prepared as the others. Then, furthermore, several of the means by which it is proposed that legislation should better the condition of the poor, would operate, like vaccination or other sanitary precautions—like a Ten-

hours' law, be it said, in passing—by decreasing mortality and rendering the competition of numbers severer than before. Competition, universal and intense competition, is the disease; and if we only repress the symptoms in one place, they will break out in another. A comprehensive treatment of the malady itself would probably combine colonization with free trade in food: but, while the latter is withheld by Parliament, the former is merely left to be brought into disrepute by the red-tape of the Colonial Office. And finally, (for we must stop somewhere, though the theme is inexhaustible,) education by the State is a noted specific; which, however, it will be simply impossible to administer so long as competition shall deprive the ignorant classes of leisure for receiving instruction. If the principles of the new faith should ever be carried out, there will be plenty for the ruling order to do.

That faith gains ground, however. All the women of the classes who really influence legislation, have imbibed it more or less; and their weight will not be despised by such as took note how Queen CAROLINE'S trial conduced to the Reform Bill. The basest of the votes given in support of Lord ASHLEY'S motion may somewhat damage the cause; but they also indicate that it has become of sufficient importance to be available for party purposes. Whenever it shall be traded with for personal aggrandizement, as Abolition and Missions to the Heathen have been by a vermin which prey upon benevolence, we may begin to think that Sir ROBERT PEEL'S honest resistance will soon be fruitless. The time may not be so far off when opposition to it will be a disqualification, and its advocacy one title to high office. If ever that time should come, the faith will be theorized by many a busy brain and ready pen. At present, we must repeat, it is little more than an instinct

From the London Punch.

THE PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FULL of drink and full of meat,
On our SAVIOUR'S natal day,
CHARITY'S perennial treat;
Thus I heard a Pauper say:—
"Ought not I to dance and sing
Thus supplied with famous cheer?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year!

"After labor's long turmoil,
Sorry fare and frequent fast,
Two-and-fifty weeks of toil,
Pudding-time is come at last!
But are raisins high or low,
Flour and suet cheap or dear?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year!

"Fed upon the coarsest fare
Three hundred days and sixty-four
But for *one* on viands rare,
Just as if I was n't poor!
Ought not I to bless my stars,
Warden, clerk, and overseer?
Heigho!

I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year!

"Treated like a welcome guest,
One of Nature's social chain,
Seated, tended on, and press'd—
But when shall I be press'd again,
Twice to pudding, thrice to beef,
A dozen times to ale and beer?
Heigho!

I hardly know,
Christmas comes but once a year.

"Come to-morrow, how it will;
Diet scant and usage rough,
Hunger once has had its fill,
Thirst for once has had enough,
But shall I ever dine again?
Or see another feast appear?
Heigho!

I only know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"Frozen cares begin to melt,
Hopes revive and spirits flow—
Feeling as I have not felt
Since a dozen months ago—
Glad enough to sing a song—
To-morrow shall I volunteer?
Heigho!

I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"Bright and blessed is the time,
Sorrows end and joys begin,
While the bells with merry chime
Ring the Day of Plenty in!
But the happy tide to hail
With a sigh or with a tear,
Heigho!

I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year!"

SONG.—BY SAMUEL LOVER.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER, THE NIGHT BEFORE SHE SAILS FROM IRELAND.

SLEEP, darling, sleep, while my tears wet thy pillow,
Sleep without rocking, this last night here;
To-morrow thou'lt rock on the deep foaming billow,
The winds for thy lullaby then thou'lt hear:
But when across the wide wave yonder,
In freedom, thro' stranger-lands we wander;
O then, with a holier feeling, and fonder,
My heart—dearest Erin, will turn to thee!

To the land of the stranger, my boy, we are going,
Where flowers, and birds, and their songs are new:
We'll miss, in the spring, our own wild-flowers row-
ing,
And listen in vain for the sweet cuckoo.
But in our dreams, so sweetly ringing,
We'll fancy we hear the spring bird singing,
And gather the flowers in our wild valley springing,
And weep, when we wake, that the dream is untrue!

Hood's Magazine.